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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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VIVID Diary Of FLIGHT SOUTH

Woman's Thrilling Record of Eleven Days' Dash From England to Australia

If you seek adventure, thrills, and variety of life, try the eleven days' flight from England to Australia or vice versa, advises Miss Patricia Quinan, a traveller who has just returned to Australia via the air route.

Her daily diary, printed below, gives a vivid account of the dramas of this comparatively new travel mode.

LOG OF FLIGHT

SATURDAY.

BIG BEN booms through London fog as Imperial Airways' bus leaves Victoria office for Croydon Aerodrome. All passengers for Paris, Brindisi . . . and Beyond. 12.30 p.m., and we board R.M.A. Heracles. Last-minute additions to the mail are hastily stowed on board.

The fog is lifting . . . We take off.

One hour later, over Channel, the steward presents the ship's menu—mutton broth, roast beef, prunes and rice. British obviously enjoy it; foreigners obviously don't. Another hour . . . le Bourget and French Customs . . . then by bus through sordid suburbs to Paris.

At Imperial Airways' smart offices in the Rue des Italiens we through passengers (for India and beyond) are sorted out, then escorted to Ambassador Hotel, close by, where we're company's guests to tea and dinner.

By bus to the Gare de Lyon; into sleeping compartments reserved for Company on Milan express leaving 10.30. And so to bed.

SUNDAY.

AWAKENED by Italian Customs officials inquiring . . . an amicable formality for Airways' passengers.

Midday arrive Milan, drive to Britannia Hotel, close to La Scala, and have lunch there. Time left occupied in taking a bath or visiting the Cathedral (according to one's tastes!); then back to our sleepers at 3 . . . now attached to Brindisi express.

No restaurant car, so we picnic in our own compartments from baskets packed by the Britannia.

Chicken and Chianti . . . Buono.

MONDAY.

INTO Brindisi

at 8.30 a.m.

and breakfast

at the Inter-

nazionale Hotel

on the quay.

Soldiers every-

where. 11 o'clock: Out by motor-

boat to Canopus, one of the new

Empire flying boats, and, all aboard!

. . . for a perfect take-off within

250 yards.

Discover smoking-room forward,

magazines, etc. Quite club atmo-

sphere . . . Promenade space and

large observation windows.

Separate wash-rooms. Excellent

lunch served on board.

Down onto waters of the Piræus

about 3.30; Greek Customs; then

drive into Athens for tea, dinner,

and the night at the Grande-Bre-

tagne. Athens' social centre.

TUESDAY.

CALLED at 4.30 a.m. to drive back

to harbor and Canopus. Take-off

"C.O.D." (Official "crack o' dawn.")

. . .

During morning we descend off

Crete, by Imperial Airways' yacht

stationed at Mirabella. Board her,

and take tea with her captain.

Back to our ship for a rough trip

over the Mediterranean to arrive

Alexandria at noon.

Ashore in motor boats to face

Egyptian Customs officers.

WEDNESDAY.

CALLED 3 a.m. and driven out to

distant aerodrome for take-off

before daybreak. Freezing cold

in our new plane . . . Steward

issues extra rounds of rugs and

blankets and dispenses hot Bovril.

At Gaza, descend to breakfast



PASSENGERS assembled for the take-off after lunch at one of the stopping places on the England-Australia run.



MISS PATRICIA QUINAN, the attractive young air-traveller whose diary is recorded on this page.



AIR MOVIE THEATRE. One of the innovations being tried out on a European airway.

with passengers of homeward-bound Dutch liner, in clean, if crude, rest-house. Lunch at another filling station, Rutbah Wells . . .

Tea on board . . . and then Bagdad by night, sinisterly glamorous, and not unbearably smelly. Good accommodation with bath, at the Maude Hotel, and a really excellent evening meal, surprising in Bagdad.

THURSDAY. DESERT and sea all day to Sharjah, on the Gulf of Oman.

Descend onto sands at sunset, leave plane under guard and enter fort provided and garrisoned by the Sheikh of Sharjah for the benefit of Airways.

The gates are bolted and sentries posted for the night, and as straying over 250 yards outside by night will probably earn one a knifing by hostile natives, we don't stray, but take a bath, an almost inedible evening meal, and a night's rest deliciously disturbed by dreams of dawn attacks by ruthless Arabs.

FRIDAY. AWAKEN to disappointment. No dawn attack . . . No plane . . . Hannibal has been recalled to Alexandria for more mail, so we await Helena, sent in his stead.

She arrives at 11.30 a.m., and we set off in her, now 36 hours behind schedule.

SATURDAY. WAKE at 2.30 a.m., as we descend to Jodhpur. One engine having failed half an hour before, we're driven to hotel to await refitting of cylinder.

In six hours there, drink gallons of black coffee, and persuade our two pilots that Singapore must be made on time to get the Qantas plane off to schedule.

Means continuous night flying from now on, but the pilots are willing.

Off at last and on to Delhi to drop the last of our Indian passengers, and breakfast in the magnificent modern aerodrome's restaurant.

Away by 10.30 a.m., and off to Allahabad to lunch.

All afternoon following the Ganges down to Calcutta, a glitter-

ing crescent by night. Dinner at the club house, to the accompaniment of an orchestra in which the hyena, the coyote, and the mosquito loudly contend.

Off at 9.30 for Akyab, arriving at midnight to be greeted by surprised officials in evening dress. Tea, again. On through the night to Rangoon, nodding . . .

SUNDAY. AWAKEN to greet Rangoon at 6 a.m. First uncomfortable heat.

Very warm breakfast at the airport's restaurant. Bangkok at 11, heat now stifling. Am asked if I'd like to spend a week here at company's expense, but I aggressively decline, so important cargo has to be left and I remain triumphantly aboard.

Ten-thirty, p.m. . . Singapore at last, a matter of hours only behind schedule, thanks to the great effort of our pilots. First time in the history of the company that 4,400 miles have been flown without a night's rest.

MONDAY. CALLED at 3.30 and driven back to aerodrome . . . this time to Qantas' liner, Melbourne, carrying two pilots, excess mail, and myself.

Off at "C.O.D." for the Dutch East Indies, landing at Palembang, on Sumatra, for breakfast at an Airways post. On to Batavia for lunch, and pick up engineer at Sourabaya, at the eastern end of Java, to overhaul the engines carefully at Rambang, where we spend the night.

TUESDAY. UP at five for a snack, then off through the rain. Koepang for lunch, then last hop across Timor Sea to Darwin, arriving four hours later, at sunset, to be greeted by a questionnaire from the Medical Inspector and the Customs officer.

Driven to the Qantas Rest House, where we have tea, dinner . . . and spend the night.

Visitors seem agreed that this is the pleasantest spot in Darwin, and record this illuminating fact in the visitors' book provided.

Eleven days out from England and two days from home. Thank science for airplanes!

Let's Talk of Interesting People



Stationed at Bengal

DR. BERYL BOWERING, daughter of Mrs. J. R. Bowering, who is president of the W.C.T.U. in South Australia, got her Degree of Medicine at the Adelaide University in 1929, and after a year's residence at the Adelaide Hospital joined the London Missionary Society's mission at Jiaganj, Murshidabad, Bengal.

With another doctor she now has charge of a huge women's hospital. The two doctors treat as many as 500 patients a day.



Scout Commissioner

MR. HENRY RYMILL, Chief Commissioner for the Scout Movement in South Australia, was camp chief for the Centenary Corroboree which 4400 scouts attended, including 150 women cub-mistresses from all over Australia. The camp was the result of 12 months' preparation, and was under the supervision of Mr. Rymill. This did not complete his Centenary Scout work, however, as he arranged the Scout exhibit at the Centennial Empire Exhibition.



Scientist of Note

DR. JEAN WHITE HANEY has made the study of weed pests her life work. Returned to Melbourne recently from seven years' study and work in America, where her formula, compiled when she was employed by the Federal Government here to deal with prickly pear, Noogoora burr and other pests, was used extensively.

Has received congratulations on this formula from Africa also, where it has been used with great success. Returns to U.S.A. next year.

Her complexion conquered him



A N exclusive process has given Erasmic a "filmness" that will bring glamour to you.

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube.
A light, protective powder base.
Erasmic Cold Cream—2/6 Jar. Softens and nourishes as it cleanses.

1/- PER BOX



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

97-17-27

The DEMONSTRATION

BY...
RAFAEL SABATINI

Illustrated by
FISCHER



"I come to inform you," said Captain Blood to Saintonges and his wife, "that you are in no further need of assistance—we have disposed of that Spanish wolf."

Another rollicking adventure of that bold buccaneer—Captain Blood

THE Marquis de Louvois, who succeeded the great Colbert in the service of King Louis XIV, was universally hated whilst he lived and as universally lamented when he died. Than this, I take it, there can be no higher testimonial to the worth of a Minister of State. Nothing escaped him. In his reorganising lust, he even gave attention to the French possessions in the Caribbean, where the activities of the buccaneers distressed his sense of orderliness.

To the Chevalier de Saintonges, whom he despatched thither in the

King's twenty-four gun ship, the *Bearnais*, this was a heaven-sent chance of fortune. For in the course of serving his King, Monsieur de Saintonges served himself so abundantly that during his sojourn in Martinique, protracted beyond what was strictly necessary, he wooed at speed and married the extremely attractive and fabulously wealthy widow of *Hommaire de Veynac*, a lady whose vast West Indian possessions, inherited from her late husband, comprised nearly a third of the Island of Martinique, with plantations of sugar, spices and tobacco representing annual revenues little short of royal.

The nuptials having been celebrated with all the pomp and luxury proper to the bride's con-

sequence, Monsieur de Saintonges took her aboard the *Bearnais*, and sailed away to complete at Tortuga the most important part of his mission, before returning to France.

They came, on a broiling day of August, to drop anchor in the Bay of Cayona, a rock-bound harbor which nature might have designed expressly for a pirates' lair, and the Chevalier took his bride ashore with him. His seamen opened a way through a heterogeneous, noisy, ill-kempt crowd of Europeans, negroes, Indians, Maroons and Mulattoes who swarmed to view these great folk from France; and while the lady was borne in a chair by practically naked negro porters, the rather pompous Monsieur de Saintonges, clad in the lightest of taffetas, came in one hand and bat in the other, so that he might fan himself, stalked beside it cursing the heat, the flies and the smells.

From the main unpaved street that was a fierce, white glare of coral dust, they passed into the blessed fragrant shade of the Governor's garden and eventually to the cool twilight of chambers

from which the sun's ardor was excluded by green, slatted blinds.

But the heat in which Monsieur de Saintonges arrived was destined to be only temporarily allayed. The discussion in which presently he found himself when the Governor's daughters had carried off Madame de Saintonges, reopened all his pores.

Monsieur d'Ogeron, who governed Tortuga on behalf of the French West India Company, to whom the island belonged, listened in gloom to the expositions made by his visitor on Monsieur de Louvois' behalf.

A slight, short, elegant man, Monsieur d'Ogeron retained in this outlandish island of his rule something of the courtly airs of the great world from which he came, just as he surrounded himself in his house and its equipment with the elegancies proper to a French gentleman of birth. He had need of all his courtliness to meet the bluntness of the Chevalier's peroration.

"To be precise, then, Monsieur de Louvois takes the view that it is not to the honor of the flag of France that it should protect a horde of brigands, of filibusters."

Monsieur d'Ogeron's gentle smile was all deprecation.

"Sir, sir, it is not the flag of France that protects the filibusters. It is the filibusters that protect the flag of France."

The tall, plump, rather imposing representative of the Crown presented a shocked countenance. "Monsieur, that is an outrageous statement!"

"It is the fact that is outrageous, not the statement. Because a hundred and fifty years ago His Holiness the Pope bestowed upon Spain the New World of Columbus' discovery, Spain has regarded the settlements of other nations as a violation of her rights. These buccaneers, whom you regard with such contempt, were originally peaceful hunters and cultivators, and traders. The Spaniards drove them out of Hispaniola, drove them, the English and the French, from St. Christopher, and the Dutch from Sainte Croix, massacring their women and children. In self-defence these men forsook their boucans, took up arms, banded themselves together, and made war on the Spaniards in their turn."

"I ask myself, monsieur, whether, if there were no buccaneers to hold the rapacity of Spain in check, this voyage of yours would ever have been made; for I doubt if there would be any French possessions in the Caribbean to be visited."

Monsieur de Saintonges got up from his chair in a state of angry consternation. The expression which he found for it was lamentable.

"You must forgive me for saying what I perceive, monsieur. It is that the profits accruing to your company and to yourself, personally, from the plunder marketed in Tortuga by these filibusters, makes you negligent of the honor of France, upon which this infamous trade is a stain."

Please turn to Page 14

CINDERELLA 1937

KAY attended the mayoral ball in the wrong frock, but succeeded in meeting the right man.

By
DORIS AMY IBBOTSON



LOCK-WATCHER!

Kay Dermot looked guiltily at the girl who made the laughing remark.

"Perhaps I am one to-day, Mabs. But I want to get away at the stroke of noon. Got some important shopping to do, and an hour doesn't give you much time."

"When do you eat?" Mabs inquired, casually.

"I don't!" Kay looked guilty again. "Shan't have time this morning, my dear."

"Well, don't faint on us before teatime. What's the stunt, anyway? Slimming?"

Kay lifted her shoulders slightly. "Don't need that, do I? My waist is positively Victorian. Don't look so puzzled, Mabs. As a matter of fact, I am going to the Mayor's Ball to-night."

Mabs whistled. "That's going to be a posh affair, isn't it?"

"Pretty good." Kay spoke carelessly, though her heart was thumping with excitement. "You see, I happened to go to school with Jean Fenwick, and she got her father to send me an invitation. It is really her twenty-first, as well as being a civic affair. Decent of her, wasn't it?"

Mabs nodded. "So you are going to do some last-minute shopping for the big affair?"

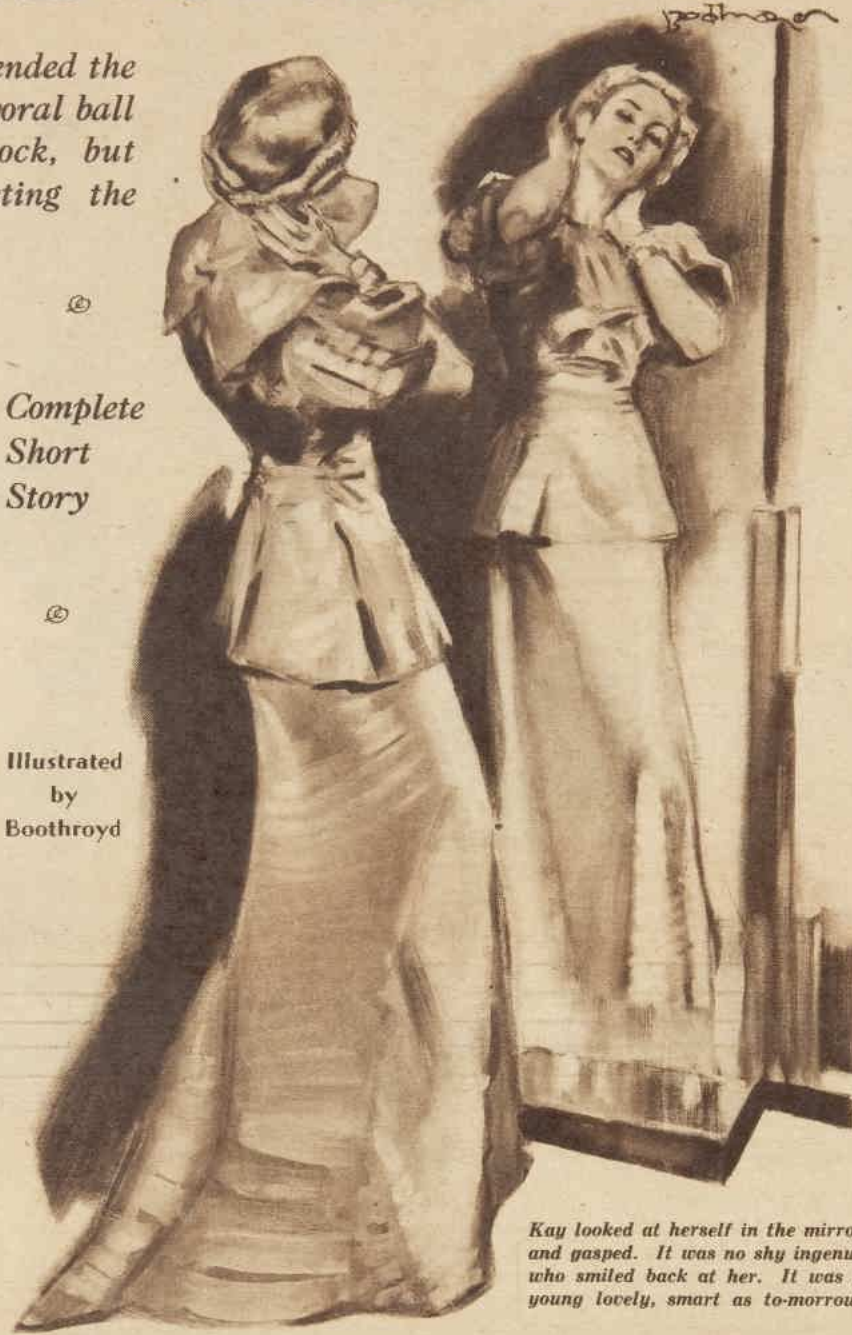
"I'm going to buy a frock." Kay drew a deep breath and her eyes sparkled.

"A new one?" Mabs pencilled eyebrows shot up. "What's wrong with that Marina lace thing you wore to the office social?"

Kay's red lips twitched. "Such a tragedy! I got it down last night

Complete Short Story

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd



Kay looked at herself in the mirror and gasped. It was no shy ingenue who smiled back at her. It was a young lovely, smart as to-morrow.

My Favorite Poem

† COUNT your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall.
Count your days by sunny hours,
Don't remember clouds at all.

Count your nights by stars,
not shadows,
Count your life by smiles,
not tears.
And with joy, through all your lifetime,
Count your age by friends,
not years.
Miss C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

to freshen it up, and—and—the iron was too hot."

"My dear!" Mabs looked concerned.

"Oh, it doesn't matter terribly!" Kay gave a little laugh. "I happened to have a twenty-first, too, just lately, and my godmother sent me five guineas."

"Things seem to happen to you, Kay," said Mabs good-naturedly. "You must have been born under a lucky star. I suppose you'll go to the ball and meet the Prince and live happily ever after."

"Goose!" Kay giggled. "I shan't know anybody. I shall be a wall-flower all the evening. Still, it will be fun to see all the smart people and the lovely clothes. Jean was a sport to ask me, because"—she bit her lip—"she moves in different circles from mine, now."

Mabs nodded sympathetically. Kay's father had retired on a pension—a very small one. Jean's father was making thousands a year in the building trade. Although the two girls lived in the same town they moved in different worlds. For Kay a post in a large office. For Jean the tennis club, a host of young friends, a car, holiday cruises, and trips up to town. Different worlds, yet Jean had not forgotten the little blonde who helped her with difficult sums at High School. Kay's education in a d ended there, but Jean had gone on to boarding-school, to Paris, and—best education of all—a trip round the world.

Jean's father had been knighted this year. Jean's mother bought her clothes in Bond Street. This Mayoral Ball was to be a great function. No wonder Kay was watching the clock as she tried to concentrate on dull business letters.

Twelve noon. Pulling on her beret she ran downstairs and caught a bus to the shopping district. The High Street was full

of big stores. Some cheap and some exclusive. Kay was going to brave the most exclusive of them all—Moreno's. Here the youth and beauty of the town shopped when it could not afford Bond Street prices. Here, she knew, Jean sometimes bought her frocks. Kay hesitated for a moment on the threshold, then plunged bravely in.

It was sales time. They might—there was just a chance that they might—have a marked-down.

"Five guineas? We don't usually—Well, perhaps as it is the end of the season Madame might mark something down for you. This way please."

Moreno's seemed crowded with frocks. Lovely frocks swinging from padded shoulders. Miracles in georgette and velvet and nylon. Kay loved them all, but dared not ask their prices. She ought to have gone to Smith's or Spencer's or the Home Stores. It was silly to come to a place like Moreno's where they held mannequin parades once a week, and where models showed off gowns when you came to buy.

Peach-blow taffeta. Simple and ingenue. Kay looked at it doubtfully. It seemed terribly "young." More suited to sixteen than twenty-one. But it was the only five-guinea gown Moreno's could show her. A white-haired Duchess in black silk told Kay that she was lucky to get it for five guineas. If it hadn't been for the slight flaw in the material—a flaw, by the way, that would not show—the frock could easily have gone for

slightly shop-soiled, ready-made little thing to fit Kay. Miracles did happen even in stores like Moreno's.

The black satin lovely whom Kay first approached looked a little surprised at the idea.

"Five guineas? I am afraid—oh, well, perhaps you might find something to suit you on the third floor."

The third floor. Kay again approached somebody who was black-gowned and lovely, and was again met by a look of surprise.

When The Clock Struck

ten guineas. Perhaps Moddam would like to try it on.

Kay slipped into it and was pleased with the result. She looked young and sweet and unsophisticated. Yet, in spite of that, it was smarter than her Marina lace.

It needed just a little altering. Ten minutes in the workroom would put that waist to rights. If Moddam could stay—

But Kay, with one frightened eye on the clock, found she could not stay. Time had slipped by too quickly in this little world of silks and satins. She was due back at the office in ten minutes' time.

"You must send it for me, please," said Kay, counting out the money with a trembling hand. "I'll give you my address."

With a scramble she managed to be back at her desk by one o'clock, nibbling a bar of chocolate surreptitiously.

"Got it?" asked Mabs in a loud stage whisper.

Kay nodded, her mouth full.

"What's it like?"

"Peach taffeta and it looks like me. Now don't talk. I've got to make up this morning's arrears."

She was home just after six. She had two hours in which to bath, set her hair, polish her nails, and do her face. Two wonderful hours of beautifying. And then the peach-blow taffeta and the ball.

"Lo, Mummy!" She threw her beret carelessly on to the hall-stand. "Has my frock come?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Dermot hurried out of the kitchen. "I had quite a shock when Moreno's van stopped outside the door. I thought they had mistaken the house."

"Did you open the box, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Dermot smoothed a lock of grey hair from a worried brow. "I thought you would like it hung up."

"Attagirl!" Kay gave her mother a loving squeeze.

"BUT, darling," Mrs. Dermot looked rather concerned, "aren't you being rather extravagant—shopping at Moreno's?"

"Aunt Judy's cheque did it for me, darling. Like the frock?"

"I love it. It's beautiful. But are you sure it was only five guineas?"

Kay nodded. "There's a flaw in the material so they marked it down. Of course it's worth more."

"I can tell that," Mrs. Dermot sighed. "I've hung it in the spare room, Kay, so that you won't spill any setting-lotion or scent on it while you are dressing."

"You think of everything, Mummy. Wish you were coming with me to-night."

Her mother shook her head. "I'm too old for affairs of that sort. Enjoy yourself while you are young, my pet."

Kay ran upstairs, singing a little song. Poor Mummy! Life is certainly not very thrilling when you have to turn every penny over a dozen times before you dare think of spending it.

Daddy was a dear, but he had never set the Thames on fire like Jean's father. Life was still difficult for those two people downstairs, even though Kay helped from her own slim pay-envelope.

"Never mind," she thought to herself, as she lay in the bath contemplating her pink toes sticking out of the water like a miniature coral reef. "I must marry a rich man and keep them in clover for the rest of their lives. They deserve it, bless them! Perhaps I shall meet him to-night—as Mabs suggested."

Please turn to Page 29

DEFERRED Love

A charming story of a whirlwind romance that withstood a long separation.

By
MARGARET FERGUSON

Illustrated
by
SHREVE



IT was a midsummer's day and the sky was sheerest blue, the sun golden as the gorse that blazed in masses over the Downs.

A man and a girl stood on a bridge over a little stream. The girl wore a blue floral frock and her short curls were almost the color of her namesake flower, marigold. The young man had very thick fair hair, that showed up in startling contrast to his deeply bronzed skin and his eyes were vividly blue as a sailor's and his chin square and faintly dented.

Suddenly he reached out a brown hand towards the girl.

"It's no good, Marigold," he said. "I simply can't keep it in any longer. I've got to say it. Why—why in the name of all the little gods of luck and chance couldn't we have met six months ago, at the beginning of my leave, instead of now—three days before the end of it! Day after tomorrow, I sail for Burma. . . . We met yesterday morning. . . . Marigold, what are you thinking about me? That I'm an unutterable bounder?"

Marigold bent her head so that the bright curls fell over her flushed cheeks a little.

"No—no," she almost whispered. "I'm not thinking that, Martin. I'm—I'm wishing the same as you—a little."

"Marigold!" His hand gripped hers, drawing her round to face him. "Marigold," he said again, more quietly, his blue eyes very serious and searching. "If I could really believe that . . . believe that you like me just a little after such

company before they separated for four years.

Marigold saw Martin off at Dover and they clung together on the windy quayside for a long moment.

"Time doesn't mean anything to us," he whispered. "That we've only known each other three days—we've known each other all our lives. That we aren't going to get married for four years—it's going to be next week, Marigold. We belong to each other, don't we?"

"Yes," Marigold said, with an aching throat. "Always, Martin. Don't be afraid—I won't change." Then the siren blew and he went up the gangway and the ship steamed out to the open sea and Marigold went slowly, with a stunned look in her eyes, back to the train. Martin was gone—for four years.

Had he ever existed—or had she dreamed him down there on her fortnight's holiday? She stared at the ring on her left hand, that was real enough. And Martin was right, time meant nothing to people who loved as they did and were as young as they were. She was only twenty now, he was only twenty-three, they had all life ahead of them yet.

AND now, it was a hot summer day with lime trees scenting the air in the London parks—and it was four years later.

Marigold came in from the big magazine office where she worked as assistant editor, hung up her linen coat and hat on the peg, and then saw the orange envelope lying on the stand in the tiny hall.

She picked it up gingerly and took it into the sitting-room, where Becky, with whom she shared this small but amazingly comfortable and up-to-date flat, was mixing salad in a green glass bowl.

Becky, also in the Fleet Street world, was very thin and taut and dark with a curled fringe across her forehead and a cynical red mouth that had a habit of saying slow, sarcastic things. Marigold admired her enormously, but was ever so faintly afraid of her caustic wit sometimes.

"Hullo!" Becky said, looking up from her salad. "You're late. Did you see the missive for you in the hall? Looks portentous. I hope someone has died and left you a fortune. The summer depresses me terribly. Everybody seems to be buying new clothes or getting married, except me."

She scattered salt viciously on the salad, while Marigold stood staring with scared eyes at the little orange envelope.

"I can't think of anybody who would leave me a fortune," she murmured. "Nor anybody who would send me a telegram at all, for that matter. It must be a mistake and not for me."

"It's got your name on it, hasn't it, and this address?" Becky said abruptly. "I can't imagine who else it could be for. Wouldn't it be quite a good idea to read it and find out, anyway?"

"Yes . . . yes, of course," Marigold said hastily, flushing a little with nervous confusion, and she slit the filmy envelope open and unfolded the slip of paper inside while Becky bent over her salad again.

There was a moment of complete and dead silence in the room. Then there was a faint crackle of paper as Marigold crunched the cable

up in her hand. Her softly rosy cheeks had turned quite pale and her eyes looked huge and startled.

"Well, what is it?" Becky inquired impatiently. "Good or bad news? It's quite impossible to tell from your face."

"It's—it's good news," Marigold stammered. "It's from Martin. He's been given his leave six months earlier. He—he sails to-day!"

"Oh!" Becky looked at her sharply, her pointed dark eyebrows raised. "Well, no wonder your emotions are a trifle mixed, my child. In fact, no wonder you look scared out of your wits. Pass me the pepper."

"Becky! What a thing to say!" Marigold passed her the pepper and tried to look annoyed and dignified and perfectly calm all at the same moment. "Scared out of my wits! Why should I be? I'm thrilled and delighted. Martin's coming home six months sooner. I'm going to see him in a few weeks instead of a few months. I'm terribly happy and excited!"

"Why not admit you're frightened?" Becky said casually. "Any girl would be. You're going to have a young man burst in on you that you haven't seen for some years, that you only knew for three days before that, and whom you've crazily promised to marry. If that isn't a paralysing situation for any girl to face I don't know what is. Supper will be ready in five minutes."

She went off into the tiny kitchenette and Marigold slowly smoothed out the cable and sat down on the window seat to read it again—with a wildly hammering heart.



Marigold saw Martin off at Dover. She smiled bravely, although her heart was aching.

The words danced in front of her eyes.

"Darling, granted leave immediately instead of Christmas, sailing to-morrow Granada. Incredibly excited, will wire date of arrival, till we meet, Martin."

He would be home in England in three weeks' time now—and she hadn't expected him till Christmas

—what difference did it make?

Only that she hadn't got used to the idea, she hadn't summoned up her courage. Courage? Yes, Becky was right, she thought with a frightened ache in her throat. It was going to take a terrible lot of courage to meet Martin again.

Please turn to Page 18

CENOTAPH

I am Remembrance! About my feet
The fragrance of an unforgetting world
Is strewn. Each flower with memories replete.
Petal as petal lying, inter-curbed.

And at the zero hour, when silent hosts
Are marching by, my bosom will unbend
This fragrant chain. So they shall not be lonely,
Bound by its links to those left far behind.

—Doreen Hunt.

a short while, as I—I love you, I'd dare to ask you—dare I, Marigold?"

"Ask me—what?" Marigold murmured, her head bent.

"To say you'll marry me," Martin said softly. "To wait for me, Marigold. It will be four years at least and you hardly know me. But I worship you and—well, doesn't love at first sight sometimes happen—and last? Marigold, would you be crazy enough to do that?"

Marigold lifted her head and her blue-grey eyes were shining like stars as she whispered:

"Crazy enough to wait ten years for you, Martin—if you want me to. You see, I believe in love at first sight, too. . . ."

So they became engaged, after knowing each other a little more than twenty-four hours, and with only two more days of each other's

MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

NEWER KNITWEAR

Full directions for making these smart knitted models are given in the accompanying free knitting supplement.

②

● At Left: "Judith"; Directions for making appear on page 6 of supplement.



● Above: "SHIRLEY"; Directions for making appear on page 4 of supplement.

● Above: "ELEANOR"; Directions for making appear on page 8 of supplement.

● At left: "ELIZABETH"; Directions for making appear on page 5 of supplement.

Clever Foursome



● **MAN'S SLEEVELESS PULLOVER:** Ideal for all sports wear, this snug pullover is knitted in a novel pattern, which gives it a very distinctive air. Full directions for knitting it will be found on page 18 of this week's free knitting supplement.



● **ABOVE AT LEFT:** "Patricia." A delightful jumper blouse carried out in an unusual raised pattern. The dainty elbow-length sleeves are slightly puffed. Full directions for knitting this pretty model will be found on page 22 of the free knitting supplement included in this issue.

● **CENTRE:** "Catherine." A high neck and raglan sleeves distinguish this smart jumper blouse, which has a side zipper fastening. For knitting directions, see page 13 of the free knitting supplement.

● **LOWER LEFT:** "Diana." A beautiful sporting jacket in a fascinating new pattern. This garment radiates dignity and charm. Full directions will be found on page 16 of our free knitting supplement.



DON'T NEGLECT

THAT COUGH

take HEARNE'S today



Doctors are fighting for many a life today because a "simple Cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH

that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics, and does not upset the stomach.

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Fashion Parade *sketches by* Petrov



• "BERYL." Smart jumper blouse knitted in Angora wool. This is a particularly attractive model, its weave giving the effect of the most costly of the new woollen fabrics and its pattern being equally striking. For knitting directions see page 20 of the accompanying knitting supplement.



• "ALISON." A lovely jumper trimmed with circles of raised dots. The yoke pattern is continued down the front in a most effective manner, and the collar and tie make a neat finish. For knitting directions see page 14 of our knitting supplement.

JUMPERS IN DELIGHTFUL NEW PATTERNS

FOUR attractive new patterns are featured in the jumpers sketched on this page in vivacious, modernistic effects. Full directions of each of these fascinating models will be found in the free knitting supplement of this week's Australian Women's Weekly.



• "ROSEMARY." A charming jumper blouse in an artistic pattern. For knitting directions see page 10 of knitting supplement.



• "PEGGY." A modish new jacket in a ripple weave. For knitting directions see page 12 of knitting supplement.

Continuing LADY with CARNATIONS

Begin now our
fascinating new serial woven
around the modern problem
of marriage versus career.

BEAUTIFUL Katharine Lorimer, known as "Antika," of London and New York, has achieved a reputation as a world-famous antique dealer.

At 16, when only a typist, she had wanted to be someone, grimly determined to have a career. She ruthlessly sacrificed everything, steeled herself to unbelieving hardships, and at 35 achieved her ambition.

Katharine's latest purchase is the famous Holbein miniature, known among collectors as "The Lady with Carnations," and destined to exert an unusual influence in her life.

She pays over 9000 guineas for it, and proposes to dispose of it at a large profit.

Katharine has reared her orphan niece, Nancy Sherwood, giving her a splendid education and training in dramatic art.

Nancy, now an actress, returns from the Riviera with her fiancé, Chris. Madden, wealthy American, their engagement being the result of a sudden infatuation.

Katharine, meeting him for the first time at a party, allows her possessive love for Nancy to overshadow her good sense and is cold and difficult towards him.

However, she is persuaded by Nancy to ask him down to her home in Wimbledon to meet her mother.

Now read on:



SATURDAY arrived—a day of blustery winds which swept round the street corners with unexpected and exhilarating violence. As Katharine had anticipated, she was late in getting through her work, and it was nearly four o'clock before she rang Madden at his hotel and told him that she was free. He had, apparently, been awaiting her message, for he came almost immediately to her place of business in King Street.

Here Katharine occupied the first two floors of a narrow, bow-fronted building which ran back deeply towards a cobbled courtyard, access to which lay through an old stone archway, with carriage posts and a venerable overhead gas lamp. It was, she had recognised from the start, an ideal atmosphere for a business such as hers, and she had fostered it with care. Outside, the Georgian tradition had been skillfully developed, the pine door stripped and pickled, the bow windows repanelled with hand-blown glass.

There was no display and no sign, merely a small brass plate with the name, Antika Ltd., upon the reeded lintel, yet through the opalescent windows it was possible to discern the subdued interior of a paneled room, holding many rich and mellow undertones, from the glinting patina of Queen Anne walnut to the dull lustre of an eighteenth-century brocade.

Illustrated
by
Ridgway

Four o'clock struck on the lacquer bracket clock which stood upon the mantelpiece when Madden came into the office.

"You're punctual," she said briskly. "And I've kept you waiting."

"That's all right, Miss Lorimer." He gave her his unhurried smile. "These last few days I've hung around for Nancy at the theatre so much I'm getting used to waiting. It's a kind of change for me having time on my hands and not to be tied up for every second. I guess I'll come to like it. At least, maybe." While she pulled on her gloves his eyes travelled over the room with calm and inoffensive appreciation. "Nice place you have here. If it isn't raw to say it, I like your things a lot—especially that lovely carpet."

"Yes," said Katharine, and with an idea of some rudimentary explanation she continued politely:

"It's eighteenth-century Persian. It probably took one man ten years to make it. All the colors, too—they're the old vegetable dyes."

"Of course," he nodded simply. "It's a genuine Kirman Lavar, isn't it?"

Katharine glanced at him sharply, quite taken aback by his discernment. It bespoke, indeed, keen accuracy of perception that he should place the antique rug, not only to its province, but to the actual district of its origin.

"**Y**OU know about antiques, then?" she asked, gazing at him curiously.

He answered soberly:

"No, honestly, I'm quite ignorant. At least, judged by your standards. But I'm interested in these things, and I've tried to get myself wise to them. I've read a lot, and lately in Europe I've been over most of the galleries. I get quite a kick out of the things our American civilisation doesn't quite cover... like Persian carpets and Italian furniture... and, oh, French salad, if you like!" He smiled, "I'm a regular old master at French salads myself."

"I see," said Katharine. But actually she found herself more confused than ever by this new aspect of what she now admitted as an unusual and unsettling personality. All sorts of conflicting thoughts stirred within her mind, and, experiencing a certain mild exasperation, she descended the staircase with him in silence. Outside a blue Daimler landaulet stood waiting.

"I hope you've no objection," he said quickly. "Nancy told me you'd laid up your own car, so I brought this along."

"Is it yours?"

"Why, no," he answered, as if surprised. "I hired it." The car, though hired, ran smoothly and the driver knew his way. Through St. James' Park they went, past Victoria, and along the Embankment, where a smoky sunset threw a lovely yellow glow upon the brimming river. Madden leaned a little forward in his seat, bareheaded, his soft hat crushed

how a man's job can catch hold of him, Miss Lorimer, and cut out the chance to see a sunset like this and... well... if I might say it, the chance to meet a girl like Nancy."

"Perhaps I do understand." A spark of communicative sympathy awoke in Katharine, but she damped it by adding: "I hope you're not going to be disappointed in the chances of this week-end."

"Oh, no, I like meeting people. Especially Nancy's folks and," he added with simple politeness, "and yours!"

Katharine smiled a trifle bleakly. "That's just where I feel I ought to warn you. You may find us extremely dull. We are very middle class, Mr. Madden, and horribly suburban. Don't be misled by any glamor attaching to my work. I may meet a few important people in the way of business now and then, but don't forget that I began life as a typist at fifteen shillings a week. And I carried my lunch in a paper bag. Believe me, I'm no different now."

By A. J. CRONIN

between his knees, absorbing the changing panorama with his eager yet collected gaze.

"This is awfully interesting to me," he remarked at length. "It's pretty different from Cleveland. I get a real kick out of it."

"You seem to get a kick, as you call it, out of a number of things, Mr. Madden."

He waited before answering.

"Yes, I suppose I seem pretty raw to you, but the fact is, for the last fifteen years I've been up to my neck in business, with hardly a chance to breathe, let alone use my eyes. When my old man died after the War it was pretty tough for me—for a bit. And when things got going I seemed to keep going with them. You don't know

"No?" Turning, he made sure that she was in earnest, then he nodded his head gravely. "Well, for the first time you begin to go up in my estimation."

She could not help it, she had to laugh, for his reply got right beneath her dignity. As if this were not enough she sneezed and coughed, and her eyes streamed from her cold. When she emerged from her handkerchief, he was regarding her with concern.

"You've got a cold."

"In the head," she agreed. "I always start the winter with one. I'm used to it now. Beyond getting in a very bad temper, I don't take any notice."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he exclaimed. "You ought to have

something. Listen here, we'll stop off at a drug store and get you some quinine."

"No, no," she said hurriedly. "It'll do when we get to Beechwood."

"But I insist!" He said it with matter-of-fact finality. They were now in Putney High Street, and without further warning he stopped the car outside a chemist's shop and, despite her protests, disappeared inside. Four minutes later he emerged with the same nonchalant cheeriness.

"Drink that," he advised, handing her his purchase, as the car moved on again. "It's a draught... all made up."

"But I can't take it now."

"Sure, you can," he declared laconically.

She hesitated, then feeling unaccountably foolish, she wavered and raised the tiny bottle to her lips. As she swallowed the contents, which were of a bitter orange flavor and comfortably warming to her inflamed throat, almost at once she felt her head clearing and the smarting behind her eyes becoming less.

IT was nearly five when they reached Beechwood, by which truly rustic name old Mrs. Lorimer chose to designate her home, and the trim outlines of the little villa were almost lost in the gathering darkness. Madden sent the car away, and, carrying his own bag and Katharine's parcels, followed her up the short path between low bushes of privet into the house. They entered the drawing-room where, rocking impatiently in a chair at the fire-side, sat Mrs. Lorimer in person.

"What an age you've been!" she exclaimed immediately, with a brisk irritation and no semblance whatsoever of a greeting. "I declare to goodness I thought you would never come. Another minute and the tea would have been ruined!"

Please turn to Page 48



Katharine, glad of the respite, stood by the fireplace and watched the game with a sense of rising expectation.

HEROINES of the Wonthaggi DISASTER

Long, Anxious Hours for Brave Band of Women POIGNANT HUMAN DRAMAS

From Our Special Representative at Wonthaggi.

The heroism of the men and women of Wonthaggi stands out poignantly in the terrible mine disaster last week, in which thirteen men lost their lives.

For the women whose husbands were entombed and for those whose husbands were in the rescue gangs there were tragic, anxious hours, each one of which seemed an age.

"I never wish to go through anything like this again," said Mrs. McLeish, whose husband, the manager of the mine, directed the rescue work.

OVERWHELMED with anxiety, Mrs. McLeish waited in her beautiful red-brick, white-painted home, amidst its brightly flowering garden.

Mrs. McLeish is a pleasant, homely woman with auburn hair going slightly grey. When interviewed, she had just been washing the thick woollen vests her husband wears for rescue work.

"I cannot get the thought of those poor women out of my mind," she said, referring to the wives of the entombed men. "I try not to worry

about my own husband when I think of them.

"Mr. McLeish felt he had to go with the first rescue party. Generals cannot desert their armies, captains their ships, or mine managers their men.

"I little thought when he left home on Monday morning that he would be fighting underground for sixteen hours before I saw him again.

"Mr. McLeish had an experience some years ago. Fire broke out in a drive and two men went down to quell it. They did not return, and my husband went down with a rescue party to help them. The two men could not be saved.

"My husband was overcome by gas, and his lungs are still affected. "I have been so afraid he would be gassed again.

"They kept ringing me from the mine all day Monday to say my husband was still down, but not in the dangerous part. I knew better.

"Like all other rescuers—they are all marvellous—he has only been snatching sandwiches at the canteen.

"To-day's lunch was his first real meal at home this week, and he looks tired.

"My son, Jack, is at the mine studying engineering.

Sad Work

"WHEN he watched his father go down with the others on the first rescue trip he felt he would never see them again.

"Our daughter, doing nursing at Melbourne Hospital, phoned every night.

"My heart goes out to the wives who have lost husband and breadwinner."

Mrs. Johnson, pretty brunette, brown-eyed wife of H. Johnson, assistant manager, was another of the wives who waited.

"My husband is young," she said. "He can stand long hours of rescue work, but he finds it sad work."

"The entombed men were all such fine fellows. He had the greatest respect for all of them."

A small, neat, dark-haired little woman, Mrs. Lee, wife of the leader of the rescue parties, said

To OUR READERS

THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY is pioneering four-color artgravure work for newspapers in the British Empire. As with all pioneer work, this has presented an immense number of technical difficulties.

This applies especially to the composition of the inks used in the process. Some of the ink used last week had a definite chemical smell. Unfortunately, a number of copies of the paper printed with this ink were put into circulation before the trouble was detected.

Many readers who obtained these copies have drawn our attention to the fact. Their letters were written in the kindest spirit, and we are very grateful to them for the interest they showed in the paper and their sympathy with the problems which, they understood, must beset the pioneers of a new process. We offer them our sincerest regrets.

We are happy to be able to announce that this important problem of removing the chemical smell from the printing inks has been solved, and readers should not again be troubled with this matter.

she refused to be worried about her husband.

"He knows his job so well and I have such faith in his ability and the men he trained that fear is not possible," she said. "George has been rescue work instructor of the mine for twelve years.

"My son, Robert, an apprenticed turner and fitter, was working on top, cleaning gas masks and attending to other rescue equipment. He was trained by his father."

Mrs. Lee's ten-year-old daughter,

Shirley, came home from school for lunch. She admitted she, too, has a good idea of rescue work.

"I have often been down the mine, and know the exact spot where the men were buried," said Mrs. Lee. "I can imagine the difficulties my husband and the men are up against."

"Gas masks used in the mine are supposed to be for protection for two hours, and when Mr. Lee was down five hours the worst was expected. Actually he was quite safe, for the air was better than expected."

Future of Bereaved Wives and Families

How will the bereaved wives and families of Wonthaggi face life now?

When the explosion in No. 20 shaft entombed 13 fine, strong, highly-skilled, well-liked men, it also robbed 13 women of well-loved husbands and breadwinners, while blowing sky high the well-laid future plans of the families.

BROOME Crescent, Wonthaggi, is a sad street. Three once happy homes there are bereft.

Mrs. Brudenhall, wife of Alfred Brudenhall, lives in a neat little white house on the corner. She came to the door with tears in her eyes. She is tall, with dark curly hair. Now she is surrounded by her family, her two sons, Arthur and Leslie, who rushed from Melbourne at the first news of the disaster, and her daughter, Gertie, small, dark and pretty.

Mrs. Brudenhall's sister, Miss Lee, who had been with her for a holiday, was going home on Monday, but stayed to comfort.

Hurried Home

A FEW doors down the opposite side of the street live the family of Abe Perry.

Mrs. Perry is not seeing visitors. Her sons, Jack and Norman, seeking news, scarcely left the mine-head since Monday. Daughters Eileen and Mary, who both have jobs in Melbourne, hurried home to be near their mother.

Farther round the Crescent is Mrs. William Ridley's home, a pleasant place set in a cypress hedge with tiny lawns, primly clipped shrubs, including holly to remind them of the Old Country.

A doctor had to be called to attend Mrs. Ridley. Her husband would have been 62 on March 15, and was only three years from the retiring age.

He began mining at eleven years of age, and came to Wonthaggi when it first opened. His father and mother, aged 86 and 83, still live at Abermain, near Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mr. Ridley, sen., began coal-mining in England, and worked till 72 in N.S.W.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ridley, son and daughter-in-law, who live a few doors away, were both with the mother when Tom was not at the mine waiting for news.

Their son, Bob, aged nine, had a good idea of what was happening without having anything explained. Gladys, aged four, had no idea of what was happening, and thought it nice to see her aunt and uncle from Melbourne.

Mrs. William Ridley's daughter, Mrs. Milroy, St. Kilda, heard first word of the disaster on the wireless.

When she heard her father's name she wired her husband at work and they rushed to Wonthaggi.

"Mother and dad were down in Melbourne with us for the weekend," said Mr. Milroy. "They were so happy when they left on Sunday night, then this happened."

In the next street lives Mrs. H. Harper in a little white house with green roof, decorative circular cement steps, in one of the prettiest and best kept small gardens in town.

Neighbors say the Harpers were always together.

Best in World

SEATED in her pretty sitting-room, with brown leather furniture, and gay chintz cushions, Mrs. Harper, fresh and clean in a grey-white striped frock, with dark hair drawn back off her face, said:

"If you ever hear anybody saying anything unkind about Wonthaggi people, I want you to tell them the best men in the world are here."

"If people in other places could only realise what miners go through!

"I have three boys, Pat and Harry, twins, 13, and Jack, 19. Poor darlings!"

Now! END Backache Rheumatism Neuritis, etc.

with



the ONE Remedy that Banishes
the CAUSE of AGEING Aches and Pains

Hundreds of thousands of men and women have been astonished with the unusual success of this modern treatment for bodily weakness and weariness: backache, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, and many other ills. Men who were losing their strength, activity and power—who were being termed "old-timers"—have "come back" with such freshness and

vigor as to amaze their friends; women who were fast losing their capability and charm have found a new way to sparkling health! Hundreds of one-time sufferers have recorded their experiences of this remedy, most of the letters stating that successful results were promptly obtained where other forms of treatment had failed.

FIND THE CAUSE OF PAIN & SICKNESS . . .

It is useless to soothe a symptom and leave the cause untouched. Yet thousands are doing that—taking old-fashioned medicines which merely treat symptoms. With the modern remedy—HARRISON'S PILLS—this is changed. The symptoms of disorder and breakdown are conquered as the cause is banished. Harrison's Pills have shown people they can easily increase the vital force of the body, ending, uric acid aches, pains and misery—gaining such energy and freshness as they have not known for years. By toning the "river" organs, the body's power of resistance to breakdown (the process of "age") is increased. Further, by getting rid of the deadly uric acid crystals and deposits—as well as uric acid itself—HEALTH—real health—is positively and safely assured.

GET BACK YOUR Youth—WIN NEW SUCCESS!

Of all the remedies offered for lowering health due to uric acid, rheumatic and kidney-bladder disorders, not one equals Harrison's Pills for giving quick, safe, sure relief and a definite return to youthful activity. No dyes. No drugs. No danger. Nothing like this remedy for those who feel "too old" . . . Nothing like Harrison's Pills for restoring the body from heavy weariness and pain. Harrison's Pills strengthen the kidneys and bladder, dissipate uric acid, and its crystals and deposits, and have a most beneficial multiple action.

TAKE

HARRISON'S PILLS

For Backache, Joint, Leg and Muscular Pains, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dizzy Spells, Constipation, Lumbago, Sciatica, Stiffness, Kidney, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Scalding, Acid-Irritation, Puffiness under the Eyes, Night Worries, Weary Feeling on Waking in the Mornings, etc.

Harrison's Pills Step up Your Vital Force

REGARDLESS OF
AGE OR SEX

Immediate Results or No Cost!

Either you prove that Harrison's Pills will quickly throw off your ageing pains, weakness, sick condition and haggard appearance, giving quick, unmistakable benefit, or the trial costs you nothing! Simply get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist. Take as directed, and if not freed from your aches and pains—if not more than pleased with the improvements in your health, strength and general bearing—your money will be returned. This guarantee protects you in making a trial—if Harrison's Pills succeed at once in your own case, they are worth the cost. If the first bottle fails—it is free!

Amalgamated Laboratories, Sydney

MADE HIM A NEW MAN

"Dear Sirs.—Due to uric acid and nerve rheumatism, I was practically dead at 47. In spite of the severity of my trouble, Harrison's Pills have made a new man of me, and I feel not a day older than 35. I have never known any remedy act in such a remarkably beneficial manner. (Signed) B. Jacobson."

Women Get Splendid RESULTS

"Dear Sirs.—My daughter has suffered a lot from rheumatism. She tried many other remedies, but obtained no benefit until taking Harrison's Pills. These gave her relief straight away, and we cannot speak too highly of them—they really are wonderful. She has had no recurrence of the trouble. (Signed) O. E. McKellar."

£100 will be paid to anyone proving this to be a safe and effective remedy bearing genuine London Doctor's signature.



Diagram showing types of needle-point uric acid crystals

MODERN DANCING Is "Gateway To Temptation," SAYS HOSTESS

Views of Prominent People

CONFLICT OF OPINION

Is there anything wrong with the modern dancing?
Is it immodest, immoral, indecent?

Last week, in a lunch-hour address at the Assembly Hall, Scots Church, Dr. Boyd Scott turned the searchlight of criticism on to this important subject.

THIS year, indeed, dancing assumes a greater importance than ever. The forthcoming Coronation means the loosing of a flood of gaiety, and the majority of the celebrations will take the form of big public and private balls.

Already many of the large city ballrooms have their accommodation booked for the whole of the coming winter.

Leading hostesses, too, predict that private entertaining at dances will, this season, reach a level never previously known in Sydney.

Dancing has become everybody's business. To decline to dance means to forgo most of the social life of the winter.

Dr. Boyd Scott started the ball rolling when he said during the week:

"It is one of the laws of God that people should dance; that way lies a healthy gladness of the body and a rhythm of the spirit.

"But there are dances with movements in them which originated in indecent impulses and which speak subtly to the same impulses lying latent in breasts that have no information about their origins.

"Movements and gestures in the dance which were begotten of immodesty in their unremembered origins tend to reproduce and quicken, in those who exercise themselves thereby, the dark and unseemly emotions which gave them birth."

Opinions Differ

APPROACHED by The Australian Women's Weekly, well-known authorities on dancing and a number of leading hostesses gladly gave their opinions of modern dancing for the benefit of our readers.

They make an interesting symposium on this topic of the hour. Following are their views:—

Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Darling Point: "I agree with Dr. Boyd Scott. I consider modern dancing is a gateway to temptation."

Lady Bavin, wife of Sir Thomas Bavin, Bellevue Hill: "The fact that we allow our daughters to go to dances shows that, as mothers, we do not consider modern dancing immoral. There are some types of dancing which I have seen in cabarets abroad that one might object to, and, probably, Dr. Scott was referring to that type."

Lady Bavin's daughter, Miss Valerie Bavin, is now assisting Mr. Carl Thomas in his dancing studio.

Mrs. Percy Crossin, Point Piper: "I think that the trend of modern dancing is swinging back to old-time grace and dignity. I noticed at a recent ball that the young people held each other in a correct and modest manner, and, considering the 'sunny-hugging' days gone by, thought it a tremendous improvement."

Mr. Leslie Cranbourne, member of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing and of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing, London:

"Movements of modern dancing as taught by teachers and learned by pupils and standardised by the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing throughout the world could not possibly promote moral deterioration.

"The movements of modern dancing are simply the natural movements of walking and running formalised into steps and figures so as to be a rhythmic, physical interpretation of music.

"Some people introduce indecent and immodest movements into their dance-room performance of what

they fancy dancing should be for them.

"Almost anything physical can be perverted into vulgarity by tasteless and vulgar people.

"But, to conclude that modern dancing in itself, as dancing and as modern, is immoral is, of course, ridiculous. Any clever, naughty craftsman can make an indecent doll from a rose or a carnation. A gardener does not do so."

Mr. Cranbourne is on a visit to this country for the purpose of demonstrating, teaching, and examining in the art of ballroom dancing. He is connected with the Frances Scully School of Dancing, and is at present demonstrating at the Trocadero.

Mr. Carl Thomas, well-known teacher of ballroom dancing: "Dr. Boyd Scott refers to gestures, and there are none in ballroom dancing. I take it that he refers to dancing on the stage or in films.

"Dr. Boyd Scott says: 'There are dances with movements in them which originated in indecent impulses.' I am unacquainted with these dances, and would be interested to know where Dr. Boyd Scott has seen them. I should be glad to submit the 1937 fox-trot, which we teach, to his scrutiny."

Miss Peggy Dawes, well-known exhibition dancer and teacher: "If modern ballroom dancing is performed correctly, it would be impossible for the most saintly person to disapprove in any way.

"Even in Japan, where exception is taken to anything the slightest way suggestive, modern ballroom dancing is taught on English lines which have become standardised in practically every country in the world.

Grace and Beauty

"EVEN in the very crowded ballrooms to-day it is possible for people to dance together without sacrificing any of the grace and beauty of movement which are the outstanding features of modern ballroom dancing."

Mr. Roland Guerard, one of the principals of the Monte Carlo ballet now at the Theatre Royal, Sydney:

"Dancing was the first expression of religion. In modern dancing there is nothing demoralising. It is merely an expression of joy and happiness.

"With the confined area which the modern ballroom necessitates, it has become essential for the performers of the dance to economise in movement and space. But the modern dance is no more de-



GROUP of Australian students of the German Dance in striking pose.



A WELL-KNOWN Australian dancing teacher demonstrating the correct technique in a typical ballroom dance.

moralising or indecent than the pre-war kind."

Madame Helene Kirsova, noted ballerina of the Monte Carlo Ballet Co.:

"Modern dancing is perfectly decent. Actions are quite often misinterpreted by the spectator, when the performer is quite unconscious of immodesty. Unless one has experienced modern dancing, it is not fair to condemn it. The surroundings in which the dance takes place are a more important influence on morality than the actual dance movements."

Madame Kirsova added that she spoke only as a spectator of ballroom dancing.

Nathalie Branitzka, one of the principal dancers of the Monte Carlo Ballet Company:

"Is the modern dance indecent? I think not. It is the modern environment of the dance which is more open to criticism. The surroundings in which the modern dance is performed contribute more to immorality than the actual dance movements.

"I agree that in certain atmospheres modern dancing might appear immoral, but I do not think this applies specially to the dance movements. Any movement or gesture of the body is apt to appear more significant in some environments."

WOMAN Surveyor Has Two CAREERS

From Mary St. Claire by Air Mail

Miss Alma Royalston-Kisch, daughter of a Brisbane-born barrister, plans drains in the daytime and composes dance music at night.

SHE is one of the very few—and probably the youngest—women surveyors in England.

She completed the three-year course, which includes economics, engineering, property laws, and valuation, not very long ago. Was on the staff of the Middlesex County Council, and is now running her own business.

Small, frail-looking, and very pretty, wearing very feminine clothes, she does not look as if she tramped round all day, in all weathers, surveying housing estates, planning improvements in industrial areas, and arguing with real estate men where they can or cannot put in drains and garbage tips.

The Lost Plane Women's Views On Air Travel—Page 35.

Miss Alma is a member of the Soroptimist Club, the women's Rotary Movement. This month she is going to Vienna to attend the International Women's Night, at which outstanding women from all countries in the world will be present.

She will be the only British woman to address the gathering, and will speak on women's work in England, especially in housing.

She and her father hope to visit Australia soon.

YOU CAN GET STRONG Quickly! Complete Home Gym in one Outfit.

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain! New only 48/- for this famous 23 value Complete Home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

- 1.—Complete set of Wall Apparatus Attachment.
- 2.—Two high tensioned Grip Apparatus, builds strong wrists and forearms.
- 3.—Book on Ju-Jitsu.
- 4.—Foot Stirrups; for legs, thighs, stomach.
- 5.—Complete Muscle Building Course.
- 6.—Complete Boxing Course.
- 7.—Rowing Machine Attachment.
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ADDRESS 27/2/37.

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 27, 1937

WOMEN & PEACE



"HOPE—of Peace, international understanding and co-operation—was born again in the year 1936, when the great World's Peace Congress was held at Brussels."

So runs the foreword to the report of this recent Congress, concerning which so many conflicting stories have been circulated. It seems fairly certain now, however, that the Congress was entirely successful and made a notable impression.

Women played a prominent part at the Congress. Among Australian organisations represented there were various Feminist bodies, the National Council of Women, the Women's United Associations, Women's International League, and many others.

But, at the same time that the Congress was sitting, women in Spain were fighting in the trenches, while in Fascist and Communist countries great parades were held, in which marched regiments, not only of women, but of children trained as fighting units.

In other words, the spirit of War is abroad, and once again the picturesque emotional aspect of international warfare is being exploited to blind even women's eyes to its realities.

It is surely time that these false lures should be realised at their true worth, and by women, who are, after all, the more practical sex at heart.

For women, as a matter of sheer common sense, the coming of War can mean nothing but death or maiming or a long-drawn ordeal of terror.

Women are said to possess the big "silent vote" which actually sways public opinion. At the present time, before the mania spreads, they have an opportunity to exercise it.

By every means in their power—individually and by organisations—women must oppose the rising tide of national hysteria which threatens to flood the world with conflict. It is not yet too late.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Laundry Science

ONE of the first fruits of research at the Laboratory of British Launderers (sponsored by that eminent scientist, Sir William Bragg) is that it is not laundry processes that destroy delicate fabrics, but the dyes and chemicals incorporated in the latter by the manufacturers.

Apparently women's underwear is not built to last; if it were, these garments would not be so cheap to buy. Like the safety-razor blades of the modern male, they are mass-produced in the sure and certain hope of sales for their successors. This, of course, gives remunerative employment to hundreds of thousands of workers. "A mad world, my masters!" said Shakespeare. He would repeat his verdict if he returned to the planet to-day.

Eve V. Adam

A REMARKABLE trend among wealthy families to-day is the number of daughters who prefer jobs of some sort to idleness.

At a recent social bridge-party in Brisbane, all present were girls belonging to families who could well afford to keep them home; yet inquiry proved that every girl followed some avocation. And the conversation during the afternoon was mostly office-talk.

Australia is apparently following the example of Austria, where of three million workers one million are already women.

Austrian women have entered such typically male avocations as gardening, carpentering and farming; there are also women chauffeurs, locksmiths, engineers, cinema operators and mechanics.

These Voices

CONDEMNATION of the "pulpit voice" by a former organist of Durham Cathedral (England), aroused sympathetic vibrations in Australia.

Our leading ecclesiastics attacked not only the drawing pulpit voice, but also the affected "radio voice" of certain announcers.

"Stage voice" and "elocution voice" might easily have been included among these bugbears. The former has almost vanished; modern plays and talkies demand natural speech in the represented characters. And luckily "verse-speaking" is beginning to oust the practice by which a poet's masterpiece is handed over to some infant prodigy to be "electrocuted to death."

Lyric of Life

A Film Star

You are the secret dream that lies
Close in a million women's hearts,
You who have played so many parts
Are mirrored in their questing eyes.
They long to reach the heights as
you
And know a moment's glamor too.

Yet in the dazzling arc lights' glare,
The whispered reverence of your
name,

Have you rebelled against the fame
That holds you like a puppet there,
And longed with all your heart to
be

One moment in obscurity?

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Ticking Up Centuries

MRS. ELIZABETH QUIRK, a lively Australian centenarian, gave us the formula for long life on her 100th birthday. "Early hours and plenty of hard work," she said, was the secret.

Maybe it helped. Sceptics would rather ascribe her luck to her parentage. Her father, as she also told us, lived one day short of the century.

Spite of the "do this" and "don't do that" of the doctors, long life seems mostly a matter of heredity. The lucky ones are those who are born into families where the babies at birth seem wound up, like human clocks, to run for a good one hundred years.



MISS MARY WORTHEN, who advocates a new system of planning hospitals. See story, Col. 4. —Brothorn photo.

The "Inferior" Sex?

THE most ferocious male criminals, says an American psychologist, are those with a "feminine streak." Feeling a feminine sense of inferiority, they attempt to shake it off by brutal aggressiveness.

This is a strange dictum to emerge from that country where (we are constantly assured) woman is the superior sex, and glories in her superiority.

The association of femininity with inferiority is a musty relic of the Victorian era. As a scientific argument it is a joke. If that psychologist is not a dreamy-eyed bachelor, we wonder what his wife has to say about it.

Ashes of Romance

THE plight of the impulsive John Barrymore, film star, whose fourth brief romance has ended in a new alimony claim (he already pays two to former wives) has a ludicrous side.

If his craze for elopements continues, he may reach a point where alimonies overtop income, and so bring his career (film and marital) to a full stop.

The ease with which divorces are obtained in the United States seems, after all, not such a boon—at least to male celebrities earning big money.

"Marry in haste, pay-up at leisure," becomes their fate.

Making Hospital A Home From Home

"Homelike atmosphere and carefully-planned color schemes are replacing the sterilised whiteness that spells 'institution' in modern hospitals," says Miss Mary Worthen, a slim, soft-spoken New York architect, who recently arrived in Melbourne to pursue her architectural career.

MISS WORTHEN was head of her year at Ohio University, and won a big, nation-wide contest which enabled her to take a special course of landscape architecture in Chicago.

She has had some interesting experiences in interior decorating, some of them on Long Island, where a house might cost the American equivalent of £25,000.

Miss Worthen, on completing her studies, went back home to the Middle West for a year to learn all about housekeeping from the inside, with a view to gaining experience in home arrangement that would assist her in her architectural career.

Her first job in Australia will be to plan the interiors of the new Hobart General Hospital, now under construction.

Her first problem will be to design the entrance hall of the hospital so as to remove the institutional feeling apt to give new patients shivers down the spine, and friends and relations a cold, sinking feeling.

Helpful Colors

WHITE is definitely out as a color for bedrooms and wards, says Miss Worthen.

Cheerful colors and soft shades are replacing the snowy, shiny wall surfaces. All pastel shades, soft blues and greens, oyster-whites and greys, fawns and tans are used for backgrounds.

Cheerful yellows, and, in fact, almost any colors with the exception of red and derivations of red, can be used for hangings, quilts and furniture.

Mental quirks are considered in planning these color schemes—bright colors for the depressed, and subdued shades for the excited patient.

Soon patients will be able to choose just the color schemes that suit them best for their sojourn in hospital, although for public hospitals a happy medium must be struck, because of costs.

Cheery, Not Dreary

FIFTY per cent. of hospital complaints are about food and noise. Dietitians are taking care of the food, and architects are now taking care of the noise, comments Miss Worthen.

Doors and switches do not click, windows open and close without a sound, and kitchens and pantries are carefully separated from the wards. Floors are resilient. They deaden sound and rest the poor feet of the nurses.

Instead of smooth, shiny surfaces that throw back the sound waves, walls have soft surfaces that absorb sound.

Color in floors and ceilings also does away with light reflection. Blues and greys and soft, absorbent surfaces absorb the light, and give that restful atmosphere that is such a boon to any patient.

Waiting-rooms, particularly out-patients' waiting-rooms, will occupy Miss Worthen's attention.

She plans to make them cheery instead of dreary, and provide comfortable chairs instead of hard benches.

She says the waiting-room should be designed to put the patient in a good frame of mind by the time he or she sees the doctor.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By Wep



KNITTING on the LOWER PLAN



Kn. 1, P 1,—Take Away The Stitches You First Thought Of And . . .

By Australia's
Foremost
Humorist
L. W. LOWER

There are a few things especially designed to drive me mad. The Christmas number of this paper is one. The New Year number is another. And the knitting supplement . . . say it with asterisks.

Didn't I tell you last year how to knit a gas mantle? However.

THE very latest witchery in wool has a simple, youthful appeal. Ribs are introduced in an original way on the sporty collar and front bodice. If you don't believe me, read Page 2 of the Knitting Supplement. What the devil a woman would want her ribs hanging around her collar for has got me licked.

Still, experience has taught me that if a woman wants to wear her hip-bones behind her ears all a man can say is, "Yes. You look swell—but don't recognise me in the street."

I don't wish to seem personal, but if you've got a 34 to 36-inch bust you need about 12lb. of wool to make Wally's Winsome Woolly. (Wally is my second name, thus accounting for the unnecessary W in my initials.)

Witchery in Wool

YOU needn't worry about breathing too deeply in this model, because it stretches. You kick off with No. 12 needles and cast on 245 stitches. You can cast five of these off if you're feeling in a reckless mood. You then purl. Take the purl between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and pick up and knit round the neck. This is done in stocking-web. Whatever that is. I can't give all my secrets away.

Talking about stocking-web! I remember the time when my wife was courting me, she used to knit me socks which a splay-footed elephant wouldn't be found dead in. Being in love, I used to wear them. Different now, of course.

She could manage all the purls and plains and stuff until she came to the heel.

Then she'd have to take a train to remote parts to find out from some female seer what to do next. A mysterious ceremony known as "turning the heel" then took place.

The rake-off, so far as I could observe, was a bag of fruit and a jar of home-made pickles. Just a plain ramp. I had the hardest part. I had to wear the socks.

But let's get on with the witchery in wool which is Wally's Winsome Woolly. Having cast on and off, it is a good idea to change over to No. 17 needles and decrease at the sides and take together the centre three stitches in each row. After that you return to your corner and relax. Three-minute rounds are the rule. After that it is just a matter of going on and on and then sewing up seams, so it seems.

Pardon me. I forgot the neck-band. "Using No. 11 needles and with right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 110 stitches around neck." A most unnecessary procedure, it seems to me.

I mean, if you feel that way, why not stick your head in the gas oven? Simpler, easier, and you get one home on the Gas Company.

But let us take a peep at Page 51. Here we have THE ELIZABETH. It has (wait till I read the thing), it has "horizontal raised bars cleverly placed on fine ribbing." They are the "important notes of this unique jumper."

Well, I'm in favor of horizontal raised bars.

Having taken about three years to knit this exclusive, modern jumper, you dampen all the pieces, tie them together and then press on the wrong side. You will find that any side is the wrong side.

Having completed the thing you put it on, have a good look at yourself in the wardrobe mirror and then send it to a cousin at Oodnadatta.

I suppose that I am letting down my own sex, but now that the knitting season has started, why not have a diabolical revenge on your husband or boy friend? KNIT HIM A SCARF! Make him wear it.

For smaller misdemeanors what's wrong with one of those black knitted ties that make a knot like a wool-bale in front of your throat

L. W. Lower, knitting expert, working out one of his more intricate designs.

and make a man round-shouldered carrying them around? But not socks. There's a limit to everything. Have a heart. This concludes the session for

this week. For further information about knitting see the supplement to my article which should be enclosed in the paper if it hasn't fallen out.

Forgot to mention that Mrs. Lower has taken my chest measurements. She is knitting me a cardigan jacket for the winter. Won't I look swell about 1948!

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Continued from Page 3

The DEMONSTRATION

THIS was too much for Monsieur d'Ogeron's urbanity. He came to his feet, suddenly white with anger.

"Such an assertion, monsieur, can be made to me only sword in hand."

Saintonges strode about the long room waving his arms.

"Preposterous! If that's your humor, you had better send your challenge to Monsieur de Louvois. I said what I was charged to say. I am but his mouthpiece. The clear order I have for you is that Tortuga must cease to be a haven for buccaneers."

Monsieur d'Ogeron shrugged impatiently.

"Will you tell me at the same time how I am to enforce such an order?"

"That also is clear. You can close the market in which you receive the plunder. If you make an end of this traffic, the buccaneers will make an end of themselves."

"It's simple. Yes. Oh, but so simple. To Versailles. And what, pray, if the buccaneers make an end of me, and of this possession of the West India Company, and seize Tortuga for themselves? What then? For that is what would probably follow."

"The might of France will know how to enforce her rights."

"Much obliged. Does the might of France realise how mighty it will have to be? Have you never heard in France of Morgan's march on Panama? Is it realised that there are, in all, some four or five thousand of these buccaneers

afloat, the most desperate seafighters the world has ever known, and that if banded together by any such menace their ships would compose a formidable navy?"

Monsieur de Saintonges was momentarily out of countenance. "Surely, sir, surely, you exaggerate."

"I EXAGGERATE nothing, I desire you to understand that I am actuated by something more than the self-interest which you so offensively attribute to me. Believe me, sir, you would do no disservice to the Crown in recommending to Monsieur de Louvois that until France is in a position to keep a navy in the Caribbean to defend her possessions she would be well-advised not to tamper with the existing state of things."

The Chevalier stiffened once more.

"That, monsieur, is not a recommendation that would become me. You have the orders of Monsieur de Louvois, which are that this mart for the plunder of the seas must at once be closed. I trust you will permit me to assure Monsieur de Louvois of your immediate compliance."

"I must still protest, monsieur, that your description is not a proper one. No plunder comes here but the plunder of Spain, to compensate us for the plunder

we have all suffered and shall continue to suffer at the hands of the gentlemen of Castile."

"That, sir, is fantastic. There is peace between France and Spain."

"In the Caribbean, Monsieur de Saintonges, there is never peace. If we abolish the buccaneers, we lay down our arms and offer our throats to the knife. That is all."

But Monsieur de Saintonges remained obstinate.

"This is merely to reopen the discussion. Your orders, monsieur, are clear. You realise that you will neglect them at your peril."

"And also that I shall fulfil them at my peril. You place me, sir, between the sword and the wall."

In that desperate situation, the Chevalier de Saintonges left him, when he sailed away from Tortuga that same evening to pay a call at Port au Prince, before setting a course for France. The Chevalier's vanity applauded the firmness with which he had dealt with that little trafficker in brigandage; it was thus that he described Monsieur d'Ogeron to Madame de Saintonges. But his mind was not entirely at ease. He hoped, rather than believed, that the Governor of Tortuga had exaggerated.

Monsieur d'Ogeron, who had not exaggerated, however much his interests may have jumped with his arguments, could perceive nothing for it but to resign his office and return at once to France, leaving Monsieur de Louvois to work out the destinies of Tortuga in his own fashion. It would be a desertion of the interests of the West India Company. But if the new Minister's will prevailed, the interests of the West India Company would be shipwrecked anyway.

THE little Governor spent a disturbed night, and slept late on the following morning, to be aroused eventually by the boom of cannon. Peter Blood was sailing into the harbor of Cayana, aboard a captured Spanish vessel, the Maria Gloriosa, once the flagship of the Marquis of Riconete, the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, traiking in his wake two richly-laden Spanish galleons. The guns that thundered a welcome were the guns of Blood's own fleet of three ships, which had been refitting at Tortuga in his absence.

In spite of his dejection, d'Ogeron prepared a feast of welcome for the great buccaneer captain, between whom and himself a genuine friendship existed. Blood came to it in high spirits and, at the sumptuous table, entertained the Governor and his two daughters with an account of the enterprise at San Juan de Porto Rico from which he returned.

"There have been few richer hauls," he ended. "Of the gold, my own share is a matter of twenty-five thousand pieces of eight, which I'll be depositing with you against bills of exchange on France. Then the peppers and spices in one of the galleons should be worth over a hundred thousand pieces to the West India Company. It awaits your valuation."

This was to remind the Governor of the restraints so lately imposed upon him. Sorrowfully he looked across the table at his guest—and sorrowfully he shook his head.

"All that is finished, my friend. I am under an interdiction." And forth, in fullest details, came the story of the visit of the Chevalier de Saintonges. "So you see, my dear Captain, the West India Company's markets are now closed to all of you."

The keen, shaven, sunburned face, framed in the curls of a black periwig, was overspread with consternation. The eyes, so unnaturally blue in that swarthy setting, stared blankly at the Governor.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "But did you tell this lackey from court that . . ."

"There is nothing that I did not tell him," the Governor interrupted. "But to him there is no god but Louvois and Saintonges is his prophet. A consequential gentleman, this Chevalier de Saintonges, like all these Court minions. Lately in Martinique he married the widow of Hommaire de Veynac. That will make him one of the richest men in France."

D'Ogeron was wistfully sardonic. "You think, in spite of all that I have said, that you might have

persuaded this coxcomb of his folly?"

"There's nothing of which a man can be persuaded if the proper argument is properly presented to him."

"I tell you there is no argument I did not present."

"You will believe it. But the fact is, you presented only those that occurred to you."

"What should you have said?" But Captain Blood, chin in hand, did not answer him. He pushed back his chair, rose, and, still thoughtful, took a turn in the fine room—a figure of tall, spare vigor, stately in a sombre splendor of black and silver. At last he paused, confronting d'Ogeron again, and his glance was lively.

"This envoy goes, you say, straight from Port au Prince to France. That means that he will be passing again through the Tortuga Channel?"

"Naturally, since in the alternative he would have to sail round Hispaniola."

"Then I am not too late, after all. I can intercept him on his return from Port au Prince and try my own persuasive arts. It's a great gift of persuasion I have, my friend. So sustain your hopes awhile."

But, to sustain them, Monsieur d'Ogeron's hopes required something more than this light-hearted assurance. And it was with a sigh of despondency that he bade farewell to Blood a little later, and without confidence that he wished him luck in whatever he might be undertaking.

The splendid forty-gun ship, the Arabella, which, fitted, armed and victualled, had been standing idle in her master's absence, was warped out of the swarm of lesser shipping that had collected about her anchorage, and with a hundred and fifty men aboard Blood sailed in her that evening. Before sailing, he held a council of war, in which particular duties were assigned to his leading associates. Two of them were left in charge of the treasure ships, whilst Wolvestone, with very special orders, was given command of the Maria Gloriosa, the lately captured flagship of the Spanish Admiral. To Nathaniel Hagthorpe, the West Country gentleman outlawed for having followed Monmouth, was entrusted the Elizabeth, which sailed as the Arabella's consort.

Beating up against gentle easterly breezes, these two buccaneer ships by the following evening were off Point Palmish on the northern coast of Hispaniola, and hereabouts, where the Tortuga Channel narrows to a mere five miles between Palmish and Portugal Point, Blood took his station and awaited the homing Bearnales.

AT about the same time, the French frigate was weighing anchor at Port au Prince, cutting short her visit there at the cost of scamping the King's business, because the stench of the place offended the delicate nostrils of Madame de Saintonges. With a light wind abeam, the progress of the Bearnales was so slow that it took her twenty-four hours to round Cape St. Nicholas at the western end of the Tortuga Channel. This happened just before sunset on the morrow.

Monsieur de Saintonges at the time lounged elegantly on the poop under an awning of sailcloth beside a day-bed on which his Creole wife reclined, a dark, handsome woman endowed with the superb proportions of Hebe. There was about this lady, from the deep mellowness of her voice to the pearls entwined in her glossy black hair, nothing that did not announce opulence. Her rich laugh was approving one of the sallies with which her bridegroom strove to dazzle her, when they were interrupted by the approach of Luzan, the Captain of the Bearnales.

With the telescope in his hand, he pointed aft, where, some three miles away, a sail was visible.

"There is something that is odd," he said. "Take a look at her, Chevalier." And he proffered the glass.

Saintonges took a couple of steps to the rail, whence the view was clearer, and where he could find a support on which to steady his elbow. Through the glass he beheld a big white ship, very high in the poop. She was veering northward on a starboard tack against the easterly breeze, and displayed a noble flank pierced for twenty-four guns, the ports

gleaming gold against the white. From her mainmast head floated the red and gold banner of Castile, and above this a Crucifix was mounted.

Saintonges lowered the glass. "A Spaniard," was his casual comment. "What address do you discover there, Captain?"

"SHE was heading south when first we sighted each other. A little later she veered into our wake, and she is crowding sail. That is what is odd. For it would seem that she is following us."

"What then?" asked Saintonges.

"Just so," said Luzan. "What then? From the position of her flag, she's an admiral's ship, and very heavily armed. She carries forty-eight guns, besides stern and fore-chasers. When I am followed by a ship like that, I like to know the reason."

Madame stirred languidly on her day-bed to an accompaniment of deep, rich laughter.

"Do you start at shadows, Captain?"

"Invariably when cast by a Spaniard, madame," Luzan, a man of some brawn, hook-nosed, square-chinned and small-eyed, did not care to have his courage questioned. It was not only the sharpness of his tone that moved Saintonges, but the vague confirmation his words seemed to supply to the ignored contentions of Monsieur d'Ogeron. The Chevalier was content, to display sarcasm, where he would have been better employed in inquiring into the Captain's reasons for his misgivings. Luzan departed in dudgeon.

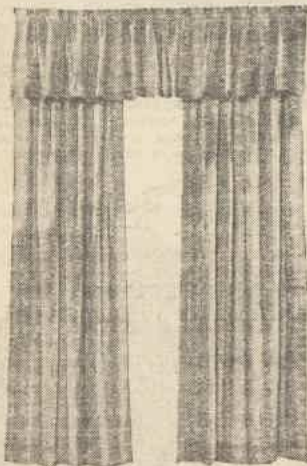
That night the wind dropped to the merest breath, and so slow was their progress that at day-break, when the breeze suddenly freshened, they were still five or six miles west of Portugal Point and the exit of the Channel. And daylight showed them the big white and gold Spanish ship still at about the same distance astern, but likely now with her crowded sails to lessen it in the freshening breeze. As Luzan watched her, he saw her making the addition of stunsails to the mountain of canvas she already carried. This decided him. He crowded sail in his turn, and as close-hauled as he dared run, he headed south for the shelter of one of the harbors on the northern coast of French Hispaniola, whither this pursuing Spaniard, if her intentions were indeed hostile, might hesitate to follow.

Please turn to Page 16

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5.3.11.38

Three Women on Three Great Missions



A NEW STUDY OF PRINCESS MARY, the Princess Royal, sister of the King and the Duke of Windsor. She has just returned to London after visiting the Duke at Ennsfeld Castle, Austria, with the object, it is said, of negotiating for the disposal of the Duke's life interest in Sandringham, and to make an appeal for the postponement of his marriage with Mrs. Simpson. Photo, by Speaight, is reproduced from the London "Tatler."



AMELIA EARHART, 39-year-old American aviator and first woman to fly the Atlantic, is shown above with husband and (inset) stepson, David B. Putnam. She is now planning a 27,000-miles round-the-world westward flight, calling at Australia on the way.

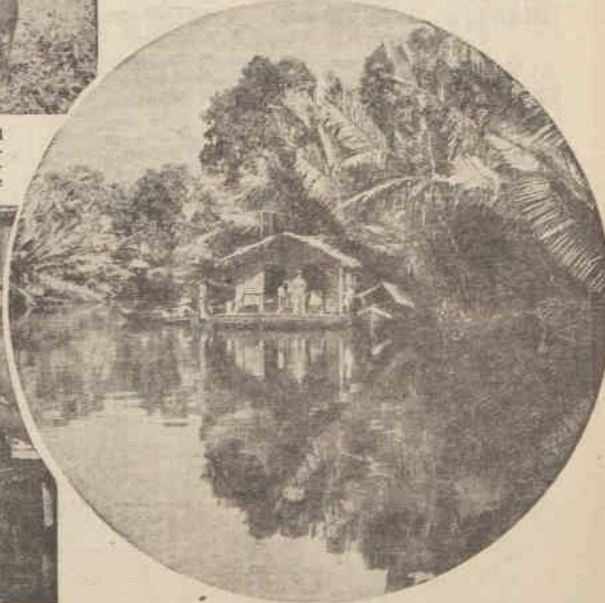


INTERRUPTIONS IN LETTER WRITING.—Mrs. Johnson, with three of the twenty-two gibbons, or wah-wahs, which make the finest pets of the ape or monkey family.

PICTURES ABOVE, and others in this series, show Mrs. Martin Johnson, famous American hunter and explorer, who is planning a camera expedition to the wild Congo country in Africa. She and her husband, who was killed recently in a plane crash, made many adventurous expeditions into African territories. Mrs. Johnson is shown with a pet wah-wah (left) and conversing with a headhunter of the Rumanau tribe.



ENTERTAINING NEIGHBORS IN THE WILDS.—Natives love ice-cream. Mrs. Johnson discovered on one of her trips, and here they are seen regaling themselves from the Johnsons' kitchen on the houseboat raft which made their temporary home.



A FLOATING HOME IN AFRICA.—On previous expeditions Mr. and Mrs. Johnson camped like this. Now Mrs. Johnson will undertake her new expedition alone.

Continued from Page 14

The DEMONSTRATION

A MOMENT later, the great galleon veered in the same direction, but dangerously thrusting her nose a point nearer to the wind. It was impossible to remain in doubt as to her intentions, and equally impossible to doubt that if the present courses were maintained the Bearnais would be cut off before ever she could reach the green coast that was still some four miles distant.

Madame de Saintonges, greatly incensed in her cabin by the terrific list to starboard, demanded to be informed by heaven or hell what might be amiss this morning with the fool who commanded the Bearnais. The uxorious Chevalier, in bed-gown and slippers and with a hastily donned periwig, the black curls of which hung about his excited face, reeled along the most perpendicular deck of the gangway to the ship's waist, and stood there bawling for Luzan.

Luzan appeared at the poop-rail, and expressed himself sharply. Saintonges' annoyance was increased by this lack of deference.

"It is impetuous," he declared. "It is infamous. You discompose Madame de Saintonges by your ridiculous apprehensions."

Luzan's patience completely left him.

"She'll be infinitely more discomposed if they are realised."

A shrill cry was his answer and, hard upon this, a torrent of abuse from Madame herself, who in a state of undress that barely preserved the decencies, and with a mane of lustrous black hair like a cloak upon her shoulders, had followed her husband from the cabin.

"But you are mad, sir," Saintonges protested. "What can we possibly have to fear from a

Spanish ship, a King's ship, you say? We fly the flag of France. And Spain is not at war with France."

"The man's wits are turned by panic," said Madame contemptuously.

And then the ominous boom of a gun entirely changed the scene. Madame clutched her bosom.

"Great heavens!" said Saintonges, and instinctively put an arm about her. He had turned white. From the poop Luzan actually laughed.

The Chevalier lowered his white and shaking wife to a seat on the hatch-coaming. He was futilely profane in his distress. Taking fire on them, Luzan, entirely untroubled, uttered what he believed to be reassurance.

"At present she is bombastically wasting powder. She'll come within range before I return her fire. The gunners have my orders."

BUT this was merely to increase the Chevalier's distress.

"Hope of my life! Return her fire? You cannot deliver battle. Not with Madame de Saintonges aboard."

"If I had the Queen of France aboard I still must fight my ship. We are being overhauled too fast to make a harbor in time. And how do I know that even then we should be safe from these brigands?"

With the telescope to his eye, he was following the pointing arm of the lieutenant at his elbow.

Less than a mile astern, about midway between the Bearnais and her assailant, a big red forty-gun ship under full sail was coming into view round a headland of the coast. Close in her wake followed a second vessel of an armament only a little less powerful. They flew no flag, and it was in increasing apprehension that Luzan watched their movements. Then, to his almost incredulous relief, he saw them swing to port, and with the wind astern rip forward through the water in the direction of the Spaniard, of whom they had the weather-gauge. Like hawks swooping to a heron they sped, opening fire with their forechasers as they went.

The Spaniard eased up to receive the charge of these interveners, directing her fire upon them. And then the Bearnais, too, eased up until she stood bow-to, with idly flapping sails, suddenly changed from actor to spectator in this drama of the seas.

Observation, however, was all but denied to those aboard her. The terrific running fire under which the conflicting ships drew close raised such billows of smoke that it was impossible at that distance to discern what wounds were given or taken.

In a little while the fire slackened. Then it completely ceased. Then as the smoke was dissipated by the wind, it was seen that the great white and gold Spanish flagship was in flames and that her assailants were sheering off. The lesser vessel remained hove-to at a little distance. But the other, emerging from the fight with no visible damage beyond a shattered mizen-top, came beating up against the wind towards the Bearnais, her red hull and gilded beakhead aglow in the morning sunshine. Still she displayed no flag.

SAINTEONGES, on the poop, where with his wife he had now joined Luzan, wondered fearfully was it prudent to stand while she approached. Luzan pointed to her partially crippled sailing powers as a sufficient guarantee, all else apart, that she would not be likely to engage them. And so they waited.

A quarter of a mile away she hove-to, and lowered a boat. From this some minutes later a tall man climbed the Jacob's ladder of the Bearnais, and came to stand upon the poop in an elegance of scarlet and gold which suggested that he proceeded from Versailles or the Alameda, rather than from the deck of a ship in action.

To Saintonges and his wife, this stately gentleman bowed until the curls of his black periwig met across his chin, while the feather in his broad hat swept the deck.

"I come," he announced, "to bear and to receive felicitations, and to assure myself that you are in no further need of assistance, and that you suffered no damage before we had the honor to intervene and dispose of that Spanish wolf."

Such gallant courtesy completely won them. They reassured him on their own score, and were solicitous as to what hurts he might have taken. Of these he made light: a fractured mizen-top, some slight damage on the port quarter, which they could not see; but his loss in men was negligible considering the fury of the encounter. It was regrettable that he should not have succeeded in capturing that splendid galleon. But she had made too desperate a fight to enable him to board her in time, and a shot, unlucky from that point of view, had fired her powder magazine. He had taken off most of her crew, and these were now aboard his consort.

They carried off this airy, elegant saviour to the great cabin, so that they might pledge his victory before they parted, and so that Saintonges might learn to whom he was indebted for this deliverance. He approached the matter obliquely.

"You fly no flag, sir," he said, when they had drunk.

The swarthy gentleman laughed. He conveyed an impression that laughter came to him readily.

"Sir," he answered, "to be frank with you, I am of those who fly any flag that the occasion may demand. It might have been reassuring had I approached you under French colors. But in the stress of the hour, I gave no thought to it. You could hardly mistake me for a foe. At present I am on my way to Tortuga, and in haste to assemble ships and men for an expedition to Martinique."

It was as if a bomb had exploded in the cabin, so startled were Saintonges and his lady.

"To Martinique?" exclaimed Madame. "An expedition to Martinique? To what end?"

Her interposition seemed faintly to surprise him. His answer had the tone of humoring her. He smiled a little as he spoke.

"There are—small we say?—possibilities that Spain may be fitting out a squadron for a raid upon Saint Pierre."

Rounder still grew the lady's eyes. Her voice was charged with horror.

"Spaniards to raid Martinique! To raid Martinique?"

"Impossible, sir," cried Saintonges, in a trembling excitement fully as deep as his wife's. "Oh, quite impossible! Hope of my life! France and Spain are at peace."

The dark brows were lifted in amused surprise.

"I perceive, monsieur, that you have not much experience of the Caribbean. Yet I should have thought that what you have seen this morning would suffice. Did that peace prevent a Spanish warship from firing upon the French flag? Would the peace that exists in Europe have availed you in the West Indies if you had been sunk by her broadsides?"

Pale and bewildered, Saintonges gaped at him in silence.

"But Martinique!" wailed the lady.

"The Spaniards call it Martinico, madame. Their deliverer shrugged expressively. 'Spain believes that God created the West Indies specially for her profit and delight; that the Divine Will approves her resentment of all interlopers, which expresses itself in devastating raids, in rapine and in massacre. I wonder that it should not have come before to Martinico. For that is an island worth plundering and possessing; and France maintains no force in the West Indies that is adequate to intimidate these conquistadores. Fortunately, we still exist. But for us...'"

He was interrupted. Saintonges had suddenly found his voice again.

"You exist, you say. Of whom do you speak, sir? Who are you?"

"I speak of the Brethren of the Coast, of course. The buccaneers, sir. I am Captain Blood."

It was no more than Saintonges had been suspecting, yet, disconcerted, he stared blankly across the table into that smiling, intrepid countenance.

He must consider the events of this amazing morning: the clear demonstration of Spanish pre-datoriness; the demonstration of salutary buccaneer activity supplied by that burning ship out yonder; the further demonstration of both supplied by this news of an intended Spanish raid on Martinique and the intended buccaneer intervention to save it where France had not the means at hand.

All this was matter for gravest consideration. The Martinique business touched him so closely, that from being perhaps the richest man in France, he might find himself no better than he had been before his marriage. It leapt to the eye that for once the omniscient Monsieur de Louvois was wrong. So overwhelmingly plain was this that Saintonges was prepared to assume the responsibility of establishing it.

Something of all these emotions quivered in the hoarse voice in which, still staring at Captain Blood, he ejaculated:

"A brigand of the sea!"

"Oh, but a benevolent brigand to all but Spain," said Blood, amused.

And then Madame de Saintonges swung in quaking excitement to her husband.

"Charles, what will you do? The orders you left in Tortuga will ruin us if..."

In quick alarm, he raised a hand to stem this betrayal of self-interest.

"I see, my dear. I see. We have received a valuable lesson this morning. Fortunately, before it is too late."

Eagerly, fearfully, she appealed to Blood.

YOU have no doubt in your mind, my captain, that your buccaneers can ensure the safety of Martinique?"

"Oh, Madame!" With a splendid inspiring confidence, he laughed the doubt to scorn. "Let but the Spaniards be so rash as to invade the Bay of Saint Pierre and they would discover it a mouse-trap. Not one of them would ever come out again. The plunder in ships alone should repay us richly."

"Ah, yes. The plunder," said Saintonges, tightening his lips. "I understand. Spain is a wealthy prey, when all is said. Oh, I do not sneer, sir. I hope I am not so ungenerous."

Exactly how generous he was, Captain Blood, back in Tortuga on the morrow, disclosed to Monsieur d'Ogeron by the letter from Saintonges of which he was the bearer.

In this letter the representative of the Crown of France retracted the instructions left with the Governor of Tortuga for the cessation of his traffic with the buccaneers. Monsieur d'Ogeron was to continue as heretofore pending fresh orders from France. And the Chevalier added the conviction that when he should fully have acquainted the Marquis de Louvois with the demonstration he had received of West Indian conditions, his Excellency would be persuaded of the inexpediency at present of enforcing his decrees against the buccaneers.

WHEN he had finished reading, Monsieur d'Ogeron blew out his cheeks. "But will you tell me, then, how you worked this miracle?"

"As I told you, persuasion is a matter of presenting the proper argument in the proper manner. Your arguments and mine to the Chevalier de Saintonges may have been more or less the same. But remembering that fools learn only by experience, I presented mine more suitably. Let me tell you exactly what occurred." And forth came the full account of that early morning sea-fight off the northern coast of Hispaniola.

But when the tale was told, the Governor thoughtfully shook his head.

"You flatter yourself a little, my friend. You were amazingly fortunate in that in such a place and at such a time a Spanish galleon should have had the temerity to attack the Bearnais. Amazingly fortunate. It fits your astounding luck most oddly."

"Most oddly, as you say," Blood agreed, with a twitch of the lips.

"What ship was this you burnt and sank? And what fool commanded her? Do you know?"

"Oh, yes. It was the Maria Gloriosa, the flagship of the Marquis of Rilecone, the Spanish Admiral of the Ocean-Sea."

D'Ogeron's jaws fell apart.

"The Maria Gloriosa!" he echoed. "What are you telling me? Your last tale was that you captured the Maria Gloriosa a month ago."

"Exactly. And so I had her in hand for this little demonstration."

"Demonstration!" said d'Ogeron. "Oh, my goodness! And you were able to deceive them with that?"

"The smoke of battle supplied a convenient curtain. Behind it we took off the crew I had placed in the Maria Gloriosa. And the curtain was a thick one. We had an abundance of smoke, for we loaded with powder only."

"And you deliberately burnt that splendid galleon?"

"It was necessary that the argument should be quite convincing. Do you complain? Haven't I obtained for you in exchange a letter that's worth a government charter? In heaven's name, don't let us become chess-pieces." He slapped the little Governor on the shoulder. "Come to business. You'll not have forgotten that I have a cargo of spices for sale."

(Copyright.)

It's a new —
and much more
satisfactory —
type of corset

this Perfection
PRACTICAL FRONT

A PART from its supreme comfort, this new Lady Ruth "Perfection" Practical Front actually helps to mould your figure to better lines. Its high-cut front gives you a smaller waist. Its boned inner belt gives you a good front line. Absence of elastic over the hips prevents the corset from stretching and losing control. There are Lady Ruth "Perfection" Practical Fronts for figures of every shape and size. Illustrated here is 3489, for medium hip control. 23-30.

NOTE HIGH-CUT FRONT — for diaphragm control.

NO BUSK—the flexible side-hook is so comfortable.

ONE-PIECE FRONT LACING—simple and easy to adjust.

STRONG INNER BELT with centre boning.

ABDOMEN CONTROL is provided by elastic "muscle bands" in inner belt.



Lady Ruth



"He divorced her, you know."
 "Really? But I heard she was a model wife!"
 "Exactly. She's married to an artist now."



"Is your wife still alive?"
 "Yairs. I'll have to look her up one of these days when I get a bit of spare time!"

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
 When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



ANGLER: You've been sitting there watching me for six hours. Why don't you try fishing yourself?
 FLAPPER: What, me? Not likely, I haven't got the patience.



"His voice is not in the same street as mine!"
 "Thank goodness for that."

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

MARY MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
 WHY ARE YOU CRYING SO?
 DRY YOUR EYES
 AND SMILE, PLEASE DO,
 THIS "NUGGET" WILL MAKE
 YOUR SHOES LIKE NEW!

NUGGET Shoe Polish

There's no need to cry over the condition of your shoes. "Nugget" them daily and see the difference. It restores that new shoe shine... adds life to your shoes too! "Nugget" is obtainable in Black, Dark Tan, Cream, various shades of Brown, and White.



BRAINWAVES

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"MY name, sir," said the slick salesman, "is Opportunity."
 "Glad to know you, Opportunity," said Mr. Glipping, with an air equally alert, "but you are not playing the part according to precedent."
 "How's that, sir?"
 "You came in without knocking."

BETTY: What did Auntie give you for your birthday?
 Pam: An unbreakable doll.
 Betty: And she gave me an untearable book. Not much of a sport, is she?

FIRST ZOO ATTENDANT: What happened to Bull?
 Second Ditto: He was putting drops in the giraffe's eyes and the ladder slipped.

WIFE: Let me see, what is the name of that place where so much was done towards promoting peace in the world?
 Hubby: Reno, my dear.

"HOW do you manage to make such a success of the used car business?"
 "My place is at the top of the hill and once they take the cars away they can't get them back."

FIRST ATTORNEY: Your Honor, unfortunately, I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel.
 Second Attorney: My learned friend is such a notorious liar—I Judge (sharply): Counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute.

Startling Discovery!



GIVE me only 7 days to prove that by my system of DYNAMIC TENSION I can put layers of smooth, supple, powerful muscle all over your body. If you are underweight, I'll add pounds where they are needed, and if you are fat in any spots I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

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With the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, bad breath, and the hundred-and-one ailments that rob you of the good times of life.

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O H, she loved him dearly and they had written to each other lengthily—and intimately by every single mail throughout these long years, and his photo stood on her bedside table and his turquoise and pearl ring adorned her engagement finger and everybody knew about him and her wedding to him in the autumn—but all the same it was going to be terrifying.

Four years was a frightfully long time out of one's life . . . and she had only known him for three days. She couldn't absolutely remember the color of his eyes, nor the sound of his voice now.

He had become a series of letters for her. And then she felt happiness welling back into her heart, driving out fear.

They were such dear and revealing letters. For four years he had been showing himself to her, telling her everything about him—

DEFERRED Love

self, and there was absolutely nothing that she didn't know now. He was the Martin she had fallen passionately in love with in twenty-four hours, whom she had been faithful to for four years . . . and in three weeks he would be home and with her.

"Becky, get out the wine bin! You and I are going to celebrate to-night. Martin's coming home. . . home to his bride!"

She greeted Becky, returning with the fried fish, by seizing her round the waist and waiting her wildly round the table, fish and all. Then she opened the tiny sideboard cupboard and brought out their two precious bottles, one of vermouth and the other of gin, known as the wine bin, and with a wobbling hand poured out two

glasses of vermouth and gin mixed.

"Come on, drink it down!" she cried to the protesting Becky. "I know you hate the stuff, but it's a celebration. Here's to Martin—and me!"

"And the future," Becky said dryly. "May you never live to bemoan it."

"Becky—what a cheerful toast!" Marigold cried. "You are an old grouch! Wait till you see Martin! Then you'll know why I'm not worrying about bemoaning things! He's the sweetest person in the world. Yum! That fish smells good!"

She was excited, flushed, and bright-eyed as she sat down to supper and Becky watched her with one eyebrow a shade cocked

Continued from Page 5

and a faint, ironical smile hovering round her scarlet mouth.

"I hope," she said calmly, "that he won't have gone bald in front or developed a nasty disposition. Funny things happen to people in four years. Well, I suppose you'll be rushing off to the church five minutes after he lands."

"To the church? Oh—to get married! Well, not as fast as all that," Marigold said. "I haven't got anything ready or given notice at the office. Besides, we—we'll need a little time to get to know each other again."

"Did you ever know each other?" Becky inquired sweetly. "Have some more fish?"

"No, thanks."

Marigold was suddenly quite sober, her grey eyes a little troubled, but Becky said a little about Martin and after supper she went off to a cinema with a friend.

Marigold curled up on the sofa with Martin's telegram spread out on her lap, Martin's photograph beside her and all Martin's letters in a stack on the table. Desperately she was trying to re-create the living, breathing Martin whom she was going to marry, out of those sheets of paper and that fleeting, far-off memory of three delicious summer days.

Becky, at breakfast next day, looked a tiny bit pinched and sallow and surveyed her egg without much enthusiasm. Marigold, her bright head bent over a new catalogue of household linen, didn't take much notice of her, and after an interval she heard an acid voice say:—

"If you could look up for half a second from your bridal literature, Marigold, you might pass me the toast."

"Oh, sorry!" Marigold passed the little brown rack and realised that Becky was in one of her moods. Funny person, Becky—one moment brilliantly amusing and gay and witty, the next quite soured and sulky for no reason at all. "I shall have to start bargain hunting, I suppose," she said cheerfully. "It's going to be a terrific scum. I wonder if Martin is any good at shopping? I haven't the faintest idea what one's likely to need to furnish a house in Burma."

"You exist on camp beds and broken bamboo furniture," Becky said, buttering her toast viciously.

She helped herself to marmalade while Marigold sat staring at her, her blue-grey eyes wide and frightened, her face a little pale.

"Marigold, do look at things in the face! You're not living in a sugary fairy tale. This man you're going to marry. How much do you know about him? Absolutely nothing. You don't know what he's like, how he's lived for four years, what his scruples or his standards or anything are. I'm only trying to bring you down to earth a bit, my child, in case you land there with a resounding bang. After all—I have studied a case exactly like this—a friend of mine."

"What—what happened to her?" Marigold asked tremulously.

"Nothing, fortunately. She met a man from East Africa and got engaged to him within a week. Exit fiancé for five years to the wilds. He returned from them with an enormous thirst, a habit of not shaving until the evening and—er—a somewhat hectic local reputation which the poor girl discovered just in time. Oh, he wanted to marry her all right! Men like that imagine they can mess about just as they like while they're out East, and then that they have a perfect right to come home and marry a nice, simple English girl and take her back with them."

"How beastly!" Marigold bent forward a little and said quietly. "It didn't happen to a friend of yours, Becky—it happened to you, didn't it?"

"To me! Of course it—"

Then Becky stopped and shrugged her narrow shoulders. "All right, it did! I was young and crazily in love with him. I believe I'd have married him all the same, but he lost his job and cleared out . . . I'm only warning you, Marigold, that love isn't all the fragrance of roses and wet lilac. You just take a long look at this Martin of yours before you commit yourself to anything. I'm off."

Please turn to Page 38

ADVERTISEMENT



"I'm Sure Jim's Right about the Referendum"

MEASURING—MIXING—ROLLING—BAKING—

That's the way the cakes are made.

And such cakes!

What a privilege to have these ingredients to bake with—all-Australian, all of top quality, all low-priced and never changing year in and year out!

In my cosy kitchen I think of the people who produce these lovely things for city people to use. Do they get a decent price for all their work? Can they be sure that the money will be there at the end of the week to pay their house-keeping bills?

My Jim is in a good job at the factory; he gets an award wage fixed by the Arbitration Court and so I KNOW my money will be there on pay-day, and I KNOW exactly how much I have to spend, too . . . But what of the people who make the butter and the cheese, the prunes and the raisins?

Just now I feel specially concerned, for Jim tells me that if the Referendum is not carried, the producers will lose their living wage, because all the marketing machinery they have built up to try and make sure of a decent and regular return for their labor will be destroyed. And they have had it for years and it has all worked so well.

What is more, the things I use in my cooking will be dearer, because unscrupulous people will be able to buy them at their own price and then take the market to get a good fat rake-off themselves.

That means that I shall have to PAY MORE for the things I buy, but the producer will GET LESS. Then the producer will not be able to buy the things Jim's factory makes, and he will probably lose his job. And then where shall I be?

That is why I am making no mistake on March 6—I shall vote the most emphatic "Yes" I can.

Play the Game by the Producer, and Play Safe for Yourself By Voting

"YES" to Both Questions

ON MARCH 6

Voting is Compulsory

(Authorised by N.S.W. Referendum Campaign Committee; Geo. Twofill, G. A. Try, Joint Secretaries, 68 King Street, Sydney.)

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

GREATEST CAREER

WE hear much discussion these days upon the subject of woman, her career, and marriage.

But cannot marriage be a woman's greatest career? Cannot a woman use her brains, her personality, and her good looks to make a success of her matrimonial venture?

Cannot she develop her precious gift of understanding so that she is fully appreciative of her husband's life work and struggles?

Finally, is it not in a woman's power to create the atmosphere of home?

I say—yes, she can do all these things and in so doing she can bring just as much beauty and inspiration into the world as any creative artist.

£1 for this letter to Miss Barbara Morton, Wanaka, 5 Highgate St., Auburn, N.S.W.

CRIME NOVELS

I READ recently that most well educated, brainy men holding important positions were perfectly happy reading a modern crime novel.

In a hospital this week I overheard a mother of a bevy of young people express a wish for a "juicy" murder story. Imagine my surprise when the dignified sister said: "I'll get you one with four lovely murders in it—didn't I have a gorgeous few hours devouring it?"

In these days of thrilling wonders are minds so satiated that they need doses of crime literature to interest them?

Mrs. Cath. Ryan, North Carawinna, Vic.

COUNTRY NOT LONELY

EVERY reference to women in the backblocks suggests that their greatest hardship is the lack of company of other folks. I have lived for many years in lonely country, and have never felt the loss of numbers in acquaintances, as their place has been more than filled by a few genuine friends who were never a strain to get on with.

Many of the country women on whom sympathy is lavished return it. It is hard to imagine anyone so lonely as the working-girl who is a stranger in a great city.

Muriel Desaix, 21 Nelson Bay Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.

DANGER OF HOLIDAYS

WE were discussing whether wives ought to get away on holidays or not. Two held that every wife should go for a change of scenery and faces at least once a year. They considered that a holiday gives one a fresh outlook, as well as a new appreciation of possessions, and the wife returns glad and eager to be home.

A third stated that she thought holidays were nothing but a worry for everyone. They upset the home, family, and the person herself, who returns home discontented.

What do other readers think? Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolloowin, Brisbane.

LONG DANCE FROCKS

ONCE more the tendency is towards shorter skirts. This being so, it is difficult to understand why very long skirts are still the fashion in ballrooms and dance halls.

In the city in the evenings, one may see hundreds of young women going to dances, kicking their skirts with their heels as they walk. It is certainly unhygienic, as much of the dust is carried along, and some taken home.

Further I cannot see that girls look so nice in long frocks. Mr. J. P. Taylor, 16 Curtis St., North Adelaide.



Is Woman's Love of Clothes Extravagance?

IN the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly of February 6, Miss B. Noll says woman's life without new clothes is a drab, colorless existence.

I certainly like new clothes, but I would think my vision warped if I could not see other things that would prevent my life becoming "a drab, colorless existence." Is not caring for a home, children, a genuine love of books or music more important?

Mrs. A. R. Baird, 43 Hurtle St., Croydon Park, S.A.

Make a Woman

BEING as fond of pretty frocks as practically every young woman is, I quite agree with Miss B. Noll. Without suitable and becoming clothes a woman loses ground both with her own and the opposite sex.

To be attired in a new and pretty dress gives a woman the poise and confidence she could not possibly have if she was aware of an old and shabby "last season's" frock. Clothes may not, perhaps, make the man, but in my opinion they certainly do make the woman.

Miss P. Hey, c/o Johnson & Hey, P.O. Box 9, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Duty to Community

WHAT is woman's life without new clothes? Well, to my mind, just an empty void.

A pretty, colorful new frock, hat and accessories act like a tonic. To the average woman they give assurance and poise.

Then, again, to look attractive is something you owe to those around you. For to look at something pleasing to the eye makes for tranquility and harmony.

Mrs. A. Cook, Barnard St., Bendigo, Vic.

Exhilarating Effect

I APPLAUD Miss Noll's suggestion that women must dress well to be appreciated. I think there are very few women on whom an occasional new frock has not an exhilarating effect. I consider a smartly-gowned woman a public benefactress.

Mrs. Atkinson, 128 St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

Very Necessary

DRESS makes all the difference to a woman's life.

See a woman down scrubbing in an old house frock, and then see her after she has changed into a street frock. She looks and feels a totally different person, and her outlook on life seems brighter.

I admire a well-dressed woman. Miss A. Ladner, Drayton Rd., via Toowoomba, Qld.

Not Praiseworthy

CERTAINLY new clothes have a happy effect on a woman, but so have enjoyable books, a fine piece of sculpture, or painting, or any other work of art.

I think our sex places too much importance on dress. That is the



WOMEN love pretty clothes.

difference between modern man and woman. Mrs. Hinchcliffe, Hensman St., South Perth, W.A.

Wasting Time

MODERN women are extravagant in their love of clothes. They waste a great deal of time following fashion, time which they could be spending more profitably.

Mary Peterson, Palmerston St., Perth.

How Australian Stamps Might Be Improved!

I AGREE with Miss Gavel (13/2/37, Australian stamps, with a very few exceptions, compare unfavorably with those of most other countries.

It does seem a pity that such a cheap, easy and sure way of advertising abroad the beauties of our land is not made use of.

Miss Dorothy Marshall, 24 Henrietta Street, Glenferrie E2, Vic.

Subtle Propaganda

MISS GAVEL is right. Considering how interested people all over the world are in stamps and stamp-collecting, I think beautiful scenic features, flora and fauna on our stamps would be excellent, subtle propaganda.

At present our stamps are certainly not distinctive. Consider how much more fascinating are many of the stamps from the countries of the East—India, Burma, China. They make you long to visit them and see the wonders for yourself.

Mrs. M. Preston, North Street, Collinswood, S.A.

Splendid Scheme

IT is about time a series of picturesque stamps was in issue throughout Australasia.

There are dozens of colors available besides the red and blue we tire of seeing with every new issue. Let us use different shades, and the true colors of the animals, birds, flowers and trees depicted thereon.

Australia is not a barren land, having no natural beauty. It has many glories that other countries have not. We should display them generously through the medium of stamps.

Margery Wilson, 28 Park St., Merrylands, Sydney.

If You Were The Pied Piper!

OH for a handy mountain and the Pied Piper's power for a few hours!

My pipe would be tuned to entrap snobs, hypocrites, small yapping dogs, people who sniff or chew, rowdy motor-cyclists, mosquitoes, bigots and gossip.

And the worst fate of all—left outside the mountain—I would reserve for the person who says, "I told you so."

What other pests would fellow pen-parliamentarians add to the list?

Miss N. Frawley, 20 Wimba Av., Kew E4, Vic.

Leave Stamps Alone

OUR stamps are quite all right. We have the good old standby—the King's head—and for centuries and other notable events, an array of suitable scenes.

The King's head on stamps is much more dignified and fitting than any flora, fauna, or scenic beauty picked at random.

Miss Lister, Park St., Mowbray, Launceston, Tas.

Might Cause Jealousy

IN a country such as ours, where there are so many beauty spots, I think a great deal of ill-feeling would be caused by the choice of any particular scene for a stamp. It would be wiser to follow the excellent example set by the Old Country in printing the Royal head on the stamps, except, of course, when any State is celebrating some memorable event in its history.

Miss S. P. Humphries, 18 Mistral Avenue, Mosman, N.S.W.

Chief Symbols

I THINK we should definitely make the kangaroo or koala chief symbols on all our stamps. They are Australia's own, and the best advertisement to the rest of the world we could have.

Miss Smith, Belmont Terrace, Woodville Park, S.A.

Politeness Not Always the Best Policy

I AGREE with Mrs. McLean (13/2/37) that politeness to everyone is an ideal worth striving for, but it means sacrificing sincerity to good manners.

Unless one is strong-minded, politeness lets one in for a lot of imposition, too, from salesmen, borrowers, and even the family



POLITENESS imposed on.

circle. Hawkers waste less of a busy housewife's time if given a short, sharp refusal.

Mrs. L. Leggo, Havilah St., Bendigo, Vic.

Frankness is Appealing

NATURAL courtesy is essential in everyday life, but the mere thought of being so devastatingly polite to so many "annoying people" appeals me.

How stimulating it is when someone, instead of trying to conciliate us, frankly and without reserve informs us how our behaviour appears to him or her. Frankness has an appeal of its own greater than mere politeness.

D. Wood, Box 30, Casino, N.S.W.

Test of Character

YES, to be polite to everyone, even when it doesn't matter in our scheme of life, particularly, is the true test of character. Those people who are nearest one and those who are the farthest away (the family, and the tradesmen, for example), come in for such a lot of ill-humor never given to friends. One can be firm and polite as well.

Miss W. Gordon, Hardy Rd., Torrens, S.A.

ZOOS USELESS?

HAS not the time arrived when, as humane beings, we should cease to confine creatures of the wild in narrow cages or yards?

An education for the children, you say! What does any child learn from gazing at a great, unhappy beast wearily tramping about in an artificial den?

Mrs. Elise Strack, 2 Lord St., Roseville, N.S.W.

PRAISE SIMPLICITY

THE modern tendency is towards simplicity in all things. This is all to the good, for where there is simplicity there must also be truth and sincerity.

The old confusion of detail and decoration in home furnishing is giving place to beauty of form and line, hence we have faithfulness of construction, for where there is no concealing cloak there must be nothing to hide.

Unfortunately, the majority of us do not incorporate this love of simplicity in the pattern of our lives. Our minds are confused and cluttered by much useless matter, and so we miss much of the beauty that surrounds us, the simple delights of nature, the love and trust of our friends, and, above all, a feeling of peace.

Mrs. Margaret Bernard, Box 1335J, G.F.O., Sydney.

APPLYING FOR JOBS

FEW commercial students realise how severely they are judged by their letters of application, and hundreds of applicants are daily losing good situations by sheer carelessness.

It is quite time business colleges took more trouble to teach students how to create the right impression when applying for a position by letter, or in person.

The master key to a successful letter of application lies in a statement of relevant qualifications, written simply, concisely and politely.

Too many young aspirants adopt the attitude: "I won't get the job, so what's it matter?"

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 31 Como Crescent, Newstead, Launceston, Tas.

TEDDIE is always with you!

The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home! Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live, nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player, or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

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I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synchopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

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(Print in Block Letters)

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There IS a very simple way to get cool — and STAY cool on stifling, enervating days! Medical men will tell you that good hot tea counteracts heat and humidity. Tea comes to the rescue of the entire overheated system so thoroughly that body temperature is lowered at once, and vitality noticeably increased. When "heat nerves"

worry you, you can find no more cooling, calming influence than a refreshing, invigorating good hot pot of tea.

REMEMBER TO MAKE TEA THIS WAY

1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil fresh water.
3. Warm clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person — and DON'T FORGET the "one for the pot."
5. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on the tea.
6. Let the tea brew for five minutes.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU.

ST137

Dreaded Age Signs first appear Under Your Skin



- LINES, WRINKLES
- COARSENESS
- BLACKHEADS
- DRYNESS
- SAGGING TISSUES

TO KNOW the secret beginnings of skin faults that mar your beauty, you would have to see under your skin! There's where the tissue first ages — where circulation slows — oil glands lose tone.

To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your under skin.

Pond's Cold Cream does this. Its oils sink deep into the skin. This cream sustains the failing nutrition underneath, aids the functioning of the oil glands. It brings back a satiny texture, wipes out lines, clears blackheads, blemishes. Use Pond's Cold Cream at night. Its use flushes away skin impurities, stimulates the circulation. You'll look years younger!



• Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults.

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Racbel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural) (), Natwella (Light Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Sasken) ().

POND'S, Dept. X88, Box 1171 I, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____ Address _____

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

A Princely Knight-Errant Rides Again Rupert of the Rhine

All women love a lover, particularly an unhappy one. All women, too, have a warm place in their hearts for the adventurous, the knights-errant, the defenders of lost causes.

For this reason, quite apart from its very considerable literary quality, women will be enthusiastic over Margaret Irwin's latest, "The Stranger Prince."

THIS novel has quite evidently been a labor of love to its author.

Intensely interested in the England of the early Stuarts and in the struggle between King and Parliament, she has breathed her enthusiasm into her writing, with the result that she has created a warm, living picture with all the color of a slightly romanticised reality.

More important still, Miss Irwin is quite obviously a partisan and intense admirer of the principal character of her story: Prince Rupert of the Rhine, that dashing cavalry leader who fought so stoutly for his uncle, the ill-fated Charles.

This romantic figure is presented not only as one of the foremost generals of his day, but as a lover of the arts, a dilettante in the sciences, and, withal, one of those glamorous personalities with whom any normal woman would inconspicuously fall in love.

Lest it should appear that the author has overcolored this portrait of the dashing prince, one must hasten to say that he has been given minor weaknesses which make him human.

Nevertheless the major impression left on finishing the book is that one has taken leave of a very knightly figure; a not unpleasant aftertaste to any book.

The background against which this central figure moves is written most effectively. Not only does one get the full flavor of pre-revolutionary England, but the whole atmosphere of intrigue, indecision, heartache, and final despair which characterised the royalist camp has been re-created.

A proof of this novel's intrinsic

BOOKS TO READ

FLAME IN THE WIND. By Margaret Pedlar. Charming romance, based on the complications arising when a beautiful, poor girl attends a masked ball in an outfit belonging to a beautiful, rich girl.

TOGETHER AND APART. By Margaret Kennedy. The author of "The Constant Nymph" here deals with divorce and its reactions on a typical middle-class family.

MIDDLE-CLASS MURDER. By Bruce Hamilton. An unusual analysis of the mind of a murderer. Added interest is given by the murderer being a member of the most conventional strata of English society.

good workmanship and interest lies in the fact that, although the reader knows from the first page what is to be the fate of the principal characters, interest in the story never lags.

Indeed, one regrets, at the end, that Miss Irwin did not extend her work to cover Rupert's post-revolutionary-war career.

A novel that will please not only those who demand just "a good story," but those others who demand certain literary graces, "The Stranger Prince" can be strongly recommended. It has an appeal for both sexes and for all classes of reader.

"The Stranger Prince." Margaret Irwin. Chatto and Windus. (Our copy from Moore's Bookshop.)

But Alice,
it will
stay like new
if you
SMOOTH-CLEAN
with
MONKEY
BRAND



I clean and polish
Aluminium-ware
brightly and I
never scratch



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SECRET DRINK REMEDY

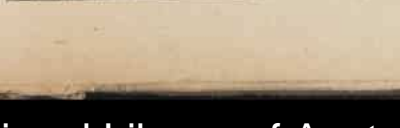
"Since taking 'DRINKO' in his tea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. Your husband, too, can be successfully treated with this great treatment. Write at once for free book—gives all details. Home Welfare Pty. Dept. WW, 235 George Street, Sydney.

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant, who have gone to the rescue of
PRINCESS NARDA: And his sister
PRINCESS SEGRID: Whom they had helped previously.
 They find Segrid drugged and bound in his house, and guarded by

SETI: A colossus of a man. Lothar, however, effectively knocks him out, and Segrid, restored, tells them his story. Narda had gone to the Pyramid of Gizeh with a servant of Emir Krim, with whom they were friendly, and had never returned. Segrid himself had been overpowered and taken back to his own house under guard of Seti, who tortured him. After hearing his tale, Mandrake resolves to take action. Now read on.



AND THE GUARD SUDDENLY DROPS TO THE FLOOR STRICKEN WITH FRIGHT!
 TO BE CONTINUED.



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Do You Hand Over YOUR Pay ENVELOPE?

What Girls and Boys Should Give Their Parents

What does the Australian business girl do with her pay envelope?

In a banknote case last week a tailor said that his children handed over intact their pay envelopes to their mother. The examiner remarked that they must be ideal children.

A CANVASS by The Australian Women's Weekly showed that while many young people followed the example of the tailor's children, most others contributed towards the home but retained the handling of their own money.

Here are some views:—

"Children should handle their own money," said a prominent psychologist, "too much parental domination is harmful. Better results are obtained by guidance and advice than by arbitrary authority. By this I mean you can lead a child successfully, but if you force her along a certain course of action you will have harmful results in the end."

"I think all girls and boys should pay board when they begin to earn," said Miss A. Bignell, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in N.S.W., "but the handling of the rest of their money should be their own responsibility."

"I do not think the whole of the salary should be taken from junior girls, because that would never train them in handling their own money."

Miss Bignell thought that this question of juniors handing over their pay envelopes to their parents was entirely dependent on their home conditions. Naturally, if a girl were wholly responsible for the maintenance of the home she should consider the home first.

"If it is just a question of a girl living at home I think she should make some contribution in a ratio with her salary," she added.

Last year, through the agency of the Sydney Y.W.C.A., £4871 was actually saved by young working women in 38 factories, offices, and thrift clubs.

Father's Example

MR. E. C. O'DEA, secretary of the Shop Assistants and Warehouse Employees' Federation, said that as far as he was concerned he believed children owed a great duty to their parents and they should treat the matter in the same way as the main breadwinner of the house.

In many cases the father handed over his pay envelope to his wife and allowed her to be the financier of the family, and that was an example to the children.

He emphasised that this should be a matter of recognition of duty and definitely not compulsion.



WHAT IS the first thing she will do with her pay envelope?

Children should realise their own duty.

He said that it was important that wages should always be paid direct to the employee, and not the parent, in the case of young people, as this allowed proper policing of the wages paid.

"I think it is a gracious compliment for parents to allow children to keep their pay envelopes and let them pay the parents what is due to them," said Mrs. Ruby Duncan, president and founder of the Girls' Progressive Club and vice-president of the Housewives' Association, Sydney.

"Parents should not let their children feel that they have no responsibility in regard to the money they have earned."

"I feel that the action of parents who take a child's pay envelope away and dole out an allowance robs the child of a sense of civic responsibility. The child must be made to feel that it is responsible to itself as well as to its parents."

"The child must know its responsibility outside the home as well as in it, and must not be made feel small by parents controlling its own money."

"I have found that the girls who are the most stable in character are those who have told me that their mothers have let them handle their own money from the beginning and let them recognise their own duties."

"Another point, I have seen grave resentment in the minds of young people where parents who were controlling their children's money did not give the child a bigger allowance as the child earned more." Mrs. E. M. Nicholls, president of the Housewives' Association of South Australia, says: "No parent should expect children to hand over the whole of the pay envelope, but all children earning should contribute a certain percentage of their income to the upkeep of their home."

"If parents do not need this money to run their home they should bank it for the children and hand it over to them when old enough to understand its value."

"To take the whole of their earnings will develop no sense of independence or of the value of money."

Miss Gwen Chapple, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Thrift Club, Adelaide, said that ninety-five per cent. of office, shop, and factory girls saved something each week, besides paying their parents for board.

Thrifty Girls

REGULAR saving was customary among these girls, even if it was only a few shillings a week, and the girls lived on their pay.

At the end of last year the Y.W.C.A. Thrift Club paid out to members nearly £9000, which had been saved during the year by regular weekly entries.

A staff superintendent of a large store believes that only juniors should hand parents all their pay; unless the parents are in straitened circumstances. Seniors should balance their own budgets.

Miss Lodge, auctioneer's typist, Adelaide, said that on receiving her pay envelope she checks it and pays board, and pays into thrift club, lodge, and building funds.

Several smartly-dressed office girls admitted that their first use of their pay was to settle debts, which had been incurred mostly for clothes.

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There is a Career as Lady Secretary waiting for YOU, if you are trained under modern H. & R. methods. To fill a Lady Secretary's course with H. & R. can assure you of the greatest business future. It offers the most brilliant prospects for the ambitious girl who wants to make the most of her natural talent—and opportunities.

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Write to-night for particulars. H. & R. nearest capital city is sufficient address.

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I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of the 1937 Edition of "The Guide to Business Careers."

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Subject interested in 19/246

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MAN WITH CAR WANTED

Let us start you in a permanent business that you own and control for yourself. Invest no capital. We finance you with complete stock. Only a certain number of these "No Investment" propositions are open. Each one offers a good living with a shakedown put some money in the bank every week. Hundreds in all States make big pay every day. Pioneer Manufacturers—Oldest—largest. Write for particulars.

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WHEN HE MET HER SHE HAD HER HANDS IN HER POCKETS

WHENEVER THEY WENT OUT, SHE KEPT HER GLOVES ON

WHEN HE PROPOSED, THEY WERE SAVING ELECTRIC LIGHT

BUT WHEN THEY WENT TO BUY THE RING

THE TRUTH CAME OUT!...HER HANDS WERE STAINED AND GRIMY.

AND SHE WOULD HAVE LOST HIM BUT FOR SOLVOL!

WE'RE IN THE WRONG SHOP! WHAT YOU NEED IS SOLVOL!

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE MUST BE CHARMING—NOT GRIMY AND STAINED! AND SOLVOL IS SPECIALLY MADE TO KEEP BUSY HANDS SMOOTH AND WHITE. INK, CARBON OR ANY OF THE ENDLESS VARIETY OF COOKING AND HOUSEWORK STAINS DISAPPEAR IN 30 SECONDS WITH SOLVOL. THE RICH, GENTLE LATHER IS SPECIALLY SOLVENT AND IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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What Women Are Doing

From Conference Overseas

AFTER some months abroad, Mrs. T. G. B. Osborn, wife of Professor Osborn, of Sydney, returns home in the Empire Star, due in Melbourne on February 28.

Mrs. Osborn, who is chairwoman of the International Relations Sub-committee of the Australian Federation of University Women, led the Australian delegation to the international conference at Cracow last year, and acted as chairwoman of the finance committee.

Woman Writer Honored By Fellow Club Members

DAME MARY GILMORE, the well-known Australian writer of both verse and prose, and recently honored by the King, was entertained at a luncheon by the Lyceum Club in Sydney. Among those members of the club who spoke in appreciation of her and her work were Mrs. A. G. Thomas, who presided; Mrs. Ivy Moore, Mrs. Foster Matfel, Dr. Grace Boelke, and Miss Winifred Birkett.

Dame Mary said she regarded the honor conferred on her as an honor to Australian literature.

Appointed General Secretary of Y.W.C.A. in Rangoon

MISS DELIGHT LYNN, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., Dunedin, New Zealand, has accepted the invitation sent by the Indian National Y.W.C.A., and will go to Rangoon as general secretary for one year.

Miss Lynn is a New Zealand girl, and before becoming general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., was secretary of the young girls' works branch in Auckland.

She also spent two years as travelling secretary of the Presbyterian Bible Class Movement in New Zealand.

Miss Lynn will travel by the Maitai early in March, and hopes to visit each association while her boat is in port.

She intends to spend some months at the summer school of the Y.W.C.A. in India before starting her work at Rangoon.

Three Months' Tour Of the East

MISS EILEEN LAUGHTON, director of the art department of the Presbyterian Ladies' College in Melbourne, who has just enjoyed a three months' tour of the East, was impressed with the magnificence of the Japanese theatre performances, which start at three o'clock in the afternoon and continue until ten at night.

She was also impressed with the Japanese railways, where they promise a refund of six shillings to every passenger if the train is five minutes late. But this very seldom happens, as they arrive and leave to the minute as a rule.

Inherits Her Father's Talents

IT is no matter for surprise to see a faulst written after the name of Judy Amadio. She shows a natural aptitude for this instrument, of which her father, John Amadio, is one of the world's foremost exponents.

Judy is doing a full musical course at the Melbourne Conservatorium, and though only in her final year, she has already embarked on a career as a radio artist, for she is an important unit in the Ridente Trio, which plays frequently for the A.B.C. Miss Amadio made her debut in solo work recently with a recital over the National Stations.



Judy Amadio—daughter artist.

Studying Primitive Customs

HERE are still unexplored spots in the world where the natives do not sneer at the sight of an aeroplane or sound of a gramophone.

There is, for instance, the island of Koto Sho, to which Miss Nancy Catton Grasby, a West Australian University graduate, has gone with a party of anthropological scientists to study tribal law and custom.

Since her student days Miss Grasby has had a colorful career. On the death of her father, a leading agricultural expert, she conducted a mutual help page for farmers in a well-known newspaper. Then she went into partnership with a fellow student to make an unusual success of a social restaurant. She went East to become secretary to the British Trade Commissioner in Hongkong, and has now gone back to science.

Impressed By High Standard of Work

MISS F. SULMAN, who returned in the Orontea with Lady Sulman, was much impressed in England by the high standard of commercial art and craft work done by English women making a living by their work. She made a tour of inspection of numerous novelty shops during her stay in London, and as president of the Society for Arts and Crafts of New South Wales invited those doing new work to exhibit at the Sydney Exhibition.

She also visited a number of kindergartens and nursery schools, for she is vice-president of the Surrey Hills Free Kindergarten and an ardent supporter of the movement.

"I didn't make an intense study of the nursery schools," she said, "as our director, Miss Wyndham, who recently returned to Australia, had made a thorough tour of them both in England and America."

Miss Sulman has brought back a number of exquisite samples of craft work of such variety as hand-woven fabrics, hand-wrought jewellery made by women, and of particularly fine craftsmanship, and hand-blocked printed silks, which is becoming an industry in itself.

Served Thirty-nine Years With Salvation Army

FEW women have crowded more into their lives than Brigadier Frances Holzmann, of Brisbane, who has retired after 39 years' active service with the Salvation Army.

Born in Tiaro, Queensland, she went in her early childhood to Gynprie, where she became a Salvation Army officer. For four years as field officer in New Brig. Holzmann was followed by 13 years' field work in Queensland. Later, as a staff officer in Adelaide she specialised in Guide and kindergarten work, and in these two departments was for 15 years organiser for the Sydney Territorial headquarters.

During the two years she was social secretary for the Army in Queensland she made a study of the problem of mental deficiency, her work comprising the control of seven homes.

Well-known Artist Home By Cargo Boat

JANET CUMBRAGE STEWART, the well-known Australian artist, returned to Australia by cargo boat, stopping at Lisbon and a few out-of-the-way ports en route. It was her first trip abroad for 16 years.

She was in Italy until the disturbance there induced her to migrate to the picturesque old French town of Avignon. Later she went to Paris, but was everywhere conscious of the troubled feeling in Europe. At one stage of her wanderings she had all her baggage packed, ready to leave for Switzerland.

Before leaving London she held a highly successful exhibition. Although she is most famous for her lovely nude studies, she has been doing some exceptionally fine landscape work which some critics consider to be her best efforts.

Capturing Beauty In Scenic Photographs

MISS DOROTHY PETTIFER, Melbourne, was recently appointed photographic colorist and retoucher in the Victorian Railways studio. Her task is to enhance the beauties of Victorian scenic photographs with color.

Selected from seventy applicants, Miss Pettifer joins the service with a well-established reputation for skill in this work. For some years Miss Pettifer, she was associated with one of Melbourne's leading photographic firms.

From an early age, Miss Pettifer has revealed a flair for painting, and after a period as a student at the National Art Gallery, Melbourne, she was successful on several occasions in having a number of her landscape and flower studies selected for inclusion in the Victorian Artists' Society's Exhibitions.

Joined Ranks of Women Justices of the Peace

THE name of Mrs. W. W. Pilkington, an energetic political and philanthropic worker, appeared on the list of those sworn in as Justices of the Peace in Sydney this month.

Mrs. Pilkington was for many years vice-president and an enthusiastic member of the U.A.P. Women's Branch at Vaucluse, Sydney, but her active interest in politics goes back to the days of 1905, when she worked with the New Zealand Women's Liberal Association. She treasures a member's badge of this association, which was one of the first women's political bodies in the Empire.

Mrs. Pilkington was a foundation member of the Sydney High School Parents and Citizens' Association, and continued to serve on the committee until the new school was built. She is also a foundation member and vice-president of the New Zealand Women's Association in Sydney.

Will Have Two Wedding Ceremonies

WHEN she is married in Iran to Mr. David Gurney, Miss Betty Macaulay, of Adelaide, will have the unusual experience of two wedding ceremonies—one performed by the British Consul at Shiraz, and the second on March 20, a fortnight later, by Bishop Thompson, of Isfahan.

Mr. Gurney, Miss Macaulay who is a Master of Science of the Adelaide University, is senior science master at the Church Missionary Society Stuart Memorial College at Isfahan, and warden of the hostel. After her marriage Miss Macaulay will be in charge of the house-keeping of the hostel and will probably teach at the Behesht Ayin College for Girls, which is associated with the boys' college.

Miss Macaulay—Dickinson-Monmouth.

Miss Macaulay is a Master of Science of the Adelaide University, is senior science master at the Church Missionary Society Stuart Memorial College at Isfahan, and warden of the hostel. After her marriage Miss Macaulay will be in charge of the house-keeping of the hostel and will probably teach at the Behesht Ayin College for Girls, which is associated with the boys' college.

Experiments in Handicrafts for Women

DURING the brief recess of the Country Women's Association Mrs. I. J. Warnes, the South Australian president, has been making experiments in various handicrafts, such as rug-making. Country women will benefit as the result of her work when she visits the different branches. Besides helping in the formation of several new branches, Mrs. Warnes hopes to visit every branch of the Association at least once during the year, and will make a tour of the Far North during the winter months.



Mrs. I. J. Warnes—Hembraud.

New Kindergarten Principal For Training College

ONE of the recognised leaders in kindergarten work in the United States, Miss Heinig has been appointed by the Kindergarten Union, Melbourne, as director of training for 1937 in the Free Kindergarten College, Melbourne.

Miss Heinig was assistant to the Professor of Nursery School and Kindergarten Training at the Teachers' College, University of Columbia, New York, the centre of modern child welfare in America.

Mrs. Murray, B.A., a graduate of Melbourne University, who has had a distinguished career in the educational world, is acting as principal until Miss Heinig's arrival next month.

Organising in Interests Of Women Cyclists

UNTIL recently women cyclists in Victoria were out in the cold as far as organised cycling tours were concerned. However, all this has been changed owing to the efforts of Mrs. Valda Unthank and a few other "live wires."

Mrs. Unthank is president of the Victorian Women's Amateur Cycling Association, president of the South Suburban Women's Amateur Cycling Club, and holder of several Australian unpaired road records. She has many hobbies, such as weaving, cooking, needlework, and knitting, and is the proud possessor of twenty-four prize certificates for jams exhibited at various country and metropolitan shows. She has also carried off honors in Queensland. Women cyclists will have a busy time at the Easter season. Many competitors will take part in the Easter Monday sports carnivals at Bendigo, Heathcote, and Nyah.

How does she keep so SLIM

SHE'S happy, healthy, deliciously slim. The very picture of health, she enjoys every minute of her life, and she maintains her figure without dieting or special exercises.

Slenderness is hers because she follows the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and eliminate daily all surplus fat residue. They purify the blood and clear your complexion.

So why not reduce your figure to normal and keep slim and youthful by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.



"My unwanted fat was on the bust, waist and hips, but Bile Beans taken regularly every night have reduced me by seventeen pounds in three months. My health is greatly improved, and I can now wear my dresses to much better advantage than before."—Miss B. M. H.

"Even when my clients have got rid of their surplus fat I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans taken regularly are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure and keeping them healthier, too."—Nurse F. B. H.

SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP BY TAKING

BILE BEANS

New Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau Sewing Machine free!



YOU MAY WIN IT!

Purchasers of BlueBird Sewing Machines may enter this simple competition, which provides a splendid opportunity of obtaining a reliable lifetime guaranteed sewing machine. The winner of this competition will have the whole of the purchase money refunded. In addition there are 100 Consolation Prizes. Post coupon for particulars.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

The Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine is so reliable that should it prove to be not as represented, double your purchase money will be refunded. This proves that in purchasing a Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine you take no risk.

ALSO LIFETIME GUARANTEED

A manufacturer will only guarantee his goods for as long as he thinks they will last. The BlueBird is guaranteed in writing for the purchaser's lifetime. Any part wearing out or breaking is replaced free during that time. Post coupon for full particulars.

The Latest Bebarfald BlueBird

CORONET
MODEL

Usually
£21/10/-

NOW

£16/17/6

Your old machine accepted as part payment.

These machines were constructed for exhibition purposes, to sell for £21/10/-, but Bebarfalds will dispose of 25 of them this week at this very low price. Post coupon now for particulars.

More Features than Dearer Machines!

- Special Set of Dressmaking Attachments, together with large Instruction Books.
- Automatic Reverse Stitch Control—sews both ways.
- Sews everything from finest silk to heaviest canvas.
- Cabinets carefully and accurately constructed from specially selected and seasoned timber.
- Lifetime Guaranteed and Double your Money back if your machine is not as represented.

• The Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine is definitely the only low-priced, reliable sewing machine with all these features.
YOU TAKE NO RISK: It is unnecessary to pay more, but risky to pay less than this price for a good, reliable sewing machine. The written guarantees ensure you take no risk when purchasing a Bebarfald BlueBird.

£1 Deposit obtains Delivery now!

The balance can be paid in convenient instalments. Post coupon now if you would like a catalogue and details of the free machine competition.
FREE, BlueBird patent thimble to first 25 inquirers.

Please send me full particulars of the BlueBird Sewing Machine you are selling for £16/17/6. I would also like full particulars of the free machine competition.

Bebarfalds

Opp. Town Hall, George St., Sydney.

Sewing Machine
Catalogue.

Free Machine
Competition.

NAME

ADDRESS

..... W.W.T.



FAILING SIGHT

The majority of people over forty find their distance sight still good, but when reading the print blurs, it is difficult to thread a needle, in fact all near work is laborious. They feel the need of a stronger light and have a tendency to hold objects further from their eyes than formerly. Such conditions suggest that your eyes need assistance.

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Optometrists and Opticians

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And at Newcastle and Townsville

J. W. Beeman, A. S. Skelton, Optometrists

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES Mixed Fortunes At Caulfield On Saturday

By BETTY GEE—Telegraphed From Melbourne

I see the price of coal-gas has risen in Sydney one-twelfth of a penny, so I hope Dickie's not making free with it while I'm down here in Melbourne trying to scrape together something for my autumn frocking.

I'm glad I haven't got a gas-company mind, putting it up a penny a week. And even more so that bookmakers aren't gas-minded, too. Fancy quoting the odds to such a fraction as one-twelfth of a penny!

WHAT dreadful trouble working it out—worse than working out what's going to win by your own special private system.

At least racing has some compensations from the monotonous necessities of life. Thank goodness, the Sydney horses have started to win.

But Saturday started so dimly at Caulfield, you could see the cash bettors from Sydney running about seeking friends from whom to borrow.

When Joe Harris told me George Price thought Treasure Trove was a certainty for the first race, did I rush to the bookies to take the 3 to 17 I did not.

Knowing my onions, I went to the place tote. Treasure Trove already had run seven seconds. Why not eight? So I took a place ticket on the pound tote, and when she kept up her unbroken sequence I collected £1/14/ for my £1.

An Afghan beat her. When that can happen, I give her up. She wouldn't beat a bottle-oh.

And then Rostrim, also from Sydney, ran second to Gay Chou in the second division of the St. Clair Trial, but this time I bet with the books, and it cost me £2.

Anyhow, he paid only £1/6/ for a pound on the tote. Still, even that's better than nothing, and it gave me the inspiration to return to the tote when word came out that Bailey Payten thought Caesar unbeatable for the Alma Stakes.

Two pounds I put on for a place, and immediately regretted it wasn't for a win when Darby Munro brought Sir Colin Stephen's unbeaten champion to the front, looking a certainty half a furlong from home.

Nightguard Won

BUT up came Nightguard, and they flashed past the post, and the judge gave it to Nightguard by half a head. If it was that close why couldn't he make it a dead-heat, and satisfy two sections of backers, instead of just one, quite apart, of course, from healing the breach of interstate rivalry.

But Caesar paid 72/ for £1 tickets.

That's where shrewdness comes in. On the Sydney horses, which the Melbourne public don't know in their insular ignorance, you can always get a good tote price.

The tote's like the three monkeys that see nothing, hear nothing, and know nothing. The books know everything, and only bet 6 to 1 about him.

My £2 on Viceroy in the Wood-cliff might be well spent. I'll teach me not to waste any more on him.

I don't know how much I'd have lost if an outsider had come home in the Futurity Stakes. First I ran into Mr. Percy Miller, and he said Young Idea might win again, but to bet each way on him, and, as I'd won on him the week before, I put £2 each way on the machine this time.

No sooner done than I ran into Mr. Mac Sawyer, and he'd just heard that George Price believed Gold Rod would win.

Well, I thought I'd better give George's judgment one more chance. He's not usually far wrong, and, if anything, he's on the cautious side, so he's safe, and so was I. I put £1 each way on the tote on the big chestnut.

They don't know down in Melbourne yet that we Sydney folk don't like steepchases, so while Saturday's was being run I went into the tea-room to add up my



Betty Gee Collects.

Star for the Newmarket, and Pamela next best.

Well, I'm reaching for the Star. Pamela is too unlucky.

Willie McLachlan declares there's not a three-year-old down here worth a bag of peanuts, and he thinks his own colt, Radiogram, will win the St. Leger. I don't know that Radiogram is worth much better than two bags, but perhaps I'd better give him to you for what the tip's worth—peanuts or no peanuts.

And you can come in on Upoko Arike now, too. He's had two good lickings, but as I said last week, he's got a sneaking regard for Flemington, and now's the time to bet on him.

And Young Idea's better and more than a Baby Bonus for the Essendon Stakes.

Facial Hairs PERMANENTLY REMOVED

The gravest defect in a woman's appearance is undoubtedly the growth of face hairs. Women so afflicted often develop an inferiority complex—dread meeting friends and eventually lose interest in their personal appearance.

Let Sister Vimard Remove them by Electrolysis

Single Sitzings, 5/6 and 10/6

Course of Treatment from £1/1/-

Moles and Warts — Permanently Removed — from 10/6

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VIMARD

'Phone MA4208 4th Floor, Albert Bldg. 139 King St., Sydney

Heart Trouble?

Not probably gases from undigested food cause those sharp pains and dizziness. Unless carefully treated, what is temporary constipation may become a chronic condition.

The most effective preparation to correct constipation and banish indigestion is Chamberlain's Tablets. They are particularly adapted for elderly people. They cleanse the stomach, gently stimulate the liver and produce a natural thorough action of the bowels.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.



RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Approved
by Doctors

RENDELLS

Famous
for 50 years

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET—

Sole Agents—WARD AND WARD (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
222 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY



FARMER'S has all the

Knitting wools

and the brightest, newest ideas too

From England! America! The Continent! And Australia! We toured the world for the most brilliant new wools, most inspired things to knit, that ever came to these shores. Farmer's is again your headquarters for a record knitting season.

CARDIGAN, takes 16 skeins of Paton & Balwin's "Kinnara" at 1/4. Pattern free. Total 22/-

RIBBED CARDIGAN (right) takes 8 skeins Lincoln Mills "Kerla" at 1/6. Total cost is 12/-

JUMPER (photo), 4 pkts. "Kraus" Knop cotton, 2/3; and 2 skeins of crepe wool at 10d. Total cost, 10/6.

SWAGGER COAT (below) takes 24 two-oz. skeins Murray's Krinkle wool at 1/2. Total cost, 42/-

No charge for any of these patterns.



2-PIECE FROCK, 24 skeins of white Heather Boucle, 1 contrasting colour, 11yd. skein. Pattern free. Total cost, 24/-



Well over 200 different wools

are now at Farmer's. We mention just a few, taken at random.

Spira, crinkly wool, 2-oz. skein, 1/6
Kelpie, men's sweaters, 1-oz. hk., 9d.
Corella, new twist, 1-oz. skein, 1/4
Boxane, import, crepe wool, 2-oz., 2/3
Scala, heather mixtures, 2-oz. hk., 2/3
Dolphin (lovely cardigans) 2-oz., 2/11
Catkin, new flock effects, 2-oz., 2/7½
Patons, nice tweedy effect, 1-oz., 11d.

Air-conditioned, Ground Floor

Free instruction

One more Farmer's service! Even hardest-to-make models will be quite within your scope after a little advice from Farmer's expert lady knitters—whose helpful service, by the way, costs you not one penny.

Instructresses on First Floor

Knitting Books

From England! America! Nowhere else in Sydney such a thrilling collection of brilliantly published knitting books showing what to knit and how.

On the roof, cool, ground floor

"PAK-EZE"

Fold it flat as a pancake and wear it in the shape you please

One of the famous "fold-your-own" styles that caused such a sensation in Paris. "Pak-eze." Grand to wear in the train, or for sports.

8/11

Note how it folds into a perfect shape for your suit case. Third Floor.



PILES

Get Rid of Them Easily

"I suffered agony from piles for years until I had the good fortune to try Tiger Salve one day. They gradually healed, then disappeared altogether. Tiger Salve is wonderful," writes a satisfied user of Tiger Salve.

with **TIGER SALVE**

NEXT WEEK: Another Happy Surprise FOR YOU

Great New Book Offer: This Week's de Luxe Issue

This week The Australian Women's Weekly makes newspaper history by giving you a free 24-page knitting book.

NEXT week we present our great Easter book offer, in which we make available a book, which, bought in the usual way, would cost two guineas, for the nominal sum of 5/3, or 6/3 posted. This book is "Peoples of the World in Pictures," which is really a conducted

tour of the world in pictures. Beautifully bound in quality red binding with gold lettering, "Peoples of the World in Pictures" has 512 splendidly printed pages on high-grade paper.

There are over 700 pictures which take you over the borders of all the countries of the world and show you the people who live in them.

In these days, when Australians are taking a great interest in the world away from our shores, this is a book you should have at your side, not only for your own interest and education, but for the education of your children.

It can be obtained after three tokens have been collected. The first token and the reservation form will appear in next week's issue.

Knitting Book

THIS week's unique gift to our readers is the splendid 24-page knitting book which forms one of two free supplements to The Australian Women's Weekly. The other supplement is the free novel.

The free knitting book alone makes this a most memorable issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No other newspaper has ever made so generous a gift to its readers. It contains 19 splendid designs for knitted garments with full directions for making each, and further help is given by the lavish illustrations on pages 6, 7, and 8 of The Australian Women's Weekly, in which sketches by Rene and Petrov and photographs give interesting interpretations of many of the modes featured in the knitting book itself.

You will find the usual free novel folded inside the knitting book. It is merely slipped in, and can be instantly separated from the knitting book.

In all there are over 100 pages of fascinating and valuable reading matter in this issue—THE WORLD'S BEST VALUE FOR 3d.

WHAT TENNIS STARS ARE DOING

By JOAN HARTIGAN.

THELMA COYNE added two other titles to her credit when she won the Northern Suburbs singles championship at Killara, and (partnered with "Peg" Menzies) the doubles.

Of late Miss Coyne has been trying her hand at golf, mostly as a relaxation from tennis. She leaves Sydney on Wednesday and will be the guest of Mrs. Harry Hopman during the Test match in Melbourne before leaving with the Victorian team to take part in the South Australian and West Australian championships.

As Nancy Wynne will also be a competitor in these tournaments, it looks like another battle for State honors between these two girls.

Nancy Wynne has joined the staff of Dunlop Perdreau, and news comes from Melbourne that she is playing devastating tennis, and already is being compared with the famous player, Helen Wills Moody. In a recent pennant match in Melbourne, Nancy beat Miss Dot Stevenson 6-0, 6-1, and we can judge her ability from these scores as Dot is a very difficult player to defeat.

Many more of the Sydney players will be shortly packing up and setting off for various country tournaments. Toowoomba, in Queensland, is "Peg" Menzies' choice, while Vera Selwyn will defend her title in Newcastle, and I will be a competitor in the championships at Albury.

Ailsa Hattersley is spending Easter in Sydney, as she shortly leaves for the New Hebrides, accompanied by her father.

Nothing very much will be seen of the Davis Cup boys before they leave for the Davis Cup next month. Jack Crawford and Viv McGrath will be opponents in the final of the Killara tournament next Saturday, and from then on, accompanied by Bromwich, will go into training until they sail.

AUNT MARY'S



BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

THE WORLD'S
FINEST
SOAP VALUE

LASTS LONGER
AND WASHES
BETTER

AND LOOK AT THESE
MARVELLOUS NEW
FREE GIFTS

How to get your free gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Do not enclose a letter.

Admiralty
BATH TOWEL
White Bath Towel with red border, 23 x 46 ins. 36 Sunlight Wrapper-tops.

Coloured
BATH TOWEL
Thickly woven Bath Towels in gay, modern designs, 23 x 46 ins. 36 Sunlight Wrapper-tops.

Pure Linen
GLASSCLOTH
Real Irish Linen, 23 x 32 ins. 18 Sunlight Wrapper-tops.

START SAVING
YOUR SUNLIGHT
WRAPPERS NOW

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Enclosed: Wrapper-tops Sunlight Soap

- ☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel.
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☐ Glasscloth.

(Put a cross against gift required)
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**NOW-a
cocktail-
proof
LIPSTICK**



You can depend upon the permanence of Lenthéric's new Lipstick, for it's cocktail-proof and even salt water won't affect it! Obtainable in the black-and-white container, selling at 3/9, refills 2/6, or in the smart new Streamline container illustrated, at 10/6, refills 6/6.

**Lenthéric
Paris**

HANDICAPPED by Sluggish Liver

Health Restored by
Mother Seigel's Syrup

"For several years I was always ailing and feeling more or less seedy and unfit. I was subject to bilious attacks, severe headaches and pains in the back and right side. All this was due to a torpid or sluggish liver. Needless to say I found this chronic ill health a great drawback and handicap in many ways. My wife having previously benefited by your medicine, I too, commenced to use the Syrup. After a couple of doses the pain in the back became less acute, as I continued with the remedy and as I did so all symptoms of liver trouble left me. I took four bottles and my wife and I cured us both so thoroughly, that we have been in excellent health ever since."

Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved its value in thousands of cases the world over. For toning up and strengthening the stomach and stimulating the liver, it is unsurpassed.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/9. Large size 3/6 (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

★ASTROLOGY★

LEO MOORE, Dept. A
BOX 3427R, C.R.O. SYDNEY

Please send me a Full Astrological Reading and an Answer to all my questions, including: . . .

What are my future prospects?
When will my luck improve?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What is my lottery luck?
Marriage? Travel? Finance, etc.?

I enclose P.M. 2/6. Birthdate, and stamped addressed envelope.
CUT THIS OUT—POST TODAY.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

The same old daily routine?
Or, some change for the better? ★

NOT A CHARACTER READING, but A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST
Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

Questions answered. No extra cost.

Send P.M. 2/6. Birthdate, year, and stamped Addressed Envelope.
★RAMON, Dept. C, Box 3921N, G.P.O. SYDNEY.



"QUIN" MARIE in the correction-room where had "Quins" are punished. Its simple furnishings include table, chair, and steam heater, shown at right, with wire guard.

NO SPANKING for QUINS—OH, NO!

Doctor Dafoe Has A Far,
Far Better Plan

By ALLAN ROY DAFOE, M.D., O.B.E.

Copyright, No. 2 of a new series about the Dionne Quintuplets.
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the Dionne children's nursery to-day is "the quiet room."

THANKS to the fact that the nursery has been enlarged to the point where it is quite a large "plant," we have been able to reserve an entire room for disciplinary purposes. That is why we call it "the quiet room."

The Dionne girls, as I have said before, are never punished physically. Our only form of punishment has been to segregate the girl who has "been bad" from the others.

At first, when the girls were younger, we simply set the "bad one" apart, and did not allow her to take part in the play of her sisters. But now that they are larger, it is necessary to put the one who is being admonished in a separate room.

So "the quiet room" developed. It is 8 feet by 6, light and airy, and in every way equal to any other room in the house.

There is a table, a single chair. On the table we keep picture books, and the large window provides plenty of light.

The Penalty

EVERYTHING is entirely comfortable. But note two things; there is absolutely nothing in the room with which the child can hurt herself, and the only element of punishment is that she must be alone and separated from her sisters.

I can't say enough against the custom of some parents of locking their children in a dark closet or in the cellar or some other cramped or uncomfortable place.

That is barbarous and cruel. It brings in fright as part of the punishment, and that may have very bad effects on the child's nervous system, immediately or later on.

In our "quiet room" there is nothing like this. The child has every comfort and amusement her sisters have, except their company. That has proved punishment enough.

We always make it clear to the children exactly why they are sent to the "quiet room," and explain that when they are in the mood to be "good girls" again, they may resume their normal relations with their sisters.

It is facilities like this, the ability to devote one room entirely to this disciplinary purpose, that makes our nursery "plant" quite an institution.

Naturally, it doesn't seem like an "institution" to the children. Most of it they have never even seen. The part actually used by the children themselves is kept in every way as much like a home as possible.

But the nursery has been growing

almost as fast as the little girls themselves. To-day, with the newly-completed staff house, the buildings and equipment would represent a value of more than £8000, all paid for with money earned by the quintuplets themselves and held in trust for them.

Before next summer we hope that the group of buildings will be entirely enclosed by a long fence that will run back into the wooded area behind the house.

This will make an enclosure of several acres, and will enable the children to play among the trees and flowers of the natural Canadian woodland without leaving their own enclosure.

Size Doubled

EVEN now the group of buildings makes quite an impressive "plant," much more adequate than the original nursery.

The nursery itself has been extended to more than twice its size in those days, and the staff house, a separate building some 50 yards away on the rocky hillside adjoining the nursery yard, completes our "layout" for the present.

Many visitors, seeing the nursery only from the side facing the road, do not realise what an extensive place it is. The playground, which extends all the way across the front, and which, with its verandah, is visible from the road, is duplicated in size by the children's bedroom, just beyond it.

This was the original nursery room before the building was enlarged.

Isolation Room

BEHIND this is the office, where the nurses keep their charts and records, and the bathroom, where the special small washstands and the large bathtub are installed. Behind this is a dining-room for the children, and adjoining this the pantry and kitchen.

Still farther behind this are lavatory, dining-room, and a small sitting-room for the staff.

A wing extending out toward the playground from the centre of the building contains the "quiet room," which I have described, and an isolation room, which is not used except in case one of the children should come down with a communicable illness.

This room has scarcely been used, but if it should save four of the children from catching any other children's disease which had attacked one, it would be well worth while.

In this wing, also, is the special playground, fitted up with piano, phonograph, and facilities for story-telling, dancing and music.

LUNG TROUBLE

Definite Hope of Recovery

I offer you a dry Inhalation that is definitely not an experiment. It is a dry Inhalation—MEMBROSUS, wherein the healing fumes get right to the trouble itself, enters the blood stream, clearing away from the lungs, nasal passages, bronchial tubes, etc.

I know you will be interested to learn that almost every day I receive reports from sufferers mentioning: "THE HAY FEVERS HAVE CEASED UP, ALSO NOIR SWAYERS," "NOW AME TO SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT, AND ALL NIGHT," "TERRIBLE COUGHING SPASMS CEASE," "APPETITE HAS IMPROVED," "STRENGTH REGAINED," "NOW ABLE TO ENJOY HAPPY DAYS IN COMFORT," and "BOUGHT OUT ONCE AGAIN BY ONE-TIME FRIENDS." Following is a typical case:

"I am just writing to let you know how my little girl is. She is still improving and I have not had her to the doctor for some time now. Before I started her on MEMBROSUS she continually had a high temperature, suffered from night sweats and vomited blood, but now she is always normal. I have been taking her temperature three times a day for the past six months. She has gained 3 lbs. in weight in the last four weeks."

"She used to be in such a condition she was not able to walk, but now she is able to walk about and is quite lively. She very seldom coughs now and I am looking forward to her being completely cured."

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE Without Operation

What a wonderful relief it gives sufferers almost from its first inhalation. Hard as it is to describe, it invariably dispels for all time those dreadful symptoms which are ever present with these diseases. Patients report: "HEAD NOISES DISAPPEAR," "HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL PREVIOUSLY RESTORED," "CONSTANT SNEEZING FITS, RUNNING NOSE, AND DISGUSTING HAWKING ARE NOW THINGS OF THE PAST," "WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH NOSTRILS AND THROAT CLEAR," and so from rhinuing society and being shunned by friends they are able to mix with them once again. . . . Thanks to MEMBROSUS life is wonderful! dry Inhalation.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS It does give lasting Results

"COMPLETE RECOVERY" is reported from those distressing complaints by those who are using—and those who have used—MEMBROSUS that remarkable DRY INHALATION. For sufferers to recover so completely as to lose all the distressing symptoms . . . to be able to LIE DOWN AND SLEEP AT NIGHT WITHOUT FEAR OF ATTACK; for the mucus to be brought away easily; for those WHEEZING COUGHS TO STOP; for that TIGHT SPOON-UP FEELING TO DISAPPEAR; to be able to BREATHE FREELY AT ALL TIMES; TO LOSE THE SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and walk up a hill, work and play games without discomfort; for the ATTACKS TO BECOME LESS FREQUENT AND LESS SEVERE, and then to make a COMPLETE RECOVERY—speaks volumes for MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION, which is entirely different from any other treatment. It is not inhaled merely to relieve the attacks when they come, but by inhaling it regularly the attacks soon become less severe, less frequent, and then disappear altogether.

MEMBROSUS (Regd.) DRY INHALATION REMEDY

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to MEMBROSUS, C/- IRVINE LTD., Chemists, No. 1 Assembly Hall 2 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Telephone: K3202.

After March 1st, address to MEMBROSUS, C/- IRVINE LTD., Chemists, No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

How a "Social Outcast" BECAME POPULAR AGAIN!



If you suffer from any skin diseases, either caused by impure blood or surface infection, get Diamond's Blood Tonic and Diamond's Eczema Soap, and see how quickly the trouble clears up completely!

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU AT MY PARTY JIM—YOU'RE POPULAR WITH EVERYONE THESE DAYS.

These two marvelous prescriptions have no equal. Diamond's Blood Tonic creates pure, rich blood. . . . It is a wonderful nerve tonic. Diamond's Eczema Soap soothes, relieves and rapidly heals the most irritating and disgusting skin complaints.



For Blood Disorders and Skin Complaints—

DIAMOND'S

BLOOD TONIC

SKIN and ECZEMA SOAP

For Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Pimples, Surfer's Foot, etc.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Chronic Skin Diseases For stubborn cases of long standing skin diseases write, mentioning your complaint, for free advice re treatment, etc. to Mr. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist and Skin Specialist, 97W Hall-street, Six Ways, Bondi.

THE QUEEN'S *Busy* GIRLHOOD DAYS

Always the Perfect Hostess;
Never "too tired" or "too busy"

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH—No. 8 of a Series
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

The coming of peace made no immediate change in the life at Glamis.

For some months the Strathmores continued to entertain Australian and New Zealand officers who for various reasons were unable to return to their far-distant homes.

THE hospital, too, remained full until late in 1919, and long after the last of the wounded had said good-bye the Queen continued to help the soldiers by finding them work and assisting their families through the difficult days of demobilisation.

Nor was her own anxiety ended by the Armistice. For many months there was the suspense of waiting for the repatriation of Captain Michael Bowes-Lyon who, as has already been said, had for two years been a prisoner in Germany.

His health had greatly suffered and now, when delay seemed so unnecessary, it was very hard to

leave the longed-for meeting indefinitely postponed.

All the time, by twos and threes, the prisoners were returning home; but for the Strathmores the disappointing weeks dragged on without any certain news. At last, one evening in February, 1919, the notice suddenly came, and there was only just time to dash to the station to welcome the returning soldier.

For his family, in a sense, it was the arrival of that long-awaited train rather than the Armistice that ended the war.

The Queen was then eighteen. In spite of her inherent gaiety, it is not surprising that she was in many ways serious and thoughtful for her age.

It must be remembered that she had never known the irresponsibility of that sheltered routine which is the lot of most schoolgirls of to-day, for she had never been away from home, but had always lived in the most intimate association with her parents and their large and exceptionally united family. She had



THE KING AND QUEEN, whose romance will be told by Lady Cynthia Asquith in next week's instalment of the Queen's life story.

How 2'9 brought Jones
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shared in all the excitements, pleasures and griefs of the grown-up life around her.

After her sister Lady Rose's marriage in 1916, as the only unmarried daughter she became her mother's right-hand, sharing all the duties as well as all the anxieties of those difficult years.

Towards the end of the war Lady Elizabeth was gradually seen more in London, chaperoned either by her mother or her sister, Lady Elphinstone. The fringe of her childhood still remained, but the long thick plait had now become a close brown knot.

Active Girl Guide

THOUGH Glamis and St. Paul's Waldenbury still claimed most of her time, Lady Elizabeth now visited many country houses.

Far from being a place of withdrawal, Glamis was the place where life was most fully lived. It was not in her nature to economise vitality, to save it up for special occasions.

Ungrudging of her time and energy, she was always ready to spend herself without stint, never "too tired" or "too busy" to respond to any claim.

The gay energy with which she ran the Forfarshire Girl Guides is wistfully remembered. As District Commissioner of Glamis and Eassie Parish, she formed the local association.

She still takes an active interest in these Guides, but the encouragement of her constant fellowship is much missed. "The Queen used to make it all such fun."

It is not possible to give more than a very brief record of these years of her life.

In London, during the early part of 1919, a surface cheerfulness was blossoming into pageants and processions, and Lady Elizabeth was a spectator of President Wilson's triumphant drive and of Marshal Poch's great ovation, and from a window in the City she watched the first post-war Lord Mayor's Show.

Duke's First Visit

THERE was much entertaining at Glamis during the autumn of 1920, and a large party was given for the Forfar Ball. Lady Rose came home for some months from Malta, where her husband was stationed, and all the old gaieties were revived—singing, dancing, and dressing up. Many have a vivid recollection of how lovely Lady Elizabeth looked one night in a rose brocade Vandyck dress, and pearls in her hair.

At the end of August the Duke of York paid his first visit to Glamis.

During his visit, Princess Mary, who was reviewing Girl Guides, came over to Glamis several times from Cootney, where she was staying with Lady Airlie.

In the spring there was Princess Mary's wedding, and in the Abbey, where at the next great pageant she was to be the central figure, Lady Elizabeth was one of the silver and white bridesmaids.

That same month she paid her first visit to Paris, staying at the British Embassy with her friend, Diamond Hardinge. In brilliant spring sunshine Paris was at its best, and there was much to enjoy; sight-seeing, shopping, drives to Fontainebleau and Malmaison.

The summer of 1921 was very difficult for Lady Elizabeth. Her mother had been very ill in the spring, and though it was thought that the summer at Glamis would restore her health, she grew worse, and for the time being became a complete invalid.

Glamis was almost continuously full of guests, and the whole of the responsibility of entertaining fell upon Lady Elizabeth. It was during this time that the Duke of York came to stay. Undismayed, Lady Elizabeth proved herself a perfect hostess.

It is not surprising that the Queen should have made and kept a large number of devoted friends. Besides her great charm and capacity for fun, she has the precious gift of making whoever is with her feel at their best. This is a gift which never goes unappreciated.

She has another great qualification for friendship. Many women are amusing, some are discreet. Very few are both.

It is the rare alliance of these two virtues that the Queen's friends find so invaluable.

Always Gentle

IN a letter one of her best friends gives some impressions of the Queen and life at Glamis.

"After the Queen grew up there were memorable parties at Glamis. The guests proposed themselves and, however unexpected, were welcomed by the family, whose everyday life supplied ample entertainment for all who came."

"The power the Queen has of calm self-control and unruffled serenity in facing the trivial harassing disturbances of existence helps her in times of real stress."

"I met her for the first time soon after she came out. I had already heard much about her charm and looked forward to meeting her. She arrived in the afternoon at the house where I was staying and I found her standing alone in front of the great Tudor fireplace—the rest of the party were out."

"She looked very pretty and wore a hat with the faintest suggestion of a poke bonnet about it, and a ribbon under her chin. She always said the ribbon was to prevent her hat blowing off whilst motoring, but I thought the head-dress was sufficiently becoming to be kept in constant use without the excuse of utility."

"She always has been, and is, a remarkably good friend; as incapable of an ungracious word as she is of an ungracious movement, and though she can express opinions very trenchantly and has a great love of argument, her manner is always gentle and disarming."

Next Week: The Royal romance and engagement.

CINDERELLA—1937

Continued from Page 4

SHE giggled. "I hope he will be young and handsome, and a good dancer as well."

She splashed out of the bath and went on with her toilet.

Purposely she had refrained from peeping in at the spare room door to see her new frock hanging from its padded shoulder. Only when she was ready for it would she go in. The tiresome details must be seen to first. Stockings and undies and shoes and the patting of little blonde waves into their proper places.

Everything was set for the Moreno frock. A quarter to eight. Latchkey and lipstick in a little silver bag. Black velvet evening coat lying on the bed. Scent behind ears and on the backs of soft white hands. Nails shining like mother-of-pearl. Eyes shining like blue stars. Slim legs in silk stockings. Dancing feet prisoned in silver shoes. She was ready.

Her heart thumping with excitement, Kay threw open the door of the spare room and went in to add the last thrilling Moreno touch.

Then she gave one gasp and stood still. Frighteningly still. The Moreno frock swung on its padded shoulder ready for her to slip into. But it was not peach-blow taffeta marked down to five guineas.

It was lame. The color of moonlight at midnight on a shifting indigo sea. It had Paris in every sweep of its gracious lines. It was a model, the kind that a mannequin would parade in for the benefit of customers with big accounts at Moreno's. Kay knew all that as she looked at it.

Her lips were dry, her hands were trembling. Some stupid mistake had been made, and it was too late to rectify it now. Moreno's was shut until to-morrow morning. The delivery man had given in the wrong parcel. Somewhere within a radius of

fifty miles a girl was contemplating Kay's peach-blow taffeta.

"Of course I can't wear this," Kay muttered to herself. "It—it isn't mine. It—it wouldn't be right. Oh, but I've got to try it on! Right now."

She slipped into it gingerly, hardly daring to breathe until the lovely, slinky thing had dropped down over her head, and was moulding itself to the curves of her young body. Then she looked at herself in the wardrobe mirror and gasped again.

IT was no shy ingenue who smiled back at her. It was a young lovely, smart as to-morrow. The blueness of it made her eyes bluer. The sleekness of it made her slimmest more adorable. As she moved she looked like a society debutante who had strayed to this provincial town by mistake.

"She is a lucky girl," breathed Kay. "The owner of this frock. I wonder who she is. I—I must take it off now, in case I spoil it for her."

Only when she took it off—there would be nothing else for her to put on. She would have to stay away from the ball. After Jean's kindness, and the weeks of excitement, and the hours of preparation, she would have to stay at home. Kay's lip quivered.

"Darling," her mother appeared at the door, "are you ready? Oh, how lovely you look, my dear! What a perfectly gorgeous dress. You will outshine everybody to-night."

"Mummy, I—I—" Kay gulped and looked away abruptly.

"Hurry, darling. You mustn't keep the taxi waiting."

"Taxi?" Kay turned and stared at her mother.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Dermot smiled. "That is a little surprise from your father. He said he did not want you to walk to the Guildhall to-night, so he has ordered a taxi for you. It's here now."

Kay clenched her fists. She knew what that meant to the Dermot finances. Taxis were unthought-of extravagances. It would probably mean Daddy going short on tobacco for a week. The sweet thing! She must not disappoint him now. She must go to the ball in her borrowed plumes.

Perhaps to-morrow she would find some solution to the problem. Perhaps Moreno's would let her keep the gown if she paid them in small weekly instalments. Perhaps—oh, bother to-morrow! To-night and the gown belonged to Kay!

The cloak room at the Guildhall was full of women. Old and young, tall and short, slim and fat, pretty and ugly, scrambling for mirrors, painting mouths, dabbing noses. Yet one and all looked at Kay and her frock. The young ones looked enviously at the frock. The older ones looked wistfully at the fair flushed face of youth.

At the top of the broad staircase stood the Mayor and Mayoress and Jean. The latter smiled at Kay and grasped her hand.

"I am so glad you were able to come. Gosh you look perfectly marvellous! It's the loveliest frock I've seen so far. Have you a partner? No? Well, I'll find some nice young man and send him along to you."

Kay laughed and moved on. She was not worrying about partners. For the first time in her life she was wearing a model gown—and thoroughly enjoying the sensation. It was going to be a thrilling evening—every minute of it.

The music started, and dancers took the floor. Kay stepped on one side and watched. Everybody seemed paired off. Not that she minded, only—it was a bit lonely.

"I think you are the one I was told to look out for." A cheery voice made her swing round and confront a young man who was looking at her with laughing eyes. "I must introduce myself. Glyn Harding. Just home from the East."

"My name is Kay Dermot, but—but—" "I recognised you by the description of your frock." He laughed. "That's clever of a mere man, isn't it?"

Kay glowed. Of course Jean had sent him along. She had promised to find Kay a nice young man.

Please turn to Page 30

BACKACHE MEANS KIDNEY ACHE

The work of the kidneys is such an essential part of the body's work, that your whole outlook on life, your very happiness depends on their healthiness.

The Misery of
RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE,
"TOO-OLD" FEELING,
JOINT PAINS is all
caused by faulty
Kidney Action.



This article will show you how essential it is to keep the kidneys healthy, and to see that any symptoms of faulty kidney action are put right at once. Delay is Dangerous.

The kidneys perform the very important work of filtering out poisons from the body. Day and night your body is producing these poisons—uric acid, live and dead bacteria and cells, and other products which would rapidly kill you if allowed to remain. Every movement of the limbs, every heart-beat and breath, yes, every thought and emotion adds yet more of these poisons.

In health, the kidneys filter out the poisons and pass them out of the body in the form of urine.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to heal sick kidneys. They gently but surely tone the kidneys up so that they work as Nature intended they should. The accumulated poisons are filtered out of the body, and once again you are healthy and enjoying life.

Should the kidneys become unhealthy from any cause such as a shock, chill, after-effects of influenza or other disease, they become clogged and do not take out all the poisons. These poisons, especially uric acid, accumulate in the muscles and joints, and cause the intense pain of rheumatism, lumbago, general lassitude and that "too-old" feeling. Dragging-down pains in the back is usually the first symptom. The kidneys become clogged and inflamed—that is why you get that terrible pain in the back.

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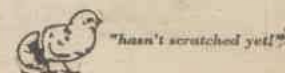
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their own housework prefer
this "polishing cleanser"

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the better cleanser
for Baths and Sinks



Snowy, sparkling whiteness is "Rinso Whiteness"

READ THIS LETTER

FROM
Mrs. Barbara Adamson, of 4
Sutton Street, Five Dock, N.S.W.:
"I nearly worried my head off because my
white wash always had that greyish tinge
about it. Then I read a letter in the paper
from another woman who'd had the same
trouble and she was full of praise for
Rinso, so I tried it too.
Well, when I saw the lovely, snowy
whiteness of my first Rinso wash I wanted
to find that woman and thank her, so I'm
doing the next best thing by writing to you
and adding my praises for Rinso to hers
and all the others."



READ ANOTHER WOMAN'S
LETTER ABOUT RINSO



WHITE WASH CAUSED
HER ENDLESS WORRY



NOW GETS
DAZZLING
RINSO
WHITENESS



A Rinso wash is a wonderful sight because it is so
much whiter than an ordinary wash! No trace of
dirt or dullness can escape the special Rinso suds
which are extra rich and yet as mild as milk.
Rinso helps clothes and linen to a longer life of
usefulness because there's no hard-rubbing needed
on washing-day.

SO EASY TO USE — JUST SPRINKLE INTO THE TUB

A LEVER PRODUCT

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FOR DISHES, TOO!

Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart
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"I lost 20 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced bust 8
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ing have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A.
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Get rid of your fat.
Take BonKora, the new
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methods in vain.
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Get a bottle of BonKora,
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juice 3 times daily and
soon—reduce the dose as
your excess fat disappears.



BEFORE Mrs. M. A. Pratteau AFTER
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By taking 2 teaspoonfuls of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE
JUICE 3 times daily you will not only lose excess weight
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and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to
you post free, in a plain wrapper.
W.W. 51/2/37.

CINDERELLA—1937

Continued from Page 29

"NOT to mention,"
went on the nice young man, "that
I was told to look out for the
prettiest girl in the room. So I
naturally spotted you at once."

She blushed with pleasure. It
was very sporting of Jean. Glyn
Harding was the kind of man Kay
had dreamed of meeting for years
now. Sunburnt and tall and hand-
some, with even white teeth and
a nice voice.

"Shall we dance?" Glyn touched
her arm. They swung out into
paradise.

The evening was perfect—too
perfect. Kay had not realised that
there was so much happiness in
the world. A smart ball, an ex-
quisite frock, a perfect partner.

"I'm so glad I'm not wearing
my Marina lace or the peach-blow
taffeta," she thought to herself.
"Glyn might not have picked me
out so easily."

They danced — and danced
again.

"I suppose you spend all your
evenings dancing?" His dark head
was bent low over her own.

"Not quite all," Kay pulled a
little face at his shoulder.

"I know what you modern girls
are," He chuckled. "Dancing and
games and cruises. With a spot of
flying in between. What make is
your car?"

"Change your partners, please!"
bellowed the voice of an M.C.

Kay was glad of the distraction.
It would have been awkward

Talking in the Talkies

By Air Mail from Our New
York Correspondent.

"PEOPLE who talk at the
talkies are looking for a
slap," said Mr. Henry Curran,
a New York magistrate, when
Albert Fondler was charged
with having slapped a girl's
face in a cinema.

"She laughed and talked so
much with her companion that
I could not enjoy the picture,"
said the defendant, in explana-
tion.

The magistrate dismissed
the charge.

answering Glyn's question. He
thought she moved in Jean's
circle. He did not know she was
just a little tylist in borrowed
plumes. He would despise her if
he knew of the deception.

"Just for to-night," thought Kay
to herself, "I'll be Cinderella.
When to-morrow comes I shall
have disappeared—out of his life.
But to-night is mine."

Every minute was becoming
more thrilling. Dancing with Glyn,
sitting out with Glyn, listening to
Glyn's smooth voice talking about
the East, about his trip home,
about his plans for his six months' leave
in England.

"I hope to get in a bit of hunt-
ing in the autumn before I go
back," he told her. "I suppose you
hunt?"

Kay shook her head. "It—it
doesn't appeal to me." A black-
and-white lie that was justifiable
on this night of nights.

Glyn was a pukka sahib. She
knew that. His manners were per-
fect. He treated her as though she
were royalty. He must never, never
guess who she really was.

Time drifted on, and the two
were drawing closer together.

"We must see lots of each other,"
said Glyn, smiling down at her. "I
had almost forgotten that there
were girls at home—like you. I
have never seen anybody so typi-
cally English."

"I was thinking the same about
you," murmured Kay, in a low
voice.

Other men would seem cheap
and common after Glyn. Just for
to-night he was her Prince. Just
for to-night! Kay's eyes grew
misty as she realised the finality
of that phrase.

"You're looking blue." "He
touched her arm lightly. "Any-
thing the matter?"

"I was just wondering," faltered
Kay, "why—why we can't remain
happy for ever."

He frowned and looked thought-
ful.

"I've been living in a country
where the sun blazes down all day
and practically every day, You

would "all it an ideal climate. Yet
we long and long for a grey day, a
cloudy sky, a cool breeze. No doubt
happiness would be just as cloying
if we always had it."

Kay nodded. "Perhaps." Out of
a succession of grey days had come
this golden one for her. She must
be grateful for it, and treasure its
memory as long as she lived.

"I'll see about reserving a table
for supper," he told her. "Just for
the two of us. In the corner of the
balcony. Will that do?"

KAY'S smile

answered him, and she left
her. She waited impatiently for
his return, and her eager eyes
spotted him immediately he re-
entered the room. He was making
his way back to her, when a girl in
a white frock came swiftly up to
Kay and halted in front of her.
The girl's eyes were blazing with
anger.

"I will trouble you to give me an
explanation as to why you are
parading my frock to-night." Her
voice was icy.

"Oh!" Kay gasped. "I—I'm
terribly sorry. Is this really your
frock?"

"It's more mine than yours,"
Red lips curled scornfully. "Are
you in the habit of wearing other
girls' clothes?"

"I can explain," Scarlet with
humiliation, Kay told her story.

The other one listened, her eyes
hard, her mouth a thin red line.

"The explanation is all right. I
have your taffeta frock at home.
It was delivered by mistake. But
what I cannot understand is why
you had the colossal cheek to wear
somebody else's gown to an affa-
like this."

"I know. It was very wrong of
me," faltered Kay. "But—but I
was going to ask Morano's if I
could buy it instead of the taffeta."

"Buy it?" Critical eyes took in
the details of Kay's appearance.
The cheap little silver shoes
the handbag that was a
year out of date, the
home "set," the absence of clever
make-up. "I should not have
thought a girl like you could have
afforded twenty-five guineas for
a gown."

"Twenty-five guineas!" Kay was
dismayed. Twenty-five guineas!
She might just as well think of
buying the moon.

The other girl noticed her dis-
comfiture and smiled trium-
phantly.

"I—I don't know how to apolo-
gise to you," cried Kay. "It was
abominable of me."

"Not only have you borrowed
my gown," went on the girl in
white, "but you have also annexed
my man."

Kay stared at her, suddenly con-
scious of a chill feeling down
her spine.

Please turn to Page 32

Postage On Newspapers

DESPITE many reminders on
the part of the Postal De-
partment regarding the re-
payment of postage on news-
papers, the Acting Deputy
Director of Posts and Tele-
graphs (Mr. R. N. Partington)
advises that hundreds of news-
papers are received each week
with insufficient postage
affixed.

The rates postage on news-
papers registered at a General Post
Office for transmission as such are
as follows:
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It is also desired to stress
that the amount of postage on
newspapers is determined
solely by weight and not ac-
cording to the number of
copies enclosed in the one
wrapper.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That Mrs. Keith Richards had her car stolen from a city garage? It was found later in some distant by-way, car intact, but travelling accessories stolen from back seat.

Live Dragons

ARRIVING back in Sydney on March 6 are Mrs. Max Hinder and her niece, Nancy Sawyer, who have been touring the East for the last few months. Singapore was their first port of call, and after a jolly few weeks there they went on to Shanghai and Hongkong. Then Malaya again, and a survey of Java on the homeward journey.

Four days are being spent in the wonder isle of Bali, but no mention is yet made of visiting that other Dutch possession which indulges in real live dragons.

Severe heat greeted the George Francis family when they recently returned to their home, Tara, Mumbil, after a long holiday spent at Manly.

French Farm House

FROM Paris comes news of our erstwhile Consul-General for Holland and his wife, M. and Madame Paul Staal. They have been living in an attractive flat at The Hague, but have now decided to tour France in search of just the sort of country home they have dreamed of. France is Madame Staal's own country, and it is there that she wishes to live.

Identical Frocks

BY a strange coincidence Mrs. Dick Allen and Mrs. Francis Due both appeared at Romano's on Thursday night in identical frocks of black mousseline flecked with gold. Mrs. Allen was a guest of Mrs. Cox Cox, who also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Tim Boden, Captain Gerald Lassen, Captain Plunkett Cole, Lieutenant and Mrs. Max Clark, Doug Levy and Walter Pye.

Crack Rider

THAT crack horsewoman, Ailsa Robertson, daughter of the J. O. Robertsons, of Nargoon, Gundagai, has decided to ride in the Agricultural Show in Sydney this Easter. Ailsa frequently rides in events for girl riders at picnic races, and is always sure of a hearty cheer when she comes first past the winning-post. Her sister Peg, now Mrs. Whitehead, is also a good equestrienne.

Thoughts of Australian sunshine came so persistently to Harry Tighe that he has changed his mind about living permanently in London and is returning to Sydney again this week.

Pink Houses; Perilous Cliffs

MRS. G. F. RICHARDSON was among the throng that admired the paintings of Robert Montgomery, her brother, at the exhibition of paintings by four Tasmanian artists, at the Macquarie Galleries, Sydney, last week. Robert and his fellow-artists, Eileen Crow, Amy Kingston and Phyllis Pitman, were not present to hear the nice things said about them, but no doubt Mrs. Richardson will send them a full report.

A number of the pictures were very dashing. One showed pink houses perched on perilous cliffs, and another a nun admiring a white charger.

Bachelor Race President

SIM BENNET is one of the few bachelor presidents of picnic race clubs, and he is taking his many duties in connection with the Monaro fixture this Friday very seriously. Sim, who is very popular, as well as being an eligible of the district, will even present the race trophies, a ceremony that is usually associated with feminine graciousness.

Members of the club will entertain at a large-sized cocktail party after the races, which will be held on the Cooma racecourse, the ball being held at the Monaro Theatre.

Housewarming

AT the housewarming party and farewell to Mrs. Percy Ash and her daughter, Frances, Mr. Justice and Mrs. A. V. Maxwell entertained a large number of guests. So intrigued were they with the delights of the Georgian architecture that they wandered up and down stairs and not a white door knob painted with pink roses went unnoticed.

Betty, a schoolgirl daughter of the house, attached a spray of real tuberoses to her nut-brown hair, and a guest also favoring nature for decorative purposes was Mrs. H. S. Dettmann, who wore real gardenias on her black picture hat.

Pam Laidley Dowling is very sad at the loss of her little dachshund, which was run over by a car. Pam has other pets, including "Brownie," a retriever, but it was the little dog of German breed to which she was most attached.

performance of "Getting Married," at Bryant's Playhouse last Wednesday. The quaint little theatre was filled to capacity, and the producer, Beryl Bryant, was given a hearty cheer at the end of the play. Captain and Mrs. George Williams and Mrs. Clive Inglis were among the audience.

Week-end Party

WISE guests who were invited to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Woodhouse's supper-party on Friday had forty winks before they arrived, as the party did not commence till midnight, when a bevy of the Russian Ballet principals arrived. After partaking of chicken pie, which was excellent in any language, and Russian dishes, the guests chatted on into the small hours of the morning. Jean Hoyer was particularly delighted to find that so many of the guests spoke French, the language in which he prefers to converse.



Interesting Meeting

FOR the first time for thirty-five years Mrs. G. B. Paxton, of Gravesend, Kent, England, will meet her sister, Mrs. G. Macdonald, of Timaru, New Zealand, when the Awatea arrives on the far side of the Tasman.

Mrs. Paxton is the wife of the Chief Engineer of the Oronsay, and is well known to thousands of travelled Australians.

Mrs. Paxton, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. A. Mitchell, at Drummoyne, will board the Orford for the return journey after her visit to New Zealand.

Popular country residents, Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan Horsley, of Yabtree, Gundagai, are staying at the Hotel Pacific, Manly.

Pleasures in Store

MRS. KEITH JOPP, of Edgecliff, is looking forward to the visit of her son, Major A. H. Keith Jopp, D.S.O., and his English wife, who are arriving in the Ceramic in March.

Major Keith Jopp, who spends his time between London and South Africa, where he has large interests, has not been to his native land for some years. His wife will leave Sydney in the Nestor in April to visit her own family in England, and will be joined later by her husband.

Mrs. Keith Jopp, jun., will find her mother-in-law extremely versatile. As well as writing poetry and the words and music for songs in her spare time, she recently became proficient in French, and is now studying Spanish.

Fox Hunting

THOROUGHLY enjoying English army life are Captain and Mrs. Ian Campbell, who are stationed at Camberley while Ian does a staff course. Ian has taken to hunting in a big way, and Pat also takes exercise on horseback, but does not go over hills and hedges chasing foxes as yet.

This popular couple are due back in Sydney this year, and are sure of a very warm welcome from their many friends.

While Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Lane-Poole are in Hobart with their family they will occupy Lady Lewis' delightful home in Augusta Road.

Party For Ballerina

LITTLE Helene Kirsova delighted her "fans" with her interpretation of "Fire Bird" and the dancer in "Beau Danube" on the last Saturday night of the ballet season at the Theatre Royal. As soon as the performance was over, Helene was the guest of the Danish Vice-Consul, Dr. E. Fischer, and fellow-countrymen for supper. Sunday was spent by the ballerina on the Blue Mountains.

Have You Seen—

The smart silver embossed kid evening bag brought back from London by Mrs. Eric Strellitz? It is the shape of a thin novel with silver clasps holding the hinged sides of the opening in place, and a silver kid handle.



MRS. BOB SWORD, of Westerton, Longreach, photographed in Sydney, where she is spending a holiday with Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Thompson, of Neutral Bay. Mrs. Sword was formerly Miss Mary Grant, elder daughter of General and Mrs. Grant, Brisbane.



*In Summer—
as in Winter...*

**I make sure
of Health**

TO ensure robust health and abundant vitality at every season, make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. In summer it is particularly valuable because it provides, in a light and easily digestible form, the nourishment which ordinary summer foods lack. A glass of "Ovaltine" makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

"Ovaltine" is all health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. It contains every nutritive element required for building up perfect physical fitness and maintaining the abundant energy and vitality you need for the long summer days.

Remember that there is no need to serve "Ovaltine" hot. It makes a most delicious and refreshing beverage when served cold—and its supreme nutritive value is just the same.

But—it must be "Ovaltine". There is nothing "just as good". Although imitations are made to look like "Ovaltine" there are obvious and extremely important differences. "Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Because of its supreme health-giving properties, "Ovaltine" is the most widely used food beverage in the world. Quality always tells—insist on "Ovaltine".

TRIAL SAMPLE of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

**NETT WEIGHT INCREASED
12½% IN ALL SIZES**

"Ovaltine" is unequalled for economy. It gives you the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price. Note: "Ovaltine" is packed in 3 sizes, THE NETT WEIGHT IN EACH CASE HAVING BEEN INCREASED 12½%. Compare these weights with imitations. "Ovaltine" gives you more in quantity, more in quality and therefore more in value.

SMALL SIZE MEDIUM SIZE LARGE SIZE
NOW 4½ oz. 1/9 NOW 9 oz. 2/10 NOW 18 oz. 5/-

I drink OVALTINE

It's delicious Served **COLD** or **HOT**

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FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET SYDNEY

TOUR will include

HONGKONG	MANILA
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THE FAMOUS DIAMOND MOUNTAINS	
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TOKIO	YOKOHAMA
OSAKA	KYOTO
KOBE	NARA
NAGOYA	NIKKO
TAKABAZUKA	MIYANOSHITA
ATAMI	&c., &c.

If desired, Japanese Portion of Tour Only May be Taken.

CINDERELLA—1937

Continued from Page 39

"I WAS to meet Glyn Harding at the dance to-night," went on the other. "We had never met before, but a mutual friend described to him what I was going to wear. She was with me when I chose the gown at Moreno's. And you—you have stepped into my shoes beautifully." There was sarcasm in her voice.

"What can I say to you?" Kay spread out her hands in a helpless gesture. "I thought Glyn—Mr. Harding—was a friend of Jean Fenwick's when he came up and introduced himself."

"You seem to have had a pretty good time before I came along." Red lips curled again. "I ought to have stayed away, then you could have enjoyed my gown and my partner for the rest of the evening."

"It is not very sporting of me to come butting in and claiming what is my own." Each word was like a stab to Kay's sensitive soul.

She was on the verge of tears. There was no expression of forgiveness or understanding in the hard eyes that stared at her so coldly.

"I have been an idiot," breathed Kay. "But believe me, I did not intend to do anything wrong. Your gown is not spoilt in any way. I—I'll go and take it off at once."

She rushed past the girl, almost colliding with Glyn, and hurried towards the door. Her night of nights was over. Twelve o'clock had struck, and it was time for Cinderella to go home—in her rags!

In the cloakroom Kay had to do one of the pluckiest acts of her life. Carefully taking off the lame model, she handed it to the woman in charge.

"Will you please give this to a lady in a white frock? I—I don't know her name, but she came in just now."

The woman nodded. "Miss Jason, I expect you mean. But what are you going to do without a frock?"

She stared at Kay as though the girl were crazy.

"Go home," Kay's mouth was firm. She wrapped her black velvet coat tightly around her little pink-clad figure. There was no need for a taxi this time. She could walk.

Luckily there was hardly a soul about as she ran down the red-carpeted stairs and out into the street. Choking with sobs, she hurried homeward, blaming herself for the events of the evening.

"I acted like a ninny, and I got what I deserved. I wish—oh, I wish that I had never met Glyn! I might have known that Jean would not send a man like that to meet me. We live in a world apart."

A long, low, powerful car slid up silently behind her and nosed along the kerb to a standstill. From it jumped a tall, dark young man.

"Are you training for a London to Brighton walk?" inquired a familiar voice. Kay looked up into the laughing eyes of Glyn Harding.

"What are you doing here?" she cried.

"Trying to see you home. Jump in." He held the door open for her.

She shook her head. "I—I can't."

"Why not? Don't you trust a dark stranger? Perhaps it's just as well. Only—I happen to be a dark friend, instead."

"You don't understand." Kay blushed painfully. "I—I'm not dressed properly."

He laughed. "I never saw anything more decent than that black coat."

"But—but—underneath—I—I haven't got a frock on."

"How should I know that? Don't be ridiculous, child. Jump in and give me your home address."

"I told you that you didn't understand," Kay looked him straight in the eyes. "That was not my frock I was wearing to-night. It belonged to Miss Jason. She was the girl you ought to have danced with—not me."

"So I gathered," he said lightly. "You see, I listened in most shamelessly while she was talking to you in that corner. I heard every word that passed between you. And that shows you the kind of perfect little gentleman I am."

"Oh!" Kay looked at him helplessly.

"And, if Merle Jason had been a

man," he went on, "I should have given myself the greatest pleasure in knocking him down. I have never heard such a display of bad manners and ill-breeding."

"No," faltered Kay. "I was the one to blame. I did the wrong thing."

"No doubt you had a good reason for it."

"Yes." She drew a deep breath and clenched her fists tightly. "You will laugh when I tell you the reason. It was a—taxi."

"Go on," said Glyn, gently. "I'm interested."

"My parents are terribly hard-up," said Kay, her head held high. "I work in an office and help them all I can, but life is a struggle. That gown was sent home by mistake to-night, and I tried it on—just for fun. I was going to take it off and stay away from the ball."



JEAN ROGERS' organdie seersucker gown has a black background strewn with field flowers. The jaunty jacket is gathered at the neck.

when Mummy came in and told me that Daddy had ordered a taxi for me. This is where you laugh. Taxis don't mean a thing in your life. But—but they might be crown jewels as far as we are concerned. I knew Daddy could not treat me to a taxi unless he went short of something himself. So—so rather than disappoint him I came along to the ball in that frock—because I had no other."

"I am not laughing," said Glyn gravely. "I think it was a sweet gesture on your part. And now I am going to drive you home—the longest way round."

She looked up at him. "Miss Jason will be waiting for you."

"No." He shook his head. "I told her I was taking you home, and that I should not return to the dance."

Kay looked puzzled. "But—but she is your partner."

"Never. I was certainly sent to the Guildhall to find a girl in a midnight-blue frock. I found the frock, but if you remember the girl told me her name was Kay Dermot."

Trembling, Kay got in beside him. He drove out of the town under the summer moon.

"The dance isn't over till two. Your people would wonder why you were home so early if I took you there now. Besides, I scrounged some sandwiches and things from the buffet. We're going to have a picnic under the moon. Like the idea?"

"Love it!" she breathed.

"We must make plans for the future," said Glyn dreamily.

The next evening when he called she was wearing the little peach-blow taffeta. His eyes lit up as she came towards him.

"That looks more like you, my child. Something sweet and unsophisticated. Honestly, I loathed that blue affair you had on last night. It just was not you."

(Copyright)

HANKIES Must Be LARGER

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

By a special edict of the Wholesale Textile Association Handkerchief Committee of Great Britain, our handkerchiefs are to grow larger—and they will cost more.

The standard minimum size for women's handkerchiefs is to be increased from nine to ten inches, and for children's handkerchiefs from eight to nine inches.

AN official of the committee assured me that there was no selfish self-interest on the part of cotton and linen textile manufacturers behind this increased size and cost. On the contrary, he told me, this new rule was designed to protect the buying public.

Since the introduction of fancy cartons, instead of the old-fashioned sandwich-like boxes for handkerchiefs, the public is frequently "taken down." A large, impressive carton may contain a very mean, small handkerchief. The new regulation will prevent this deception.

The small square of linen or cambric in your pocket or handbag represents thousands of pounds to British industry: 3,757,000 dozen cotton handkerchiefs, valued at £375,000, and 3,053,000 dozen linen handkerchiefs, valued at £953,000, are manufactured in a year in the United Kingdom.

Miles of Hemming

OF these, 834,054 dozen cotton handkerchiefs, valued at £71,495, and 119,988 dozen linen handkerchiefs, valued at £25,317, are exported to Australia. 3,757,000 handkerchiefs weigh 11,000 hundredweight, which means that the extra inch in your handkerchief adds 33 tons to the weight of handkerchiefs exported from England.

If your head has stopped aching from working that out, you can now calculate that the extra inch means more than 90 miles of extra hemming for the machinists—for the Australian export alone.

Coronation year has brought a boom in the handkerchief trade. Britain's handkerchief factories, many of which are completely self-contained, with their own cotton and linen mills, weaving and dyeing factories, and their own carton factories, have increased their staffs to deal with the huge orders from all parts of the world for special Coronation goods. Even the New Guinea natives will be flourishing handkerchiefs printed with coronets, lions, or the Tudor rose.

One branch of the industry that is specially prosperous is the lace handkerchief section. Handkerchiefs made entirely of delicate, handmade lace, or perhaps with a small centre of sheerest white linen, are being made for Court and official functions.

The Australian Women's Weekly Cooking School

IN response to numerous requests,

The Australian Women's Weekly Cooking School will conduct further lectures on the making of savories.

The classes, which are in charge of Mrs. Ruth Furst, the well-known cooking expert, are held in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchen in the Royal Arcade, Room 49, 3rd floor (the Royal Arcade is opposite the Liberty Theatre in Pitt Street, and runs through to George Street).

The one-hour lectures on making savories will be held as follows:

Tuesday, March 2, at 2.30 p.m., and Thursday, March 4, at 2.30 p.m.

The charge for each lecture is 1/-. Those desiring to attend should call at The Australian Women's Weekly office, ground floor, 168 Castlereagh Street, and reserve their seats, as accommodation is limited.

... SURE TO GET IT AT ... GRACE BROS. Summer SALE

FINAL WEEK BARGAINS from Our Fashion Showrooms!



MC2—ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE IN Dainty floral designs. Well made with sports pocket and action back. In colours of Blue, Green, Red, Brown, Pink. Sizes: S.W. and W.
Usual Price ... 3/11
SALE SPECIAL ... 1/11



MD2—TAILORED SUMMER WEIGHT WOOL CARDIGAN. Facings and pockets smartly striped with contrast colour. Shades: Blue, Rust, Bottle Green, Mustard. Sizes: S.W. and W. Usual Price 14/11
SALE SPECIAL ... 8/11



MC1—PURE IRISH LINEN JACKET, featuring full sleeves and vast cuffs, also jigger button style. In White only. Sizes: S.W. and W. Usual Price 12/11
SALE SPECIAL ... 3/11



AMAZING VALUE FOR THE LARGER FIGURE!
MT1—FROCK OF FLORAL GEORGETTE OVER A SILK SLIP. Featuring long sleeves into a pointed cuff, V-Neck, Collar, and tucks centre front. Embroidered diamante clip at neck. Skirt features pin tucks and gored. Navy, Black, and Brown grounds, with attractive colourings. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S., E.O.S., E.E.O.S.
Usual Price ... 39/11
SALE SPECIAL ... 22/6



MD2—ATTRACTIVE TUNIC COAT, suitable for day or evening wear. IN HEAVY WEIGHT PRINTED BATHING. Featuring short blousé sleeves, roll collar, flared basque. Finished belt and Buckle to tone. Available in long sleeves if required. Sizes: S.W. and W. Green, Pink, White, Blue, Brown, and Navy ground, with attractive colourings.
Usual Price ... 39/11
SALE SPECIAL ... 19/11



ME10—Your last opportunity to purchase three TAILORED PURE LINEN SUITS at such a low cost! Made with shaped coat, jigger button, wide revers. Skirt has double pleats in front. Other styles not illustrated in action back and double breasted. In shades of Blue, Pink, Green, White, and Striped. Sizes: S.W. to O.S.
Usual Price ... 15/-
SALE SPECIAL ... 12/-



MC3—WELL-CUT WOOL DE CHINE COATS, neatly trimmed back and sleeves. Obtainable in shades of Blue, Navy, Beige, Dusty Pink, Powder Blue. Sizes: S.W., S.W., and W.
Usual Price ... 21/-
SALE SPECIAL ... 14/11

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SEEK YOUR NEEDS IN THIS BARGAIN LAND

Every morning, the Daily Telegraph brings you column after column of opportunities to buy or sell, to announce or learn.

Here, in a daily feature-section of Classified Advertisements, is Sydney's new market-place, a grand shopping centre where bargains abound in infinite variety. This is where you can seek to satisfy all your needs and save at the same time, too, for every modern requirement is filled—from books to bicycles, from cars to carpets, from houses to holiday resorts.

Wise, indeed, are those who regularly read the Daily Telegraph Classified Columns. It's a habit that repays well, both in profit and interest.

And you? Have you something that may well be considered a bargain by someone else?

If you have, then remember that the Daily Telegraph goes into 152,000 homes each morning. And even those things that seem of no value to you may represent an opportunity to be instantly grasped by some eager buyer. So why not advertise it in the Daily Telegraph?

Hand your message direct to the Daily Telegraph at 99 Pitt Street, three doors from Hunter Street, or to any newsagent. Or, if more convenient, simply dial BW 3017. You can pay your local newsagent after the ad. has appeared. There is no extra charge for this "phone-your-ad.-and-pay-later" service. Use it!

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in light
and dark**



**CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR**
LIGHT IN PINT BOTTLES
DARK IN QUART BOTTLES

**Husband
loves her**

"You know, darling," she said, as she shook herself into her evening gown. "I'm a jolly pretty woman, don't you think?"
"TH say you are."
"Proud of your wife?"
"I'm crazy about her."
"Brief, but right," from your heart," laughed Cecilia, as she looked lovingly at the jar of Creme Charmosan on her dressing-table. She knows just what magic it had wrought.
There's no better idea in life than this. If your skin is plain-looking, if you are young in years but old-looking in your skin, or if you are middle-aged and want your skin to look young and pretty... let Creme Charmosan help you. It is a charm, too, against the hot sun, dust, and winds of summer.

**Creme
Charmosan
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Imparts the sweet witchery of a youthful skin. Blends powder for hours. Stage-actor's favourite. Big jar for your dressing table, 2/6. Handbag tube, 1/6. Groceries sold everywhere.
P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour... you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like... Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy, and costs but 3/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and enchantment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere. 幸々々々

AIR ACCIDENTS Do Not Deter Women TRAVELLERS

One Who Flew With Lost Pilot Tells Of Bad Flight

Most convincing proof of Australia's air-mindedness is the fact that disasters such as befell the Brisbane-Sydney aeroplane last week impose no check on the progress of aviation generally.

Women, in particular, are keen air-travellers. . . .

AUSTRALIAN National Airways planes travelling between Melbourne, Sydney, Tasmania, and Adelaide have exactly doubled since this time last year.

At the beginning of that period, women travellers were few. Now they are many, and make up a large proportion of every plane load. During December, National Airways carried 3000 passengers.

The average for the last three months is between 2000 and 3000, and nearly half these are women. This is probably due to large planes. Women like comfort and social contacts, and these are now possible in luxury air-liners.

Women also like to think there is a woman in attendance who will help in any difficulty. The sudden enthusiasm for air travel shown by Australian women seems to coincide with the appointment of air hostesses.

One day last week the Melbourne to Adelaide plane carried a full complement of women passengers. All were travelling separately, and they left a lot of men lamenting because they couldn't get seats.

Soon most people will think it impossible to spend a night in the train when they can fly from one capital to another in a few hours. The idea of taking lunch in Melbourne and late afternoon tea in Sydney appeals to women.

Flew With Lost Pilot

MISS T. CASEY, of Brisbane, is one of the most regular passengers from Brisbane to Sydney by Airlines of Australia.

She has used that mode of travelling in the last six years, and sometimes makes the trip back and forth five or six times every year.

Asked if the accident to the Stinson on Friday would affect her travelling by plane in future, she said:—

"The accident will not alter my future bookings by air. I have great faith in three-engine planes, and there is a great feeling of confidence and safety in having the coast-line all the way. Within the next two or three weeks I will have occasion to go to Sydney, and shall travel by plane."

"Last year I went down with Pilot Beverley Shepherd, the pilot in the plane lost on Friday."

"It was a single-engine plane, and the weather was frightful."

"Three passengers, though full of fear, were confident in the pilot, who handled the situation so well."

"We flew in dense fog miles out to sea, and only fifteen feet above water."

Sister Kenny, another regular passenger, is in Sydney. Mrs. Hudson Fysh, of Brisbane, flew in the Friday morning plane to Sydney.

Airlines officials in Brisbane state that ten per cent. of their passengers are women.

They have carried approximately ten thousand five hundred passengers in the last twelve months.

Keen Travellers

MISS MARGUERITE GRUEBER, air hostess on the Perth-Adelaide route, says that women are becoming more air-minded every day. Now almost half the passengers are women, who choose this means of travel for comfort, convenience, and the sake of having a modern outlook.

"Women are usually apprehensive at the beginning of a flight," she

said, "but they soon lose nervousness and become interested in surroundings and the working of the plane."

Miss Grueber has hostessed on Melbourne - Sydney, Melbourne-Tasmania, and Adelaide-Perth routes, and says women are particularly frequent on the Tasmanian line.

One woman of eighty did the return journey from Melbourne for experience to show that age can be modern, as well as youth.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Lyons are keen air travellers, and their children enjoy the air.

Most children accept air travel as a matter of course. The total number of passengers on air routes in South Australia during 1936, excluding Perth trade for the first six months, was 4360.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 26 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grumpy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label, sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/6. Present a subscription.

BABIES AND AUSTRALIAN BEST IMMEDIATELY. In many cases Baby does not appear, so the disappointment of frequent and wide. A note on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Cufford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. 4-2-36



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Please send me particulars of the bargains you are offering in rebuilt typewriters. Also enclose details about the new Australian-built Remington.

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ADDRESS

W.W. 27/2/37



MR. JOHN KINGSTON

... a recent arrival from the United States, has opened an attractive Beauty Salon, at 2544 Military Road, Mosman. Hairdressing and Cosmetology were extensively studied by Mr. Kingston while in Hollywood, where all hairdressers must pass a rigid examination in anatomy, as well as hairdressing, before being granted a license by the State Board, who controls the hairdressing and cosmetology operators there.

The Californian State Board examination is considered by the American hairdressers as the most difficult of all the 48 States to pass. All operators are licensed, and may not work until being passed by a physician and an eye specialist, who is appointed by the Board of Control.

Mr. Kingston had personal experience and contact among the Stars in Hollywood, and was employed at the famous "BEVERLEY BOULEVARDE" in Beverly Hills, where the Movie Colony is to be seen shopping and driving among the hundreds of other people.

The Salon offers you Eugene Permanent Waving (latest machine), prices on application. Violet Ray Scalp Treatment, and soothing Massage Treatments for scalp and skin.

"Toning Rinse," etc., which give that extra lustre to your hair, and also help to retain the natural color.

All matters regarding Hairdressing, Cosmetology, Tinting, Bleaching, Re-setting, etc., are offered to you in a friendly and helpful surroundings.

We specialize in "INDIVIDUALITY," and special attention is given to white hair.

Ring the Salon for your next Permanent Wave appointment, where two free sets are given with every wave executed. If you are seeking advice regarding your Hairdressing or contemplating skin treatments, consult MR. KINGSTON at the above address. (No obligation.)

Mr. Kingston's Personal Attention in All Work.

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RADIO ACTOR *Might* Have Become MONK Strange Story of Peter Finch

Ask any radio personality for his most unusual experience and he would probably have to hesitate and think a while.

Not so Peter Finch, talented juvenile lead now playing in B.S.A. productions from 2GB. For him the big adventure of life was when he nearly became a Buddhist monk!

IT is a story that might have provided a plot for Rudyard Kipling to write a new kind of "Kim."

"I was living in India in charge of a guardian, as my father was on outpost duty," explained Finch.

"My guardian was intensely interested in Buddhism, and under the influence of a travelling Buddhist monk he had my head shaved, put me in a long yellow robe, and sent me off in company with the monk to beg my way to Tibet, the land of mystery and monks.

"I do not remember much of the journey, except that we travelled in a filthy state, never cut our nails, slept on mats on the earthen floor at night, and, having arrived at a village, we sat down with our begging bowls before us, and waited for the villagers to bring us food.

"Fortunately for my career as a radio actor, an Indian officer, a friend of my father's, recognised me, put me in a rickshaw and sent me home.

"My most vivid recollection of the adventure," added Peter Finch, "was my first glimpse of myself, bald-pated and filthy, in the mirror. I got such a surprise that I nearly fainted, and if I had any desire to be a Buddhist monk before that, I certainly had none after."

Born in England, he is French on his mother's side, and through her was connected with some famous French theatrical families. For a number of years he lived near Versailles, and with a little girl who lived across the way was in



MR. PETER FINCH.

with the B.S.A. Players. "It is quite a change," he says, looking back on an adventurous 21 years.

FOOT TROUBLES

Have you tired, swollen, aching feet? The results of FALLEN ARCHES. A Doctor just recently in the Women's Weekly stated:—

[Extract:] "Any haphazardly-chosen arch supports in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot, and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two week arches are alike."

Do not be misled by purchasing ready-made ones; have the job done properly by experts; the cost is no more. BUT the results 100 per cent. more satisfactory.



CHIROPODY

By Qualified Chiropodists, etc.
Corns, Callouses, Ingrowing Nails, etc., painlessly eliminated for only 2/- 3 Feet, or 3/6 Bath Feet.
Free Advice on all Foot Troubles.
STREAT & CO., Foot Specialists,
175 Pitt St., Sydney, (3 doors from Froude)

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments INVISIBLY Mended and Cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6933



They bought the same kind of Saucepans yet...

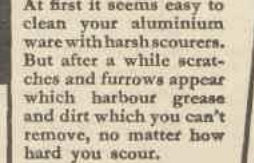
This woman cleaned here with a harsh scourer



MONTHS LATER



At first it seems easy to clean your aluminium ware with harsh scourers. But after a while scratches and furrows appear which harbour grease and dirt which you can't remove, no matter how hard you scour.



Remember, it isn't cooking but harsh cleaning that makes your saucepans look old. Keep yours bright, hygienic—make them last with Vim's protective, smooth-cleaning.

2.64.33 A LEVER PRODUCT

VIM

REMOVES THE DIRT...

BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

... and this woman used VIM



MONTHS LATER



Vim's fine soap-coated particles clean smoothly—aluminium ware retains its new polished look, is easy to clean even after many months of hard use.



Vim's fine soap-coated particles clean smoothly—aluminium ware retains its new polished look, is easy to clean even after many months of hard use.

VIM

REMOVES THE DIRT...

BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

VIM

REMOVES THE DIRT...

BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY

24: 11.45 a.m., "London Calling." 3.45 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY

25: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight." 2.45 p.m., "Afternoon Tea Selections."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26:

11.45 a.m., "So They Say." 2.45 p.m., "Afternoon Cocktail."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY

27: 6.15 p.m., "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m., Cole Porter presentation.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28:

6.10 p.m., "Cavalcade of Variety."

MONDAY, MARCH 1: 11.45

a.m., "Things that Happen." 2.45 p.m., "Review of The Australian Women's Weekly."

TUESDAY, MARCH 2: 11.45

a.m., "Overseas News." 2.45 p.m., "Swingtime."

the habit of making up little plays in which the two of them figured as hero and heroine.

Since those days they have never met or corresponded. But a couple of months ago, looking through some old papers, Finch discovered the name and address of his one-time playmate. He wrote to her and discovered that she had joined the stage, and is to-day, as Cigarette de Montreal, one of the promising young actresses of the Parisian theatre.

In the few years Finch has been in Australia he has seen most of this country than most of us. There is hardly an outback town which he has not visited as a member of a touring company which travelled the length and breadth of Australia, presenting six-night stands in a huge bell tent.

Now Finch has settled down to the ordered, but none the less strenuous, routine of a radio actor,

2GB

presents

"Something Different"

Singers, instrumentalists, choirs, and orchestras, whom you cannot hear on ordinary records, are to be heard in this novel session which is truly something different.

Each Thursday night at 9.45.

"Hawaiian Fantasies"

Calm but menacing, the Goddess Pele, of the great volcano, looms over Hawaii, and here in this session you hear the legends and the melodies the Hawaiians have told and sung in her honour.

Each Sunday night at 8.15.

"Waltz Memories"

Tunes that our parents danced to, graceful and melodious, with the grace and melody of an older day, are re-created in this charming session of memories.

Each Thursday night at 7.15.

"Nothing But the Best"

A session of novelty music brought to you from the World Broadcasting Wide Range Library with amazing realism.

Each Sunday night at 9.15.

2GB

The Favourite Station

AUSTRALIAN Pictures

Come of AGE!

"It's Not Done" Creates A New Standard

By Stewart Howard

Australian pictures have come of age. With "It's Not Done," Cinesound's latest production, the industry has attained its majority.

While some of the rawness of adolescence still remains, it will gain in quality and mellowness as time goes on. But in abandoning Australianised "westerns," in producing a picture compounded of something more than sheep, bush-scenes and fist-fights, Cinesound (and, consequently, the industry in general) has stepped out of infancy into adulthood.

QUITE apart from the success of this one picture, the advance made in story value, settings, acting, dialogue and direction will have a very big effect on future locally-made films. These will be judged henceforth from a new standpoint—that of their worth as pictures, not as Australian pictures. Allowances are made for a child; they are cancelled when the child grows up.

Quite apart from the surface qualities of "It's Not Done," a great deal of creditable work, which will not be apparent to the average film fan, went into the making of the job.

Much of the action, well over half of it, in fact, takes place in England, and more specifically in one of England's far-famed stately homes. This meant that the settings for this section of the story had either to be at least reasonably good—or laughable.

Well, they are more than reasonably good. Less rich than American settings of the same type would be, they may even be said to gain by this very difference; the American vision of the interior of an English nobleman's castle is sometimes so rich as to be mentally indigestible.

Question of Accent

ANOTHER possibility that had to be faced by the producers was the question of accent. With sundry characters, English to the bone, in the story, the inevitable query arose: Are we, in getting away from the Australian accent, going to get a burlesque blend of Oxford and Cockney?

The picture itself answers that. The characters speak naturally. There is no question, with the players cast in English roles, either of the much-publicised Australian "twang" on the one hand, or the plum-in-the-mouth diction or Cockney whine, both of which pass as English, on the other.

Strangely enough, the only accent which is a little trying is that of Shirley Ann Richards, the ingenue. This promising young actress goes to extreme lengths to achieve a remote accent, to such an extent, indeed, that it has all the incongruity of a pulpit voice at a Gangsters' Convention.

Smooth Dialogue

IN dialogue, "It's Not Done" shows a notable improvement. The lines furnished the players are smooth in character, and, above all, colloquial. This may seem to be nothing extraordinary. Intrinsicly it isn't, but after listening to the amateurish dialogue of some of 1936's Australian productions, one heaves a sigh of relief to hear even ordinary, competent work in this department.

Another decided advance is in the acting. It is uniformly good; one could not single out even a minor player to accuse of incompetence.

Here, again, this film creates a precedent. A review of last year's local films does not reveal one in which some actor or actress has not fallen down. Without rising to heights of histrionic brilliance, this

being praised. The story is his, written to build up the central character, played by himself, and played admirably. He is funny, very funny, when comedy is called for; his "straight" scenes are handled quietly, without over-dramatisation, but always effectively. His appearance in a role of this nature will be welcomed by the thousands of admirers who, for years, have enjoyed his stage work.

"It's Not Done" reflects credit on all those associated with it. It breaks new ground in local production, it proves that bush themes are not the only ones that can be handled here, and it demonstrates, above all, that in demanding a reasonably good story, competent acting, and realistic dialogue, Australian audiences are not demanding the impossible.

cast is workmanlike and capable; at ease before the camera.

No discussion of this picture would be complete without Cecil Kellaway

Stories FROM LIFE

"ONLY A YEAR or so after we were married, I noticed that Frank's love was growing colder. I used to sit and wonder why I was ceasing to attract him.

Then, one evening, I received a 'phone call to say that he'd be working late. I decided to go to the pictures and, during the interval, I saw them . . . my husband and her!

They didn't see me; and, sick at heart I went straight home and cried until I felt I could cry no more. I thought I'd really lost my husband's love . . .

Then a lucky chance showed me the reason for my unhappiness. As I looked into the mirror after my tears were over, and saw my face, swollen and tear stained, I realized in a flash that my husband's companion had possessed a really lovely complexion . . .

And as I realised too, that mine had been neglected, I remembered that my favourite film star urged women to use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions free from Cosmetic Skin—the small blemishes and enlarged pores that so soon spoil good looks.

Next day (saying nothing to Frank) I started the Lux Toilet Soap Beauty Treatment. I knew as soon as its creamy lather touched my skin, that soon I should gain an even lovelier complexion than the one I had so carelessly mistreated.

And a few weeks later I received definite proof that

.. during the Interval
I saw them . . . my
husband and her!

BINNIE BARNES

SAYS: "I avoid cosmetic skin this easy, safe way — by removing every trace of make-up with pure, mild Lux Toilet Soap. This soap keeps the skin smooth and flawless."



I was attractive again to my husband. He no longer made excuses to stay out, but constantly paid me the little compliments which

mean so much to married happiness. Now I keep that happiness by giving my complexion the regular care of Lux Toilet Soap. My skin is soft . . . radiantly clear . . . and satin smooth always. "You have the loveliest complexion in the world" is Frank's most frequent compliment.

Now I keep that



The Beauty Treatment of the Stars

LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

Discomfort after Meals

After-meal pains, wind, heartburn, a feeling of fullness and discomfort are swiftly and agreeably relieved by a dose or two of DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA, famous for over a century as the safe and reliable antacid and digestive.

If you take DINNEFORD'S freely, your appetite will improve, your digestion will be strengthened and you will be able to eat what you please without fear of penalty. But be sure you get genuine DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA, made only by DINNEFORD & Co., Ltd., London, England. Of all chemists and stores.



DINNEFORD'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA



CULTIVATE BEAUTY

Rather than APPLY it

For Smart,
Effective
MAKE-
UP
Always use
**Kathleen
Court's
AIDS TO
CHARM**
Obtainable
Everywhere!

SAYS...
**Kathleen
Court..**

Many beauty preparations are just masks—useful, maybe, but open to objection. In every one of my Beauty Aids—in make-up no less than in the Treatment Preparations, I have sought to bring to the skin the art of Cultivation. I would rather see skin-faults removed than concealed.

Now is the time of the year to make the most of your natural charms—do this, and you will never regret it. . . .

CLEANSE YOUR SKIN with my "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream and "Paris" Facial Treatment Soap.

NOURISH YOUR SKIN with my Night Cream.

STIMULATE YOUR SKIN with my Astir-gest Skin Tonic.

MAKE-UP YOUR SKIN with "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, "Facial Youth" or "Velvet Skin" Face Powder, "Rose Petal" Rouge and Lipsticks. Shape your eyebrows with my Eyebrow Pencil. All preparations here mentioned are obtainable from any Chemist or Store.

kathleen court
BEAUTY CULTURIST

DEFERRED Love

Continued from Page 18

SHE snatched up her handbag and hurried out. Marigold sipped her tea thoughtfully, her eyes full of pity. So that was it! That was Becky's unhappy, bitter little love story. No wonder she was a bit cynical and sceptical about love at first sight now, and no wonder she couldn't raise much enthusiasm over Marigold's romance.

But—because a thing like that had happened to one girl, need it happen to another? Because Becky's young man had been a rotter, that was no reason why Martin should be one. . . . He wasn't. He was clean and frank and fine, every word in his letters revealed that.

But—why had he never described to her the bungalow that was to be her home—never told her about the things in it? And how did he manage to keep so cheerful and happy all through endless months of solitude and being cut off from everything civilised?

Even all through the rains when he said a solid wall of falling water enclosed his bungalow and there wasn't another white man within a hundred miles, he still wrote gaily.

What was it that kept his spirits up like that? Could it be—company? Wasn't he as alone as he said in that little bungalow of his in the jungle?

Feverishly Marigold pushed the tawny gold curls back from her forehead and tried to shut her mind to these ugly, frightening thoughts. It was only that conversation with Becky that had started them. There was no earthly reason to suppose that Martin—dear, blue-eyed, brown-faced Martin—could be like that. . . .

And yet Becky, for all her surface sarcasm and sharpness, was frightfully fond of her. She wouldn't hint at things like that if she didn't genuinely mean them. And Becky knew men so much better. . . .

Several days slid by without either of the girls discussing the affair except casually, and then

there arrived Martin's second cable.

"Arriving Victoria three-ten eleventh am I thrilled how soon can you collect trousseau honeymoon cruise to Madeira suit you love Martin."

Marigold read the cable slowly, a soft flush creeping into her cheeks. Really this Martin of hers was an impetuous young man—he got engaged after a day and a half's acquaintance and wanted to get married in another day and a half—after an interval of four years! Hadn't he got any doubts at all about her and the way she might have changed?

SUDDENLY she felt Becky's searching eyes fixed on her and she said hurriedly:

"It's Martin. He's arriving on the eleventh. I'm glad it's a—a Saturday."

"So that you'll at least have Sunday to get to know him in, I suppose," Becky said slowly. "Doesn't he want to rush you off and marry you before you've had time to think? Marigold—her voice was urgent and pleading, "be careful, my dear! I know this type, all romantic froth and fervor and then—nothing. I—'d hate to see you go through what I did, being fond of you—in a silly, old hen way. Heavens! I'm late—"

She darted off, leaving Marigold alone with her cable. All her excitement and joy had evaporated. Becky's words had struck at them, killing them stone dead with their urgency—and truth.

Martin was romantic and fervent and alas—witness his wooing of her. And now he expected her to be equally ready to fly off and marry him five minutes after his arrival.

Didn't he realise that she'd be scared of him and desperately shy and awkward; that she would almost need to be wooed all over again?

Marigold's slim fingers crumpled up the flimsy paper unconsciously into a hard ball. Becky was right—she must be careful.

Becky lunched that day with



THIS UNUSUAL GOWN, favored by Helen Wood, is of black soufflé with edgings of silver tissue. The long, sheer sleeves are quite new; so are the moulded hip lines with circular fullness beneath.

another friend, a woman with softly greying hair and gentle eyes who listened to Becky in silence.

"I can't bear to see her do it," Becky was saying passionately. "Men are such—such pigs. She may ruin her whole life and break her silly little heart. And—I'm as fond of her as though she were my kid sister. How can I stop her doing this crazy thing, Stella?"

Please turn to Page 39

Here's a "B.O." Experience that actually happened!

Read this true story of a girl who nearly missed happiness...

I HAVE A FRIEND, A CHARMING GIRL (MRS. S. S. LETTER BEGAN.) BUT SHE HAD ONE BAD FAULT... SHE HAD BEEN ENGAGED A LONG TIME. BUT THE WEDDING DATE WAS NEVER SET



ONE DAY WHEN VISITING ME SHE WASHED HER HANDS WITH LIFEBOUY. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SOAP!" SHE EXCLAIMED. "IT MAKES MY HANDS FEEL SO CLEAN"



"IT'S LIFEBOUY," I SAID. "WE USE IT FOR EVERYTHING—HANDS, FACE, BATH. YOU NEVER NEED HAVE ANY 'B.O.' WORRIES WHEN YOU BATHE WITH LIFEBOUY"



SHE GAVE ME A STRANGE LOOK. "PERHAPS I SHOULD GET SOME, TOO," SHE SAID. AND SHE DID



AND I KNOW THAT SHE FOUND THE RICH CREAMY LATHER OF LIFEBOUY EVEN MORE DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING IN HER BATH.



NEEDLESS TO SAY, LIFEBOUY SPEEDILY ENDED "B.O."... AND LAST WEEK CAME AN INVITATION TO HER WEDDING



I'M SO GLAD I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND CHANGED TO LIFEBOUY. MY SKIN IS MUCH CLEARER NOW



NO WONDER! LIFEBOUY'S MILD RICH LATHER BEAUTIFIES AS WELL AS CLEANSSES.

Lifebouy is not only gentle; it's deep-cleaning, too—washes away those pore-clogging impurities that so soon lead to ugly skin blemishes. The regular use of Lifebouy will give your complexion a new radiance.

Don't take risks

Don't be one of those people who offend unknowingly! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebouy. Its rich creamy lather—containing the famous health elements—purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odour). Its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Millions say . . . "It agrees with my skin"

MEN—USE LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM. IT'S MILD, SOOTHING LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE TO GIVE CLOSE LONG-LASTING SHAVES!



120-150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE!

DEFERRED Love

Continued from Page 38

"HAVE you the right to do that, Becky?" her friend said slowly. "I know it's because you're so fond of her—but these young things must live their own lives. Besides—I know your man was all wrong, my dear, but must all men be? This man may be different."

"I don't believe it," Becky cried angrily. "Look at the way he behaves—and treats her! Without any gentleness or consideration. I'm going to do what I can, Stella, to stop it."

That evening Becky was oddly silent and pale, her eyes smudged with shadow. Marigold, watching her covertly, felt guiltily that she was responsible. She was leaving Becky in the lurch—for Martin. That was a rather beastly thing to do to such a dear friend as Becky.

And all this talk of weddings and homecomings must hurt. The whole thing must be reminding her horribly of the time when she had sat waiting for a young man to arrive home to marry her.

"Why must I keep on thinking about that?" Marigold thought desperately and broke the silence abruptly.

"Becky," she said nervously, "you know I—you're more my friend than anybody else in the world. I've got nobody to talk things over with but you. Please tell me what you think honestly about this—this engagement of mine, and Martin. What ought I to do?"

"YOU want me to tell you what I really think about it?" Becky said with a piercing look. "Well, I think you or any girl would be absolutely mad to let herself be rushed into a marriage like this—to a man who's an absolute stranger. It doesn't matter whether you're in love with him or not, he's still a stranger. If he likes to wait and give you time to get to know him, Marigold, well and good, but if he won't—if he wants to go rushing on to a wedding—then you're running a most awful risk."

"I think I am," agreed Marigold, and her face was a little white. "Becky, you're right. I've been rather a fool. I ought to have written to him and explained that I'd need a little time to—to get used to him again. There's so little time now! But I'll have to make him understand. After all, he's got six months leave and we could be married just before he goes back."

"If I were you," Becky said slowly, "I wouldn't meet him the day he arrives. It's a work-end and you can go away. Catch the early train down to Aunt Josie's cottage and leave a note for him here. He'll come straight here when he finds you haven't met him and I can give it to him and make him see reason if he's inclined to be worked up."

"Would you really, Becky?" Marigold's eyes looked brighter. "Perhaps he'd listen to you better than to me."

"You bet he will," Becky said. "I'm a woman of the world, my dear, and I know how to talk to young men like that. I'll make him see your point of view all right. Then you can meet calmly and sensibly—that's to say if he doesn't rush off in a fury. He may, you know. Are you willing to risk that?"

Marigold shut her eyes for a moment. Martin might be terribly angry and never forgive her. He might walk out of the flat and never come back, never try to see her again. She might lose him forever. . . . But it had to be like this. She couldn't stifle the fears and doubts Becky had put into her mind about him.

"Yes, Becky," she said faintly. "I'd be terribly grateful if you'd help me that way. I—I'll do that if you think it best."

The eleventh of July was a blazing hot day. Marigold passed the morning in a nerve-racked fever of restlessness. Every second was bringing Martin nearer to her and making her more afraid of him.

Her train down to Sussex left Victoria an hour before Martin's was due in.

OF course she was far too early at the station, her train wasn't due for twenty-six minutes. So she parked her heavy suitcase and went wandering aimlessly round the bookstall.

Why had she arrived early like

this? Waiting to run away was a nerve-racking business that was making her feel sick. Why had there been that funny sort of gleam in Becky's eyes when she waved good-bye to her in the taxi? Almost like a gleam of triumph, as though she had accomplished something important . . .

Would she talk to Martin nicely? After all he hadn't done anything awful yet . . . like her young man.

"Marigold! Marigold, darling!" A hand suddenly grabbed her from behind. Someone was wringing her hands and kissing her. "How clever of you to find out that we were getting in earlier! I couldn't wire you. Marigold, sweet, how are you?"

It was Martin—Martin, crown-

er, his hat cocked gaily over his blue eyes, his face pressed against hers, his hands enfolding hers as though he could never let her go again.

"I can't believe it," he was saying. "Four years—and you're exactly the same! Heavens, I've been scared of this, Marigold! Imagining you grown all sleek and sophisticated—and miles away. But you're not—you're just exactly the same girl that I fell in love with. Let's get a taxi!"

They were in the taxi, with his battered luggage piled up round them—and he was still clinging to her hand. He had thrown off his hat and his thick fair hair was all untidy and his eyes bluer than ever. He hadn't changed either.

except perhaps he was a little finer drawn and nicer . . .

"Marigold, sweet," he was saying gently, "I don't quite know how you feel about all this, but of course—it must be a bit queer. I mean—I must seem almost a stranger to you really. Of course I realise that my cable to you was rather silly and unreasonable—and selfish. You'll want time to get to know me—sum me up, feel sure about me." He looked at her shyly. "I'm absolutely sure—about you, Marigold, you know that, don't you? But if you want to think things over—of course you shall."

MARIGOLD, sitting and watching his face, felt the strangest sensation creep over her, as though a fire had been lit

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

in her heart that was warming her all over with the most delicious, comforting glow.

In that revealing moment she knew that Becky had been wrong—all men weren't alike. Poor Becky's man had let her down badly—but Martin hadn't let her down—and never would. She would be safe with him always—gloriously safe—and Becky would understand, too, when she saw him.

"No, Martin," Marigold said with a softly drawn little breath. "It's sweet of you—but I don't want a second. I want the wedding to be just as soon as it possibly can be."

(Copyright.)

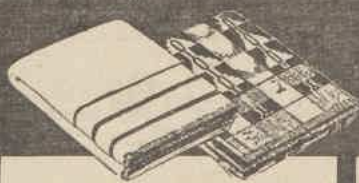
"YOUR HANDS ARE AS LOVELY AS WHEN WE WERE MARRIED"

"YOUR LINEN IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN"

She cares for hands and linen by using **SIREN SOAP**

Siren gives you piles of rich suds that remove dirt easily and leave your linen beautifully white. Clothes give far more wear because they're not rubbed to death when you wash with Siren. Only pure fine oils are used in Siren so that no matter how much washing you have to do, your hands will stay white and smooth. You get more lather from a bar of Siren and that makes it better value for your money.

FREE GIFTS FOR SIREN SOAP USERS!



BATH TOWELS

White or Coloured

46 x 23 inches, either genuine white Admiralty or splendid quality in gay colours. SAVE 48 Blue Crosses (from 12 large bars of Siren Soap) or 36 Brown Crosses (from 36 twin-tablets).



GLASSCLOTHS

Pure Irish Linen

23 x 32 inches, long wearing and absorbent. SAVE 24 Blue Crosses (from 6 large bars of Siren Soap) or 18 Brown Crosses (from 18 twin-tablets).

SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Take your crosses to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses, addressed to: Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., Sydney. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT USE PRINTED FORM.

Name _____ (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

Enclosed _____ Crosses

Put a cross against the gift you require.

☐ White Bath Towel
☐ Coloured Bath Towel
☐ Glasscloth

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4616218>

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMEMAKER

February 27, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

41

Building Your Own Home

By OUR HOME
DECORATOR

Some hints
that will help...
when you plan
your little dream
house

IT has existed in
your mind's eye
for years — your
ideal home — adorable in
appearance — providing
ease and comfort in mode
of living, a minimum of
household work, care of
children, and facilities for
entertaining.

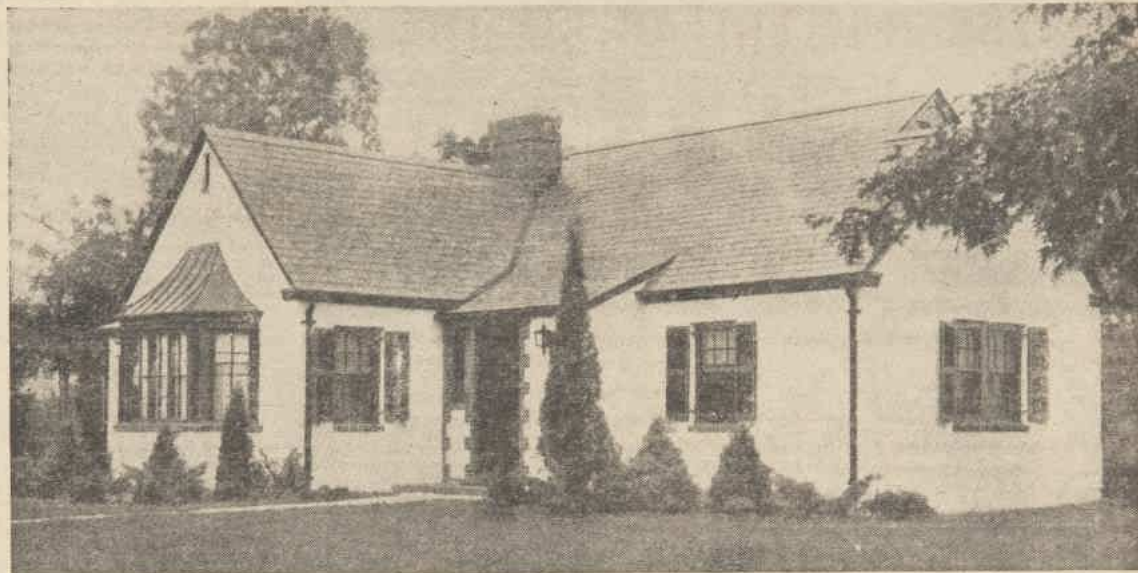
YOU begin the game of
home-building by making
rough sketch designs of your
various ideas.

You make a list of all the
things that have been wrong
with the houses you have pre-
viously lived in and all the
improved features you hope to
include in your new home.

And when you go along to the
architect or builder you find that
your idea of a home will cost twice
as much as you are prepared to pay,
and that you've overlooked ever so
many important points.

Right Outlook

IN your anxiety to obtain the
right outlook for the living-room
and front of the house you've spread
the plumbing in such a way as to
make its cost out of all reason, the
kitchen is placed so that it gets
the full heat of the midday sun, the



bathroom fixtures are arranged so
that whoever occupies the bed on
the other side of the dividing wall
hears all the resounding noises of
the cisterns and showers.

But these are problems which
can be sorted out by your archi-
tect.

What you have to keep in mind
is, first, the needs of yourself and
family.

You might, for instance, consist
of a grown-up family who enter-
tain a good deal — you play bridge
perhaps three and four nights a
week. In that case you'll be spend-
ing a great deal of time at the
bridge-table — much more than at
the dining-table. Instead, therefore,
of having a whole room allocated

to eating only, why not include a
card-alcove as well, with per-
manently-arranged lights, table,
and chairs? Not only will it prove
more comfortable, but think of the
trouble saved in dragging out
bridge tables and cards every other
night and putting them away
again.

Subject to Cost

OF course, all requirements are
usually subject to cost, but if
you give your architect an idea of
the maximum you intend to allow
for your house, then he can plan
accordingly.

At the same time an idea where
savings may be effected may be of
some help to you.

Instead of economising by using
cheap materials and labor — which
are not economies in the long run
— you will find that a collaboration
of the following principles, where
possible, should save you money.

Have the house designed for the
maximum utilisation of materials
with a minimum of erection labor.

In other words, if the sizes of
the rooms are made to coincide with
the standard lengths of materials,
then a great amount of cutting on
the job is eliminated. Stock designs
for the windows, doors, and exterior
and interior trims also keep down
expense.

No Waste Space

HAVE no space in the house which
is not used for living or storing,
and no waste passage space.

Use a rectangular form of con-
struction throughout. The more odd
corners and shapes there are the
higher the cost will be.

Keep equipment down to essen-
tials.

As to materials, bricks are most
satisfactory as a rule, although
asbestos — cement and similar
materials are worth considering if
the cost is the major considera-
tion.

Bricks, when their color is attrac-
tive, require no further treatment,
except for the color and finish of
the joint, which is most important.

For instance, if rustic-toned
bricks are used their rich color will
be marred by using cold grey
cement joints. If such bricks are
set in a brownish mortar with a full
joint, scraped off flush without
pointing, it will look well and save
expense in re-pointing.

Alternatives to brick facing are
color wash and numerous forms of
plaster or stucco, which often look
very attractive. But make sure
that stucco is not used to cover in-
ferior materials and poor construc-
tion. Keep in mind, too, that color

HOME BUILDING can be one of the most fascinating games in the
world — especially when it's your own little dream home that is becom-
ing a reality. This attractive home is finished with cream stucco over
brick, and the woodwork, including the window-shutters, is green.

wash and stucco require "doing-up"
every now and then as the years
go by.

In arranging positions of the
various rooms see that as far as
possible you will have the maximum
of natural lighting and sun in all
rooms. Direct sunshine in every
room at some time of the day is
ideal, but not always possible. But
avoid rooms with a southern ex-
posure only.

See that covered verandahs and
porches are not placed or project

so as to greatly reduce the natural
lighting of a room.

Access to the bathroom is pre-
ferable from the hallway.

Cross ventilation in all rooms is
desirable, either by windows on
opposite or adjoining sides, or by
doors that permit through ventila-
tion.

Reduce woodwork to a minimum
and omit picture mouldings, which
are unnecessary and only act as
dust traps; but have sufficient
built-in cupboards to cope with your
requirements. — J.K.

PRINCESSES with IDEAS ... On Interior Decoration

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special
Representative in London.

Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Mar-
garet Rose are girls with ideas.

When, after their recent visit to arrange about
alterations to Buckingham Palace, their Majesties told
their daughters what decorations and furniture had
been chosen for the nursery suite on the second floor,
there was a storm of protest.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH
agreed that she would love
primrose-colored walls and
curtains of primrose chintz
printed with tiny pale pink
moss roses for the five rooms
next to her mother's apart-
ments, but she immediately
vetoed the colored nursery
furniture.

She wants Victorian furniture,
small, as it was made for children
of that day, but of brightly
polished dark brown wood that will
contrast well with the pale walls.

Both children have asked for
dark oak chests in which to keep
their treasured possessions in pre-
ference to modern cupboards, and
they also want bookcases that can
be added to as their libraries in-
crease, all with glass doors, of
course.

Princess Elizabeth has asked to
have one corner of her own sitting-
room turned into a miniature kit-
chen with tiled walls and electric
cooker, so that she can really learn
the culinary arts. She wants it

complete with fry-pans, aluminum
saucepans, a mincing machine, a
patent juice extractor, and an elec-
tric iron.

For the present the two little
girls are to share the same night
nursery. They will probably have
coverlets and elderdowns to match
their curtains, and primrose and
leaf-green rugs on the polished
floor.

Day Nursery

IN the day nursery they will have
an old-fashioned coal fire, but in
Princess Elizabeth's own sitting-
room she is to have an electric
radiator as well as a special read-
ing-lamp for her desk.

They have also asked for fitted
work-boxes to match their furni-
ture, as both are fond of em-
broidery and knitting, and their in-
frequent quarrels usually arise be-
cause one has been trying to do the
other's sewing or knitting.

Princess Elizabeth sometimes
complains that "Margaret Rose
makes such a mess."

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shabby
Furniture
new
again
with**

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* In Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle brings out the warm color natural to you—ends that "powdery" look.

* Your cheeks must be natural too. Tangee Rouge in Creme or Compact form contains the famous Color Change Principle.

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ALL CHEMISTS

RECIPES from Our READERS

Win Cash Prizes in Our Weekly Competition

If you have a good recipe—simple, unique, seasonal—then write it out and enter it in this fascinating best recipe competition.

You not only give yourself a chance of winning first prize of £1, but one of the consolation prizes of 2/6 each, which are awarded for every recipe published.

THIS week's selection is a particularly excellent one—you simply must add these piquant, savory dishes and melting puddings to your recipe collections.

OYSTER COQUETTES

Two dozen oysters (in shell), 2 dozen mushrooms, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups of milk, 2 cloves, cayenne pepper to taste, salt, 3 dessertspoons gelatine.

Take oysters out of shell, being careful not to waste any liquor. Wash and skin the mushrooms. Soak gelatine in cold water.

Add milk, cayenne, salt, and cloves to melted butter and bring to simmer. Add whole mushrooms, simmer till mushrooms are tender but still whole. Separate mushrooms from stock.

Heat oysters in their own liquor. Strain from liquor. Place oysters and mushrooms in pairs in a mould, which has been rinsed in cold water. Separate moulds may be used if favored.

Add oyster liquor to mushroom stock and simmer a couple of minutes. Stir well.

Pour over soaked gelatine. Stir till dissolved, then pour over oysters and mushrooms in mould. Allow to set. Turn out and serve with potato salad. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Nierse, Plenty P.O., Vic.

BAKED RASPBERRY JAM PUDDING

One pint of fresh milk, 1 tablespoon of butter, 3 tablespoons of self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons of sugar, 3 heaped teaspoons of raspberry jam.

Put milk in a saucepan and bring to boil. Add butter and allow to melt. Then stir in the flour blended with a little cold milk. Allow to cook two or three minutes. Remove from the fire and stir in the beaten yolks, sugar and raspberry jam.

Put mixture on to a piedish, and stand in a dish of water and bake in a moderate oven till slightly brown. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and 3 tablespoons of sugar. Spread this on top of

SQUEAKY SHOES: Castor oil can be used as a cure for squeaky shoes. Stand the shoes in a tin tray and allow the oil to reach the junction of the sole and the upper. Leave for at least 2 to 4 hours.

PEELING ORANGES: A useful thing to know when making fruit salad is that if oranges are first soaked in boiling water for five minutes, the white pithy part will peel off easily, leaving the orange quite clean for slicing.

TO CLEAN TRAYS: There is nothing to beat dry flour for cleaning those Japanese lacquer trays and cabinets. Afterwards give a final polish with furniture cream.

MINT SAUCE: Next time you are making mint sauce, sprinkle vinegar over the board when you are chopping the mint to prevent the leaves from turning brown.

PREVENTING RUST: Next time you invest in some new tin-ware for your kitchen subject it to this treatment, and it will not rust at all.

Rub the tins over with lard and then bake them in the oven till the surplus grease has been absorbed.

pudding and bake till a little brown in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Bonthron, Mount Jordon, Warwick, Qld.

APPLE AND BLACKBERRY CHEESE

Five pounds tart apples, 5lb. blackberries, sugar, a little water.

Peel and core apples, place in pan with enough water to keep from burning. Stew gently till soft. Add blackberries, stir a few moments, then boil for 5 minutes. Pass through a fine sieve, a little at a time. Weigh sieved fruit, place in a preserving pan, add 1lb. of sugar to each pound of sieved fruit. Boil quickly for half an hour, or till it jellies. Skim and pot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Nierse, Plenty P.O., Vic.

SPICE PICKLES

Gather the pods of radishes when the seeds are fully grown, yet soft. Place in glass bottles. Boil 1 bottle of vinegar with a blade of mace, 1oz. of bruised root ginger, and 1oz. of pepper. Let it get cold, then pour over the pods and leave for a day or two. As the vinegar becomes absorbed and shrinks in the bottles, add more cold spiced vinegar. Cork the bottles and cover with parchment paper, and store in cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Garaty, care Gladstone P.O., Macleay River, N.S.W.

WATER-LILY SALAD

Boil 3 eggs hard, remove shells, and soak in water in which beetroot has been boiled, turning till the whites are pinkish. Cut in halves, remove yolks, and serrate the edges of the whites. On a flat dish place each half on a lettuce leaf, and fill with the seasoned yolks; intersperse

on a hot dish, with the apple rings round. Serve with good gravy.

2/6 to Mrs. B. Shepard, 9 Duke Street, Nth. Kensington, N.S.W.

MUSHROOM OMELET

Mushroom Filling: Quarter pound mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 small cup milk, salt and pepper.

Peel mushrooms and fry gently in butter for about 5 minutes until juices begin to flow. Add milk and seasoning and cook gently until thick and creamy (a little thickening may be necessary). Stand in warm place for a few minutes.

Omelet: Two eggs, 1 tablespoon milk or cream, little salt.

Beat whites and yolks of eggs thoroughly, separately. Put them together and add milk or cream and salt. Pour into hot pan which should contain 1 teaspoon of melted butter, and allow omelet to set and gently brown on sides and bottom. Set upper side by holding pan under a griller. Turn out on to a hot plate, pour prepared mushroom mixture on to one half and fold over the other half.

2/6 to Mrs. M. J. Peasey, Warranwood, No. 1 Numburra Crescent, Northbridge, N.S.W.

VEGETABLE PANCAKES

Take any left-over cold vegetables such as peas, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and pumpkin, and slice finely. Beat 3 eggs for 5 minutes, add 1 cup of milk, mix 1/4 cup of flour with 1/4 cup of baking powder into eggs and milk; lastly, add cold vegetables, fry in tablespoonful in pan greased with butter. When a golden brown take out and drain on greaseproof paper. Serve with cold meat and tomato sauce.

2/6 to D. Brydon, Tons Downs, Mullaly Rd., Gunnedah, N.S.W.

ITALIA BREAKFAST PUFFS

Two cups full of mashed potato (any left over from the day before will do), 3 beaten egg-yolks.

Mix well and turn on to floured pastry board. Cut into some shape and fry in very hot fat. When nicely browned on both sides, take out and drain on kitchen paper. Serve with hot, thickened vegetable stock and tomato sauce.

2/6 to Mrs. B. Featherstone, 28 Princes Edward Avenue, McKinnon, Vic.

GRILLED FISH CHOPS AND APPLE RINGS

For each person allow one pork chop and one large apple. Heat the grill and place chops under, and while they are grilling prepare apples. Core and peel them, and cut through in thick slices. Fry these until a golden brown, using some of the fat from grill pan. Arrange chops



walnuts and beetroot and serve with mayonnaise.

NORWEGIAN SALAD

Cut two large sweet apples into dice and sprinkle over 1 teaspoon curry powder, sugar, and salt to taste. Pour over sufficient vinegar to moisten without being sloppy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Ryan, Hillside, Ballingry, W.A.

BAKED TOMATOES AND SWEET CORN

Four tomatoes, 4 squares of toast, 1 tin of sweet corn, 1lb. sausage meat, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 gill milk, salt and pepper.

Scoop some of the centres out of tomatoes and fill with sausage meat. Put tomatoes and corn in a baking tin, cover them with greased paper, and bake for 20 minutes.

Stand each tomato on a piece of toast. Mix flour and milk smoothly, and add it to the corn, with butter. Stir till it boils, and boil for three minutes. Season to taste and pour round the tomatoes.

Sufficient for four persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Weeks, 126 Swaine Avenue, Toorak, S.A.

PARSNIP GINGER

One pound parsnips, 1 medium lemon, 1oz. whole ginger, 2lb. sugar, 2 pints water.

Cut parsnips in small dice (after washing and scraping), squeeze juice of lemon and grate off rind, bruise and tie ginger in muslin. Put all into pan with water and simmer 1 hour. Add little hot water if it gets too dry. Add sugar and boil till it sets.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Cope, 3 Madden St., Devonport, Tas.

This Week BREAKFAST DISHES

Breakfast—that vitally important meal which must be nourishing and sustaining to provide energy to face the day's work—will be relished much more by your family if you manage to put variety into it.

WHY not break away from the eternal bacon and eggs, sausages, and grilled tomatoes? Delicious though they are, they will not bear too frequent repetition. Serve instead these tempting dishes sent by other readers.

This section is devoted each week to a special cookery subject which is chosen by our cookery expert from recipes sent in by readers.

Why not send in your favorite recipes?

Prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for all recipes published.

MOCK CRAB

Put 1oz. butter in a frying pan, and when it boils add a small onion sliced; fry till pale brown. Have ready 2 tomatoes sliced, add them to the onion, and fry till the skins shrivel. Break into a basin 4 fresh eggs, and add them separately to tomatoes. As each begins to poach stir briskly with a fork till the whole presents the appearance of dressed crab. Add cayenne, pepper and salt to taste.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Inglis, 7 Brown Street, Subiaco, W.A.

COLD FISH AU GRATIN

Half a pound of any cold fish, flaked and free of bones, mashed potatoes, 1/2 pint white sauce, 1/2lb. string cheese, grated, salt of butter, seasoning.

Make a crust all round a deeproot dish of mashed potatoes, season fish, place in centre of dish and cover with sauce. Sprinkle over the cheese, dot with butter and place in oven till lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Lynch, Baramah St., Rockhampton, Qld.

GRILLED FISH CHOPS AND APPLE RINGS

For each person allow one pork chop and one large apple. Heat the grill and place chops under, and while they are grilling prepare apples. Core and peel them, and cut through in thick slices. Fry these until a golden brown, using some of the fat from grill pan. Arrange chops

Do trembling hands betray



Weak KIDNEYS?

Steady hands mean steady nerves—and unsteady nerves, so often caused by disorder in kidneys or liver, may brew endless unhappiness unless a stop is put to the poisons that disordered kidneys feed to the nerve fibres.

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Add Zest to the ... SCHOOL Lunch BOX

Pack with tempting food, daintily prepared and wrapped. Make it nourishing, too ...

By RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Once again the children have settled down to another school year of lessons, and again for another year their midday meal must come out of a lunch-box. So let's see what we can do to give the kiddies a treat when they open their lunches with tempting, nourishing food in plenty of variety.

LUNCH-BOXES, not only for children, but for young business people, can do with a great deal of improving. Nothing is more unappealing on a hot day, for instance, than some dry sandwiches, carelessly packed.

And even the most careful of mothers often give the children large quantities of bread to "fill up" on without considering the balance of food essential for the health of the growing child.

Lunch-boxes can be most appealing and nourishing. Even though sandwiches may form the greater part, the fillings may be thick and the bread kept thin.

Brown bread, of course, should be used for sandwiches, and variety may be introduced with raisin, malt and other nourishing breads. Be as lavish with the butter as you can possibly afford, and spread

IF POSSIBLE, include a thermos flask of beef tea, cocoa, or warm milk in the lunch-box. This is splendid for the children, especially during the winter months. Wrap the sandwiches attractively, too, using plenty of wax paper, which keeps the bread fresh and can be thrown away after using.

CUTTING sandwiches into fancy shapes—half-moons, diamonds, triangles and others—and using a variety of fillings add interest to the school lunch-box.



it evenly, not forgetting the crusts, otherwise these will be discarded.

Aim for variety in the fillings and cut the sandwiches into small neat squares (a tin loaf slice cuts into four nicely) rather than clumsy half-slice-size sandwiches.

Children also like something sweet, so instead of cakes and biscuits always, include bars of milk chocolate, varied with dates, prunes, raisins and other dried fruits which contain valuable sugars, as well as nuts.

Fresh Fruit

Do not forget fresh fruit every day and, if possible, include a vacuum flask containing a warm drink, such as soup, milk or cocoa. Instead of cups and jars which children only find a nuisance and are liable to forget to bring home, use paper containers. Those with tight-fitting lids can also be used to hold salads or sweets.

And finally, pack the lunch-box attractively. Use plenty of wax paper (the fancy kind if you can get it), which will keep the food perfectly fresh and can be thrown away after using.

Here are some recipes which will help you to put variety into the lunch-box:

ABERDEEN SAUSAGE

One pound lean steak, 3lb. fat bacon, 1 small cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, tomato sauce.

Put the steak and bacon through a sausage machine, add the breadcrumbs and seasoning, mix well. Add the beaten egg. Turn into a long roll. Tie firmly in a floured cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil for 2 hours. Roll in brown breadcrumbs. Cut in thin slices when cold, and use as a filling for sandwiches.

SAUSAGE EGGS

Eggs, sausage meat, egg glazing, flour, pepper and salt, breadcrumbs, frying fat, sprigs of parsley.

Place the eggs in cold water, bring to the boil, then boil 10 minutes. Place in cold water. Remove the shells. Divide the sausage meat into equal parts, flatten out each portion and mould evenly round the egg, using a little flour. Dip in egg glazing, toss in the breadcrumbs, firm them on with a knife. Place them in frying basket; when the fat is boiling lower the basket into the fat, having sufficient to completely cover the article. Fry till a golden brown. Remove from fat. Drain on white paper. When

cold, wrap in greaseproof paper, pack in lunch-box with bread and butter.

PEANUT MACAROONS

White 1 egg, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped peanuts, vanilla.

Beat the white of egg stiffly, add the sugar gradually, then the chopped nuts and vanilla. Drop portions from a teaspoon 1 inch apart on a well-greased swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven till a pale brown and set. Leave on the tin till cold.

CHOCOLATE SCONES

Half-pound plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon

Lunch-Box Menus

(1) Egg and salad sandwiches.

Fruit, cocoa in vacuum flask, cake.

(2) Beef tea in vacuum flask, with 2 unsweetened biscuits.

Brown bread sandwiches.

Fruit, cake or biscuits.

salt, 1 gill water, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup sugar. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cocoa. Rub in butter, add sugar, and mix to a soft dough with milk and water. Turn onto floured board, knead slightly, roll out, and cut into rounds. Place on greased tin, glaze, and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

DATE BOMBS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, little water, stoned dates.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, and make into a dry dough with the beaten egg. Roll out, cut into squares, place a stoned date in each square, roll up, glaze, and dip in sugar and bake on a greased tin in a slow oven till a pale brown. Turn onto a cake cooler.

DATE LOAF

A pound and a quarter self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. stoned dates, 1 egg, 1 pint milk.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter. Add the sugar and finely-chopped dates. Beat the egg well, add the



ALWAYS ADD a sufficiency of fresh fruit to the schoolchildren's lunches. It not only provides a healthful, appetising finish to their lunch, but is the best thing they can eat for appeasing between-meal hunger at recess.

milk, then add to the dry ingredients, making into a soft dough. Two-thirds fill four well-greased cocoa tins. Place the greased lids on. Bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes. Turn onto a cake cooler. When cold, cut into thin slices, butter.

COCONUT BUNS

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 4oz. coconut, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers till like breadcrumbs, add the sugar and coconut. Make into a dough with the beaten egg and milk. Divide into 12 or 16 according to the size required. Knead into rounds, glaze, sprinkle with sugar. Place in a greased swiss roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Serve on a paper doyley.



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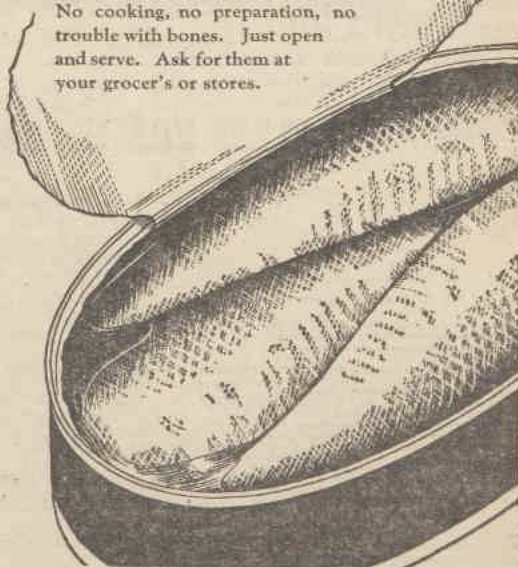
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COULD NOT SLEEP FOR NEURITIS

Thought She Was Crippled For Life

"Almost Unbelievable" Relief from Kruschen

This woman suffered so much from neuritis that she could not sleep at night. Other sufferers will be interested in this letter describing her experiences:—

"Some years ago I had most terrible neuritis in both arms. At night I turned from side to side without sleep. I tried outward applications and took tablets, without any good results. Then my right hand got so stiff I couldn't bend it. Next my left foot got so bad I couldn't get out of bed. So I had to have the doctor and give up work. I thought I was crippled for life. He told me quite casually to take a little salt every morning. I tried both Epsom and Glauber, but they did not suit me at all.

"Then I tried a small dose of Kruschen Salts regularly, and the remarkable difference it made in a few weeks was almost unbelievable. Needless to say I have continued it ever since. When I tell you that I am a domestic worker, and can run, jump, and skip with the children, and do all running up and down stairs with trays, etc., it will convince you



how energetic I am now."—(Miss) E.W.B.

Neuritis like rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica, is caused by deposits of needle-pointed flint-hard, uric acid crystals which pierce the nerves and cause those stabbing pains.

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Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/8 and 2/9 per bottle.

IT'S TIME To Plant BULBS

HERE is an incredible wealth of beauty packed into prosaic brown bulbs, and the fragrant witchery of their flowers can be captured with equal success in the garden or in quaint pottery bowls.

Says THE OLD GARDENER

BULBS thrive in practically any type of soil—medium, heavy, loamy or sandy—sometimes even pure sand will yield a satisfactory crop.

If the soil in your garden is heavy, and contains a great deal of clay, break it up thoroughly by good cul-



ABOVE: Golden daffodils, old-time favorites, make a glorious display when grown in mass formation as in this garden.

LEFT: Bulbs can be grown successfully in bowls for indoor decoration. Could anything be lovelier than these blue hyacinths growing in a soft pink bowl?

tivation and the addition of sand, old grass, leaves, straw, or any material that will add humus, and so make the soil more friable and allow the air to penetrate.

A very important factor of successful bulb culture is good drainage. Plenty of well-decayed manure worked into the soil is beneficial, but on no account use fresh manure, and never use farmyard manure or fertilizers which may contain ammonia.

Perhaps the best artificial fertilizer is bone dust—a double handful to the square yard raked lightly into the soil.

Size of Bulb

WHEN planting, the size of the bulb must, of course, be taken into consideration. For instance, a bulb approximately two inches in diameter should be planted about two inches deep, and other bulbs at similar depths according to their size.

There is a large and most attractive selection from which to choose your display.

Agapanthus can be planted at almost any time, and has attractive flowers of blue or white and quaint variegated foliage.

Alcousia is an unusual green scented lily, and can also be planted at any time.

Allium, a hardy spring and summer bulb, will thrive in any type of soil, with very little attention, and blooms well. Plant from February to May.

Amaryllis is very popular, and should be planted no later than March. Some of the best-known varieties are Belladonna, Belladonna Perfecta, Formosissima (Sprekella), and Sternbergia Lutea.

Astroemeria, better known as the Peruvian Lily, can be planted from February to June. Best known varieties are Aurea (yellow), Aurantica (brown, golden, and orange) and Chilensis (pink).

Babiana has a glorious range of colors and a delicate scent. Can be planted from February to May.

Brunsvigia makes a magnificent border, for it blooms freely, and

has a delightful scent. Plant from February to May.

Calla may be obtained in fourteen different varieties, including cream, yellow, gold, rose, white, violet and velvety black. Should be planted from April to September.

Clivia Nobilis can be planted from January to June, and will bring new life to shady spots. No garden should be without this charming flower.

Crocus bears its large, funnel-shaped flowers in striking clusters of rose-pink, pale pink, and white. It may be planted all the year round.

Crocus is an old English variety, and ideal for cold climates, where it will thrive in even the poorest soil. Should be planted February to May.

Cryptanthus flowers freely, and is sweetly perfumed. It is a dwarf variety and can be left undisturbed for several years. Obtainable in apricot, yellow and carmine red, and should be planted from February to May.

Popular bulbs which may be planted from February to May include daffodils, narcissus, jonquilla, freesia, hyacinths, bearded iris, Dutch iris, iris, Spanish iris, lily, muscar, lachenalia, scilla (wood hyacinth), snowflake, sparaxis, nerine, watsonia, and tulips.

Tuberose, one of the loveliest of the bulb group, may be planted from May to August.

If you require any of these charming varieties, write to me and I will advise you where good and reliable bulbs may be purchased.

Each year finds more recruits to the old English custom of planting bulbs in pots or bowls for indoor decoration.

Beautiful effects may be obtained if a little thought is given to the selection of the bowl. . . . Imagine a cluster of deep purple hyacinths in a creamy pottery bowl, or tall, sunny daffodils in a bowl of soft, mist green. The possibilities are unlimited. . . . and it is such a fascinating hobby.

If raised in bowls a drainage sys-

tem is impossible, so they must be grown in special fibre, which is obtainable from most seed merchants; but if you find difficulty in purchasing it, write to me and I will let you know where it may be obtained.

The fibre must be moist before the bulbs are planted in it. When planting, leave the top of the bulb just above the surface and firm the fibre around it. Water lightly, and then place the bowl in a dark room for a few weeks. When the tiny shoots appear, remove to a spot where there is plenty of light, and turn the bowl round every day. During the growing period keep the fibre moist, but not too wet.



Now I know why women use these creams

—my complexion flattens me as never before

How surprised and delighted you will be when you see how the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream improves your complexion. Just spread a thin film of this cream over your face. See how velvety it makes your skin. . . how completely it conceals any little blemishes you may have. . . see what a smooth finish it imparts to your powder and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream also protects your skin against sun, wind, rain and dust. Once you try it you will never again be satisfied with any other vanishing or foundation cream.



Daggett & Ramsdell

THE BODY By EVELYN BEAUTIFUL

... Beauty for the NECK and THROAT

A Seven-day Treatment that Restores the Soft, White Loveliness of Youth

AS important as the stem that supports the flower is beauty of the neck, for no matter how youthful-looking your face, if your neck is lined and discolored it will add years on to your appearance.

TIME makes its first attack on the neck—traces deep lines across the front, discolors it in the most unbecoming way, and gives it a crepey texture, especially on the sides.

But no matter how advanced these conditions may be, the youthful appearance of the neck can be restored by systematic treatment.

An application of a cucumber bleach every night for a week proves invaluable. This bleach should be put generously into the neck and throat, and the surplus allowed to remain on overnight.

To Make Bleach

YOU can make the bleach yourself at home. Obtain six large cucumbers, nearly ripe. Cut up and put in a double boiler. Barely cover with water and cook slowly until soft. Strain the juice through two

layers of cheese cloth and then add to the juice an equal amount of warm boiled water. Next add two drams of benzoin, two drams of glycerine, one dram of peroxide, and one half-teaspoonful of powdered borax. Put the lotion in a bottle and shake well before using.

In the morning, after you have cleansed your neck and bathed, pat into the throat and neck some pure warm olive oil. Pat vigorously until you think the skin has absorbed as much as it can. Allow the surplus to remain on from 10 to 15 minutes. (You could brush your hair, clean your teeth and do other jobs during this time); then wipe off the olive oil from your neck with a rough towel. If the cucumber bleach has done its work properly, you should find that some of the outer skin will be loosened and that tiny particles will come off on the towel.

So much the better—this is the first successful step in restoring neck beauty.

Finally, after the olive oil has been removed, pat into the neck a lotion made by adding ten drops of benzoin to half a pint of cold water. Dry thoroughly and then, if you desire, apply make-up.

For the last three days of this seven-day treatment you may use a good nourishing cream if you have one, instead of the warm olive oil. It should be a rich cream with a lanolin or cocoa butter base which your chemist should be able to supply you with if you haven't one on hand.

If, after this week's treatment, your neck has not quite regained its former loveliness, continue to use



A LOVELY NECK, soft and smooth, unlined and free from any scragginess, adds youth and beauty to the appearance. How to attain beauty of neck is told in this article.—Courtesy 20th Century-Fox.

the warm olive oil and skin food for another week—applying the olive oil the first three days and the skin food the remaining four.

Then use the cucumber bleach again during the third week, followed by the oil and skin food treatment in the mornings.

If your neck is too thin, with bones showing, continue to massage with the nourishing cream every night after you have completed the special treatment, and supplement this with suitable exercises.

For Salt-cellers

BEGIN with a full fifteen minutes of deep breathing exercises. These are excellent for salt-cellers.

Follow with neck exercises. First let the head fall to one side and then throw it back to the other. Do not strain the neck; if it is relaxed the weight of the head will stretch the muscles perfectly. Repeat the same movement backwards and forwards. Do these exercises 10 to 15 times.

Another good exercise is head turning. With the neck taut turn

the head slowly to the left, then to the right, while trying to touch the shoulder with the chin. Do not raise the shoulder. Repeat from 10 to 15 times.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What causes middle ear disease? Is it a serious complaint?

THE middle ear, the part behind the drum, farther inside, is an irregular cavity which contains three tiny bones which assist in the transmission of sound from the drum to the inner ear, there to connect with the nerves of hearing.

Middle ear disease may be catarrhal in character, and the inflammation may be even worse, producing a pus discharge.

Usually acute inflammation of the middle ear is caused by an extension of a "head cold" from the mouth and nasal passages into the middle ear.

Diseases such as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, pneumonia, bronchitis, meningitis, and tuberculosis may be the cause also of middle ear troubles. Adenoids and diseased tonsils are frequent offenders.

Acute middle ear disease produces a feeling of dullness and fullness in the head, or there may be pain which is severe and sharp, sometimes becoming worse at night.

Middle ear disease should always be treated by a competent specialist, for it is a serious matter and its results extremely distressing.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does!



Makes lips moistly soft... gives them new youthfulness

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible colour for lips... instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick... let it set a moment... then wipe

off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, lustrous South Sea red that only time can remove... and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness, smoothness and moistness they have never had before. Five tempting shades... each attuned to the spirit of reckless adventure! Make your choice in the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin... set your favorite store.

WOMEN... NATURAL... PASTEL... MAHARAJA
Send 1/6 for introductory size, testing shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Deward & Co., 526 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.L.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

FOR Young WIVES And MOTHERS

Safeguard Your Children's Teeth

By a Truby King Expert

PREVENTION of dental caries is better than cure. But where it has occurred, then consideration must be given to its cure.

"BEWARE of needless extractions! Decay of the teeth is not a mere chance, unfortunate disability of the day—it is the most urgent and gravest of all diseases of our time."—Sir F. Truby King.

The first teeth are handed over to the baby at the time of birth practically ready-made—built by the mother herself out of her own blood tissue.

Therefore the mother's health and habits prior to and during pregnancy practically determine whether her baby's set of first teeth are to be strong and resistive, or weak and subject to decay.

The formation of the dental arch is a direct indication of the health of the mother during the pre-natal stage.

The correctly-shaped dental arch is wide and generously formed, giving plenty of room for the teeth. It adds character and beauty of contour to the face.

No dental irregularities occur, and there is perfect chewing power. The condition of the dental arch

is reflected in the whole framework of the body, and indeed its every structure.

In a deformed dental arch the palate is definitely narrowed. The teeth are overcrowded, irregular, and often erupt high up in the palate itself—or they may even be absent.

The outline of the face is altered by these conditions. There will be lack of development of the middle and often of the lower third of the face.

The bricks supplied for this little builder have not been rich in adequate building material. It is not what you put into a baby that matters so much as the question of how much that baby can synthesise and put to its own use for building and repair.

Beware of devitalised, over-refined foods, and foods which have no power to build or repair; which when taken in excess upset the balance, leaving a feeling of fullness rather than satisfaction of a healthy appetite. Excessive sugar, jam, sweets, twice-cooked foods, pastries, refined cereals are the worst offenders.

LOVELY HAIR STYLES

"ORDINARY" for Dark Hair

"CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair

"SHAMPOO BLEU" for White Hair

THE charm of modern hair styles depends almost entirely upon shampooing—there

is no better foundation than

"EVAN WILLIAMS" which

keeps the hair

young . . .

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers
Aust. Agents: R. G. Tarnley & Son, Melb.
Agents for N.S.W.: Tursleys Ltd., Sydney.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

It is from just such small beginnings that a Savings Bank Account will grow into a substantial possession. The habit of Thrift is not hard to acquire, and once begun, leads to security. No matter how little you can afford to put by weekly, commence at once. You will be agreeably astonished to note how soon the "mickles" become a "muckie." It is a happy and safe condition, to have "money in the bank," and the opportunity is conveniently at hand. Not only by hundreds of Branches, but through practically all Post Offices and many private agencies, the Commonwealth Savings Bank service is made available in all Australian districts—in your district.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Select Your Autumn Wardrobe From These!

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.



WW1511.—Charming new-style double-breasted frock, with puritan collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide and 5-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1512.—Smart, sophisticated style on slimming, tailored lines. Skirt slightly flared. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1513.—Cosy little dress for autumn wear. Note collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1516.—Attractive shirtmaker blouse for costume wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW1517.—Charming style for the little girl four to 10 years of age. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW1518.—Pyjamas, warm and comfortable, for winter nights. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WW1514.—New and striking three-quarter-length coat and skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1515.—Lightweight coat for autumn, with smart, slightly flared back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART AFTERNOON MODES!

Complete Three-In-One Pattern Costs 3d.

You may obtain three-in-one pattern, providing for the three chic styles shown at right, by filling in coupon below and enclosing 3d. in stamp. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, and pattern in each size costs 3d. Material required, 3d inches wide:—For Frock No. 1: 2½ yards, and 2-4 yard contrast for collar. For Suit No. 2: 4 yards, and ¾ yard contrast. For Frock No. 3: 4½ yards, and 2-4 yard contrast.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

Adelaide.—Box 288A, G.P.O.
Brisbane.—Box 409P, G.P.O.
Melbourne.—Box 183, G.P.O.
Newcastle.—Box 41, G.P.O.
Perth.—Box 416, G.P.O.
Sydney.—Box 4200XY, G.P.O. If calling, 165 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of any office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 27/2/37.



"LUCKY DOG" CUSHIONS

And So Easy To Make Up, Too

Each cushion, as shown in the illustration on this page, is decorated with the cutest little Scotch terrier printed in black silhouette style on satin.

NEW in this country, these "Lucky Dog" cushions are now available through The Australian Women's Weekly and can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

With his square jaw, long whiskers and pricked ears, isn't this little gentleman from Aberdeen just too adorable for words? And wouldn't you just love to have him in your lounge room to add a touch of friendliness?

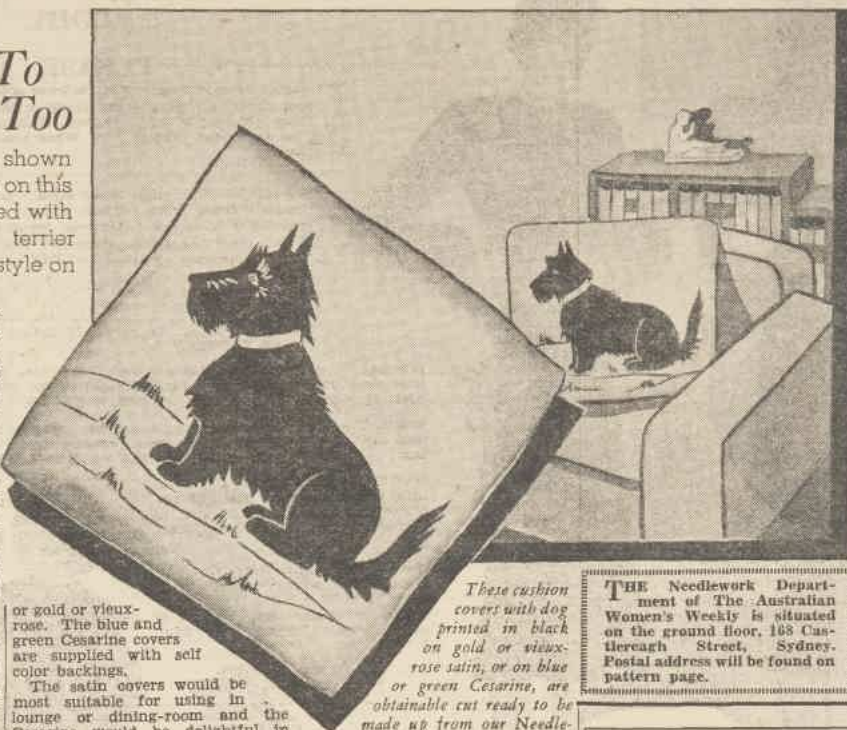
On the Continent and in America these charming cushions are used in homes as good luck tokens—hence the name, "Lucky Dog" cushions.

Satin Covers

THE cushion covers, which are 18 inches square, are obtainable from our Needlework Department cut ready to make up. The lucky dog is printed in black on gold or vieux-rose satin. The cover is also obtainable in blue or green Cesarine.

The price for the satin or Cesarine cover is 2/6 plus 3d. postage.

It is necessary to state when ordering whether gold or vieux-rose satin is required, also if the cushion back is desired in coronation-blue



These cushion covers with dog printed in black on gold or vieux-rose satin, or on blue or green Cesarine, are obtainable cut ready to be made up from our Needlework Department.

or gold or vieux-rose. The blue and green Cesarine covers are supplied with self color backings.

The satin covers would be most suitable for using in lounge or dining-room and the Cesarine would be delightful in breakfast-room, sun-room, or for the porch or verandah.

The address of the Needlework Department of The Australian Women's Weekly is 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Postal address will be found on pattern page.

PLAY SUIT FOR SMALL CHILD

Decorated in front with a delightful long-eared rabbit.

ONE of the healthiest and most practical garments for the small boy is a sun suit.

Not only can he wear it on the beach, but also when playing in the garden in the morning or afternoon sunshine.

The little suit shown here is particularly attractive, and the quaint long-eared rabbit design on the front will appeal to all children.

The suits are neatly made of British head cloth and finished with narrow bindings in blue, green, lemon or pink. The design is also stamped on ready for working.

The sizes are for two to four years and the price is 2/8 plus 3d. postage from our Needlework Department.

The suit would be equally charming for a small girl, especially in a pink shade.



SMALL BOY'S play suit.

FOR the Outdoor GIRL

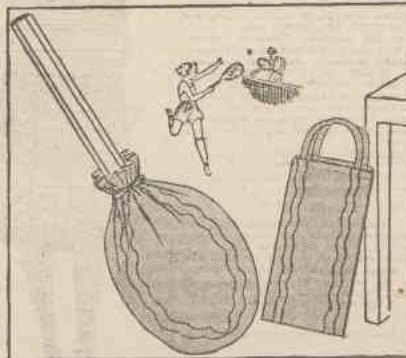
Smart Racquet Cover and Shoe Bag in Crash

EVERY tennis enthusiast will find this smart racquet cover and shoe bag invaluable novelties, which look forward to a life of long-wearing utility.

Both articles are made of strong, string-colored crash, and are traced ready for working in simple but effective designs.

They are well made and firmly finished, and may be embroidered in chain or stem stitch with any odd scraps of wool.

Write now and secure a cover and bag for the next tennis tournament. The racquet cover may be had for 2/-, plus 3d. postage, while the shoe bag is only 1/6, plus 3d. postage, from our Needlework Department.



TENNIS RACQUET COVER and shoe bag stamped with embroidery design.

Needlework Notions

Sauce Bottle Cover

Neatly made in white linen and traced ready for working.

HERE'S something to please every housewife.

If you can never decide whether to put the bottle on the table in all its ugliness so that diners may enjoy the full flavor of the sauce and use just what a mount they like, or whether you should put so much in a jug every time you serve a meal, don't worry about it any more.

Put the bottle on the table, but cover it with one of the neat covers shown here.



You can obtain the cover ready traced for working with a little embroidery for 1/1 plus 1d. postage from our Needlework Department. The cover is neatly made in white linen and will wear and launder beautifully.



MY LUCKY ACCIDENT

"Quite by accident I recently made a wonderful discovery. It happened like this. For years I have suffered from sleeplessness. Hour after hour I used to lie awake, tossing from side to side. Sleep just wouldn't come. Then one day after a tooth extraction, my dentist gave me two Euterin Tablets. I went home, and to my amazement, enjoyed a perfect night's rest. Even after an unswerving tooth extraction, my nerves were steadied. I was soon sound asleep.

This is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from users of Nyal Euterin. Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain, or mental disturbance—troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Euterin brings restful sleep quickly, because it acts directly on these nerve centres. It contains a newly developed ingredient, Euterin Compound, which calms the nerves and soothes away pain. Your channel sells and recommends Nyal Euterin. 1/3d. tin.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Euterin to the Nyal Company, 411DD, Glebe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ W.W.21/2/37.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from fainting, dizziness, Night, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Crises Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Headache, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Uroter (Blue-ter). Uroter cleans, drains and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Uroter costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 14 days or money back. At all chemists.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



A Prudent wife is GREAT RICHES

THE wife who has understanding and wisdom will see that her man is a member of the A.M.P., and she will urge him to be adequately assured.

Having the seeing eye and the hearing ear (as well as children to protect), she will understand that while a Little Life Assurance is a Good Thing, Adequate Assurance is better. She will have her husband tot up the value of his A.M.P. policies, and the income they would bring if invested, and then see that he ADD to them for his peace of mind as well as hers. From time to time, as he goes off in the morning, she will say to him: "Don't forget to see the A.M.P."

A certain member of the Society (who said, recently, that his wife was responsible for the excellent arrangement of his policies) took out his first policy when he was 16 years of age. Others followed at 20, 22, 24, 26 (when he was married), 28 (for his first-born), 30 (for his second-born, a daughter), and at 36, which was last year. Neither he nor his wife needs to worry about their financial future. It is as secure as the A.M.P. itself.

If YOU lack peace of mind in this matter, write or 'phone the nearest A.M.P. office before the day is out. Don't delay. Even to-morrow may be too late.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.
C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager.

Head Office: 87 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, AND HOBART

District Offices Throughout Each State.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To discover the joy of attractive White Teeth

-he says **KOLYNOS**



Kolynos Dental Cream—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. It removes stain and tartar, washing away all particles of food debris.

Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. BEST used on a DRY toothbrush. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG
Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



SET OVERNIGHT WITH
AMAMI
wave-set

SHAMPOO

blended specially for you.

Amami No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 2 for Blondes containing Lemon Juice and Rosemary Tonic, Amami No. 3 for the very fair, Amami Special Henna to brighten and tint dull hair, Amami No. 12 is for those who prefer a soapless shampoo.

Amami hair set in fashionable, fascinating little curls and deep broad waves, gleaming with natural colour, soft as silk, the picture of beauty and health. Just five minutes with Amami Wave Set—fragrant, non-sticky, non-oily, non-powdery—will give you a lovely setting. It's so easy and inexpensive.

★ Friday Night is Amami Night

LADY with' CARNATIONS

Continued from

Page 9

SHE was a short, plump little woman of seventy, with a restless, birdlike eye and a combatant set to her head. Her dress was of silk material and black in color, as she had not gone out of mourning since the death of her husband nine years before. A great number of tiny jet beads sewn into her bodice gave a quite impressive dignity to her bearing. Barely acknowledging Madden with a non-committal nod, she at once attacked her daughter with a bombardment of questions relating to the execution of her commissions at Fortnum's and elsewhere, and only when Katharine had satisfied her to the best of her ability did she rise and lead the way abruptly into the dining-room.

Here the square mahogany table was set for an ample but extraordinary meal. It was not tea, nor supper, nor dinner, but a combination of all three. There was bread, both brown and white, nicely cut and buttered, cake of two kinds, a fine wedge of cheese, flanked by celery, and a little silver barrel of biscuits. In the middle, under the chandelier, a blanchange shape quivered pinkly beside a crystal dish of stewed prunes. A rack of toast stood at each end with a plate of scones between. Finally, a large steaming hot fish pie was at the head of the table, placed there by Peggy, the diminutive maid, and behind it a majestic Britannia metal tea-service on an enormous tray. Seating herself in state, old Mrs. Lorimer poured the tea and served the pie. She took an ample helping for herself, cleverly masking it to make it seem smaller, tasted a forkful with her head critically to one side, and, by a slight relaxation of her features, expressed approval. Only then did she appear to look at Madden. Yet though belated, her scrutiny was sharp. And her remark was sharper.

"So you're going to marry Nancy. Well, young man, I warn you, you'll have your hands full."

He answered equably: "Nancy and I will pull along all right, Mrs. Lorimer."

"Maybe," declared the old lady stringently. "But it'll be a long pull and a strong pull. And heaven help you, young man, if you let go!"

This was the first of a series of remarks, proverbs, texts and aphorisms launched severely upon Madden's head. The old lady, rigid, puritanical, and an egoist to the core, was always intimidating, but now, fortified by strong tea and the moral of her subject, she was in rampant form.

By the time the prunes were finally disposed of—and the old lady, by smacking her lips and loudly denoting the efficacy of prune juice on the system, had delivered her habitual benediction upon the steely globes—Katharine was aware that Madden, whether he wished it or not, was making a conquest of her mother. When they returned to the drawing-room, where the fire had been re-banked and now cast an inviting glow upon the bearskin rug, the Victorian furniture, the Goss china and little knick-knacks on the chiffonier, Mrs. Lorimer sighed contentedly.

"Sit down in that chair, Mr. Madden," she indicated. "You'll find it comfortable. It was my dear husband's, and mark you, I don't let everyone sit in it. You can look on while Katharine and I have our game of patience."

THIS double patience to which she referred—an unexpected concession from her Nonconformist principles—was perhaps the old lady's greatest passion. Madden glanced interrogatively at Katharine, and perhaps he read her face, for he said persuasively:

"Your daughter has an awfully bad cold, Mrs. Lorimer. Don't you think she looks tired? How about a little game with me?"

"Humph! Katharine's usually tired when it comes to doing something for her old mother."

"No, but I'd like a game," Madden said. "And let me tell you I'm pretty smart at it."

"Oh, you are?" said Mrs. Lorimer, scenting battle with her nostrils. "Smart indeed! I like that! Well, come away and I'll give you a pretty smart beating."

They sat down to the game at the green baize table before the fire while Katharine, glad of the respite, leaned against the fireplace and watched with a sense of rising expectation. She knew, from long experience, that unless Madden's individuality were wholly negative, trouble, serious trouble, must ensue.

Mrs. Lorimer began well. She won the cut and dealt good cards, her spectacles nicely settled and her bag of sugar almonds conveniently by her side. She made an excellent run and sat back with a satisfied sigh, while Madden discarded only a few cards, then failed. Mrs. Lorimer got in again with another long run, and for a while her good fortune continued. Then, unexpectedly, the luck changed and Madden, playing confidently, commenced a series of runs which placed him well in the lead. At this point, as Katharine had anticipated, her mother began to cheat. The old lady had in fact this one frightful foible. She could not endure to be beaten. Never, never. Come what may and at all costs, she must win. Whether or not it was the blind spot on her conscience made no odds, the fact remained that rather than suffer the ignominy of defeat she would cheat flagrantly, mercilessly, to the death.

Please turn to Page 49



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★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved, the griping stopped, the palpitation ended, and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

□ Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

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DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Large Sky-blue Canister 2/6 Sold by All Chemists



MADDEN, of course, saw the cheating at once and Katharine, her dark eyes upon the players, awaited the denouement. If he protested, there would be a scene; if he said nothing, he would be a humbug. But Madden, it seemed, was steering a different course. With a solemn face he began to aid the old lady in her cheating, subtly at first, then with increasing intention, giving her back good cards instead of bad, falling stupidly to take his turn, and generally inciting her to greater and still greater fraud. At first Mrs. Lorimer chuckled and took the gifts which the gods were offering, but gradually her expression changed. She darted one or two doubtful glances at him, then, suddenly within an ace of winning, she hesitated, faltered and blushed.

"Why do you look at me like

LADY with CARNATIONS

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that?" she demanded hotly.

"Gee, Mrs. Lorimer," he answered gravely, "I was just admiring the way you play. I've been all over the States and Europe and the rest of it. And I never saw playing like that anywhere before."

"What!" she ejaculated.

"No, ma'am," his voice took on a Southern drawl. "That's the best sure-fire card playin' I ever saw in all my born days."

Her bright button eyes nearly popped from her head. She took a long, pugnacious breath, and drew herself up, ready to destroy him. And then, all at once, she began to laugh. She laughed un-

restrainedly, scattering the cards, upsetting her almonds; Katharine had never seen her laugh like that before.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she gasped at last. "That's the funniest thing . . . the best card playing . . . did you hear him, Katharine? . . . in all his born days . . ."

"Why, certainly, ma'am," he went on. "I sure . . ."

But, rocking helplessly, tears of merriment running down her cheeks, she stopped him with one weak hand.

"Don't," she wheezed, "you'll be the death of me . . . My dear young man, it's too funny . . . the best card playing . . . and me cheating you all the time!"

ON the following morning, Sunday, Katharine made use of her cold to lie late in bed. She had no idea what Madden was doing, indeed, from the unobtrusive manner of his occupation—he had apparently none of the Englishman's matutinal exuberance and had bathed decently without song—he might not have been in the house at all. But when, about noon, she came downstairs, he was seated in the drawing-room reading a Sunday newspaper.

"What! Haven't you been out?" she inquired.

He looked up, envisaging her in a friendly fashion over the edge of his paper.

"Oh, yes, I was around before breakfast. Got into the habit of getting up early and can't get out of it. Then I came back and had a regular pow-wow on the phone with Nancy."

"Ah! I thought you seemed pleased with yourself."

"I am."

Katharine had to smile. "You imagine you're doing rather nicely, don't you? I'm beginning to see your methods. Coming around Mother so cleverly, too."

His smile joined hers. "It was pretty good fun, wasn't it?"

She nodded, sharing the joyous recollection with him in silence. Then she said, "That's all very well! You may delude my poor old mother into a confession of fraud, but I warn you, there's worse in store for you. Ordeal by Sunday dinner—at the Grange."

"Oh! Do we go there next?"

Again Katharine nodded, a hint of mischief sparkling in her eyes. "You and I. You must meet George and Mabel and Uncle Henry. Mother isn't coming. She prefers to eat her dinner at home."

Half an hour later they were on their way to the Grange, battling against the wind, which was still high and came gustily across Wimbledon Common. George Prout, who had married Katharine's sister Mabel, was manager of the local Union Bank, a short, bald, self-opinionated man with a pink complexion, pince-nez and the faint beginnings of a paunch. But the worst of George was not his appearance—it was his smug, his predetermined, his wholly infernal omniscience. There was nothing which George Prout did not know, from the management of currency and babies to the political situation on the Yangtze-kiang.

Katharine did not like George, and she felt that his effect upon Mabel had not been good. For Mabel, of recent years, had acquired a kind of companionate stolidity, particularly in her social efforts. They had two boys, both at a good preparatory school in Sussex, a fact, considering George's salary, which would have been sufficiently surprising but for another fact, which involved those simple-looking envelopes which Katharine regularly sent to Mabel. Katharine was genuinely fond of Mabel and Mabel was fond of Katharine, but in between came Mabel's painful, burning jealousy of her sister's contact with the great world.

Henry Prout, George's elder brother, lived at the Grange, too. Uncle Henry was an invalid, though no one knew exactly what was wrong with him, his debility being discreetly referred to as "Uncle Henry's trouble," and ascribed to the rigor of his service with a tea company in Rangoon.

Please turn to Page 50



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LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from
from 49

ACTUALLY Uncle Henry's service had been inglorious and brief. But if Uncle Henry had shot no tigers in his jungle sojourn, he had succeeded, for a great many years thereafter, in drawing a sick pension from the unfortunate company which had been so misguided as to engage him. Henry was all that George was not—a bony, vacillating old maid of a man with a yellowish complexion and a dread of fresh air.

The silent progress of Madden and Katharine ended eventually at the Grange, where, as the quick twitch of a curtain testified, they were definitely expected. Seeing this, Katharine could not prevent an unexpected beat of compassion for the unsuspecting Madden, and as they were shown in she found herself murmuring:

"We needn't wait long . . . If you're anxious to get away."

The Prouts received them in the lounge, a kind of elongated after-hall, furnished in the modern style with chromium-tubed chairs and glass-topped tables, and filled, at present, with an odorous premonition of dinner. George, in frock coat and grey spats, occupied the hearthrug, as usual, while Uncle Henry took the next best place, beside the radiator. Mabel advanced hospitably, her hand extended like a small, dead fish.

"Well, well, Mr. Madden, we're delighted to meet you. Such a surprise it was to have Nancy's letter! So sudden, too, the announcement! But, of course, we know what a romance means. You'll have a cocktail, won't you, before dinner? We follow the old custom here. Sunday dinner at one, though naturally on week-days we always dine late. George! Mix the cocktails, there's a dear. And Henry! Give Mr. Madden a cigarette. We can offer you both."

"Thanks," Madden said, "but if you don't mind, I'll smoke my own."

"Oh!" said Mabel, slightly taken aback.

The cocktail, a sweet, watery concoction which had stood too long in its melting ice, was served, fustily, by George. An awkward pause followed.

"You're an American, aren't you?" asked Uncle Henry. He had not once removed his glassy eye from the visitor.

"That's right."

So far George had not spoken, but now, with the deliberation of a man whose words carry due weight, he inquired:

"And what part of America do you come from, Mr. Madden?"

"Cleveland."

"Ah!" said George, "Cleveland." He swallowed some cocktail and sucked in his breath with it. The sound and the action were portentous. "You are in business in Cleveland?"

"That's right," agreed Madden again.

"And may I ask," went on George with that judicial self-importance which always set Katharine's teeth on edge, "the nature of your business?"

MADDEN took a good look at George.

"I make glue," he said coolly.

There was a startled silence. Though she saw that Madden was quite serious, Katharine had a wild desire to laugh, the dismay imprinted upon George's smugness was so sudden and complete. But the gong, sounding insistently, saved the situation. They went in to dinner.

Sunday dinner at the Grange was, as George had once remarked, always British to the backbone: roast beef one week, roast mutton the next, the joint followed by a tart, an acid theme upon which Mabel played three major variations—apple, rhubarb, and gooseberry.

To-day it was beef, with the alluring prospect of apple in the background. George carved. There was something inhuman about George's carving which made Katharine hope that the knife would slip and spurt quantities of gravy accurately and painfully into George's eye. But nothing like that ever happened, for George was an admirable carver, and as

he carved he either hummed or accompanied himself with a pleasant little soliloquy. At present he did both.

"Ta—ra . . . ta—ra . . . mm . . . mm . . . nice piece of meat, my dear . . . ta—ra . . . ra—ra . . . knife not so sharp as it should be, though . . . da-da-dada . . . da—ta . . . just a little bit of fat . . . that's right . . . and a little bit of Yorkshire puddin' for you, Katharine . . . ta—ra—ra . . . ra . . ."

During the meal Mabel was brightly gracious, urging Madden to have more of everything, admonishing Katharine for her failure to pass their guest the mustard. It was obvious to Katharine that, by pre-arrangement, conversation at table would be politely social, that the real business of the day would come afterwards.

"We don't go in for fancy dishes here," archly continued Mabel. "Like Katharine does in her smart restaurants. Oh, dear, no! Plain, but good, is the motto at the Grange."

"Give me a sound bit of beef," supplemented George, champing tenaciously, "with a drop of blood in it. Or mutton."

"I envy you your digestion, George," brooded Uncle Henry, glumly mashing potato with his gravy.

"Too many chutney curries in Rangoon, old man," said George, tucking his napkin in more securely. "Not enough good honest English beef."

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"UNCLE HENRY," explained Mabel in an aside to Madden, "has been abroad, India."

"Oh!" said Madden, turning to Henry. "Were you out there long?"

Henry twisted his thin legs under him uncomfortably.

"No, not a great length of time."

"Nine months, wasn't it?" murmured Katharine unkindly.

Henry colored with mortification.

"The climate," he mumbled, "the climate goes for a man."

Mabel came to the rescue.

"Uncle Henry has been very poorly lately. He ought to have another trip to Madeira. The last one did him so much good."

Katharine avoided Mabel's significant glance by keeping her eyes upon her plate. It was she who had paid for Uncle Henry's last trip to Madeira, and she had no intention, at the moment, of financing his next.

George, a thorough eater of the Gladstone school, had finished at last, and there was a pause, before the tart came in, while, at Mabel's request, he carved for the maids. Katharine could not help seeing that George cut from the stringy end of the sirloin, and sparingly at that.

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 50

"Nancy," said Mabel, filling up the gap, "is a sweet child."

Madden looked at her sideways.

"Yes, she is."

"And such a good little actress. I loved her in 'April Evening.' I believe she's got quite a nice part in this new play. What's it called again?"

"Money in the Moon," answered Madden.

For some reason George guffawed. He was back at the head of his table addressing himself lucidly to tart.

"That's good. I like that. Ha! Ha! A lot of present-day money is in the moon." He looked meaningfully across at Madden. "I'm by way of being a bank manager, Mr.—Mr.—Madden. I know the value of money. And if I may say so, its im-por-tance in the economic fabric."

"Economic what?" Madden inquired blandly.

"Fabric," George repeated with a slight rise of color. He laid down his spoon, and puffing out his lower lip, dabbed it with his napkin while Mabel raced to finish in time. Then he scraped back his chair. "Shall we adjourn to the lounge? We might have a little chat over our coffee."

Back in the lounge they grouped themselves in the chromium chairs, all but George, who returned his back to the fire and inflated himself once more upon the hearth-rug.

"You see, Mr. Madden," he resumed, "speaking of money, perhaps, I ought to say that I regard myself, in a sense, as Nancy's guardian. She has no other near male relative. Any little money that was left when her father and mother were so unhappily—er—removed, has since been invested by me. Naturally, we're very delighted that she should become engaged, but, to be blunt, and I hope I always am blunt, we know very little of you. I feel it my duty, therefore, to ask you for an account of yourself."

Madden was in the act of lighting a cigarette. He extinguished the match with a quiet breath and studied the burnt end carefully. Beyond a slight lifting of his eyebrows Katharine could discern no reaction to George's priggish interference. Taking his time, he answered agreeably:

"Do we have a board meeting about it?"

George reddened, but before he could protest Madden continued:

"I reckon I know how you feel. You don't know much about me. But don't let it worry you. Nancy does and I guess she's satisfied."

"But are we satisfied?" flustered George, still very pink about the gills.

"Do you have to be?"

Shocked silence. It was new for Mabel to see George sat upon, and the very strangeness of it made her intervene.

"You mentioned something about your business," she said, sitting up very straight.

"That's right," Madden smiled. "I said give to simplify it. We'd say adhesive over there. I run quite a range of them."

George, bursting with anger, returned to the charge.

"That means nothing to us, sir. I must say I find your attitude hardly to my liking."

Madden seemed mildly amused. "What is it? Do you want to have me say I can sign a cheque for a couple of million dollars?"

"Don't be absurd, sir," George spluttered. "A sense of the fitness of his country's and his household gods suddenly inflated him. 'You Americans! You don't understand us at all. You come over here for the first time and behave as if you own the place!'"

HE was about to launch into a harangue when Madden interrupted him.

"No," he said, rather thoughtfully. "You're wrong there. It so happens I've been over before. You see there was that little affair of the war."

"The war! What do you know about the war?" scornfully demanded George.

"I was in it," Madden answered, almost absently.

"What?" gasped George. "You couldn't, it's impossible, you were far too young."

"Maybe! But I was there," Madden lifted his eyes to George's and gave him a long, steady stare. "I joined up in Cleveland when I was seventeen and went with the draft to France six weeks later. I saw the whole show after that, right up to the armistice."

Visibly, George sagged. He had never been to France, having preferred to find a safe use for his talents in the clearing house of the Ministry of Munitions. It was always a raw spot tactfully avoided by the family. Now this quiet remark of Madden's, so apt, so unforeseen, rubbed gall and vinegar in the wound. And the look which barbed it, level and wholly comprehensive, was even worse—it took the measure of the unhappy George and cast him down contemptuously.

Please turn to Page 52

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IN one steely second the positions were reversed and George, the strutting fireside turkey-cock, stood defeated and helpless on his own hearthrug. Despite herself, a quick wave of delight swept over Katharine. Often in the past she had tried to snub George, but his hidebound conceit had withstood all her shafts.

They left soon afterwards. A flushed, uncomfortable Mabel accompanied them to the door.

"I hope we shall see a real deal of you, now, Mr. Madden," she declared in parting, saving the remnants of the family self-respect. But her look was arid in the extreme.

"I hope so, too," answered Madden.

Already it was growing dark. As they walked back to Beechwood Katharine said:

"We still don't know much about you, Mr. Madden. But you managed to put poor George in his place."

She could see his smile flash in the darkness.

"That's not my style at all. I like him all right, but I just couldn't stand for him high-hating me."

"You certainly didn't answer many of his questions."

"I don't mind answering any questions you care to put," he replied quietly.

For some reason, she flushed and said hurriedly, "Please don't

LADY with CARNATIONS

misunderstand me. Don't think I want to tackle you as stupidly as George did. That was abominable and I'm glad you hit back."

There was a silence. Oddly touched by the sympathy her words implied, he had the temptation, repressed with difficulty, to explain once and for all his position, at least to define those obvious things to which she had referred. He realised that, from the outset, she had completely mistaken him, an error which, from his habitual simplicity, modesty of habit and carelessness of dress, was of frequent occurrence, and which now caused him less annoyance than amusement. He hated, and had always hated, ostentation. Fashionable clothes, smart restaurants, de luxe hotels, the whole panoply and trappings of modern luxury served merely to repel him. He had, for instance, crossed to Europe on a tramp steamer, and wandered across the Continent with less pretensions than an ordinary tourist, putting up at out-of-the-way inns, travelling third class to mix with the people, content often to dine on a sandwich and a glass of wine.

Perhaps this asceticism derived partly from his antecedents, in particular his mother, Susan Emmett, a Vermont woman gifted with a tender yet spartan sense of duty. His father, too, a Virginian, had all of the candor and none of the indolence of the South. A spare, lanky, bearded man with a dry humor and a deep-set eye, Seth Madden had been a small yet sagacious trader, setting up in Cleveland as maker and retailer of a special brand of paste adhesive, which he named Fixfast. The fortunes of the tiny Fixfast plant, though stable enough, had never risen high, but with the death of Seth in 1917, while Chris was at the war, they suffered a serious relapse. It was a rocky little business that young Madden took over when back in Cleveland fresh from his demobilisation. Yet, bent on regeneration and expansion, he had thrown himself to work.

That was fifteen years before. How great a change those years had brought, a miracle of contrast between then and now, had to be seen to be believed. The opportunity was there, no doubt, for this branch of industry had been neglected, or at least overlooked, by the great combines. Yet in temperament and ability Madden was the ideal man to develop it. He never flustered or braggied, yet his quiet manner concealed a rigid strength. He began by developing his plant from the original old-fashioned glue process to the varying preparations with acetic and nitric acid bases. Then he took up the gum substances, the vegetable mucilages, arabic acid, bassorin and the transformation products of cellulose. He brought out a new, quick-hardening, cherry gum. Its success was immediate. The business developed by leaps and bounds.

HE extended, began carefully to fill in the smaller companies in the adhesive industry, together with their patents, to scrap their obsolete factories and centralise the whole in Cleveland. The parent company's capital doubled, trebled, then ran into millions. Madden was rich beyond even the wildest of his boyhood dreams. But money meant little to him, except when he lavished it upon his mother, to whom he was sincerely attached. He bought her, in 1929, a small but very lovely Colonial house in Graysville, her native village in Vermont. For himself, he became strenuously engaged in business, which he then extended to the field of resins and copal. Now the company's processes covered the whole of the adhesive industry.

He was thirty-five and had worked like a nigger for nearly fifteen years. Now he was on top, he had felt it time to call a halt. In the previous spring he had lifted his head from his desk, and run away to Europe for a rest.

Something of this retrospect flashed through Madden's head as he walked by Katharine's side, and again he was tempted to reveal it. But he did not.

Presently they reached Beechwood. They entered the house and in the hall he paused. A look of real eagerness came into his face.

"Do you mind if I use the phone? I want to ring up Nancy. I've been wanting to speak to her all afternoon."

She gazed at him, the suspicion of a smile on her lips.

"Go ahead," she answered cordially. "Give her my love, too. And don't forget to tell her about George."

As she went upstairs to her room she began to think, with a growing friendliness, that this silent and rather secret Madden might do for Nancy after all.

To Be Continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

● IF YOU GET THE CORRECT ANSWER YOU MUST WIN A PRIZE!

Add Them Up!

Here is the Competition you like. There is no catch—there is no guess-work. Thirteen people have won £100 cash in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying prizes. Inside the famous Elephant of the Sydney Zoo, is taking children for a joy-ride. The total of all figures represents the number of trips she makes over a certain period. Get to work now! Add them up. A cheque for £100 may be waiting for you in this popular Competition.

There is money for many a great test at adding figures for all —and Special Cash Prizes for young and old.

● Here are the Names and Addresses of Competitors who have each won £100 cash in some Figure Skill Competitions

Mr. G. GREAVES,
37 St. Outh St.,
TOOWONG,
Q.LAND. **£100**

Mr. O. CARLSON,
3 Bonwarren Road,
MONT ALBERT, **£100**
VIC.

Mr. M. WILSON,
88 Baptist St.,
BERKERN,
N.S.W. **£100**

1st PRIZE £100

2nd Prize £20 cash, 10 at £1, 50 at 10/-

And a special prize for EVERY correct entry received.

* SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

£10/10/- BEST ENTRY (OVER 60 YEARS).

* £5 BEST BOYS' ENTRY (Under 16).

* £5 BEST GIRLS' ENTRY (Under 16).

* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE

6 p.m.,
Thursday,
APRIL 15.

Main prize-winners notified by wire.

RESULTS

Pointed to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.

EXTRA COPIES

FREE

Write to the address on coupon for additional copies, and enclose stamped and addressed envelope.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Print by hand or write out by hand all figures shown in the above drawing, but do not include the 5 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single, e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 15th April by the Directors of The Western Company, Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general assistance of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed. School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize-winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Send all entries in the same envelope.

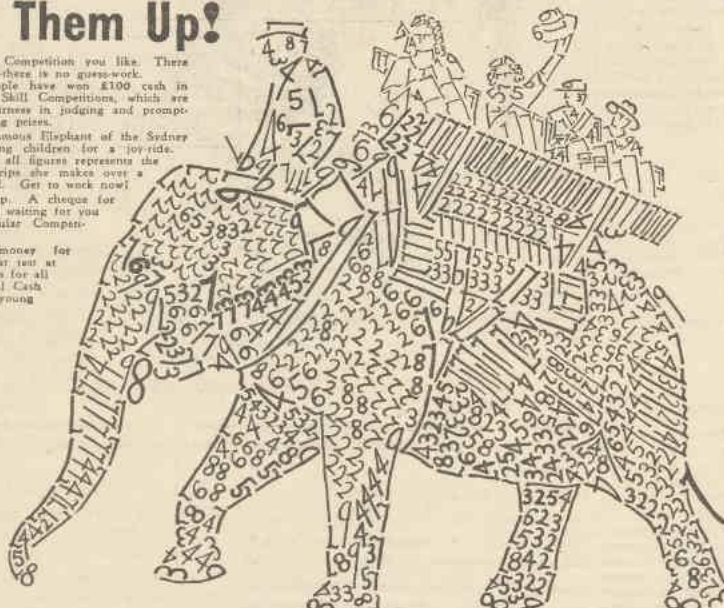
The Sec'y, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120WW, G.P.O., Sydney

* Age The total of all figures in the above drawing is

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my paper showing the above numbers added up, together with A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME & ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME
STREET
TOWN
STATE
Please write plainly and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

SIX SHOWN BY 6
NINE SHOWN BY 9



THE MOVIE WORLD

February 27, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CALLING

Australia!

Here's Hot News From All the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

These Australians

YOU simply can't keep the names of these Australian girls out of the neon lights and the headlines!

Exotic Merle Oberon and Dredeneque Margaret Vyner each had a West End gala premiere in her honor—on the same evening.

Merle's starring opus was American-made "Beloved Enemy"—which has Ireland and "the trouble" for a background; Margaret's was English-made "Sensation," all about crime reporters and grand old goings-on in country mansions.

End of Romance

IT begins to look as if it's all over between Merle Oberon and David Niven. Merle is in England absorbed in her film work there, and David is showering attention on blonde Virginia Bruce.

Prelude To Happiness

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling in its whiskers over the latest episode in the much-publicised John Barrymore-Elsie Barris romance. When these two were wed a couple of months ago, everyone bet it wouldn't last long, so there wasn't much surprise when they split up after a big fight on New Year's Eve. Now John is in seclusion under the care of a trainer who looks after his health and keeps him on the straight and narrow, and Elsie is starting rehearsals on a play to be presented here.

In her divorce suit she accused her elderly spouse of becoming enraged over her plans for a career, excessive drinking, threatening to "kill or seriously maim" her, and calling her "vile, indecent, obscene and opprobrious" names.

However, when the shouting dies down everyone should be more or less happy. John's ex-wife, Dolores Costello Barrymore, probably has the best end of the deal with a home, two lovely children, and a new screen career. John has a long contract with M.-G.-M., and Elsie has received enough publicity to set her off to a flying start in the theatrical world.

Thanks To Willie

EVIDENTLY Bill Powell feels better when his girl friends wear sapphires. When wed to Carole Lombard he gave her a colossal one set in a ring. Now, thanks to Willie, Jean Harlow owns the largest star sapphire in the movie colony—a hundred and fifty-two carats.

Mac West's is next at a hundred and fifty. Incidentally, Carole's collection of these gems received so much publicity she is turning them in for a batch of diamonds. And Jean still insists that the ruby and diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand was a gift from mamma.

Valuable Deanna

Deanna Durbin, the 14-year-old sensation of "Three Smart Girls," is valued pretty highly by Universal. They have insured her life for £100,000, which is quite spectacular for a mere child.

Taylor, Harlow Teamed

FROM Metro comes the news that a new romantic team is in the offing. Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor will provide the love interest in "Man in Possession," with Woody van Dyke on the directorial end. All of which sounds very encouraging.

Jean and Bob have appeared respectively opposite every important hero and heroine on the M.-G.-M. lot, but this will be their first venture together. These two have been voted among the ten best for 1936—Jean for "Libelled Lady," and Bob for the numerous flickers which boosted him to sudden stardom. Meanwhile in real life she continues to be William Powell's best girl, and handsome Robert still pals around with many.

Dots & Dashes

• Gene Raymond giving his fiancée, Jeanette MacDonald, her fifth dog, a Newfoundland pup • Bill Powell causing amusement with his design for a house with a moat instead of a swimming pool so he could swim round and round without having to turn • Bing Crosby and wife Dixie Lee feuding slightly because Dixie wants to return to film work; not serious though • Ginger Rogers surprising Hollywood by turning up at ex-husband Lew Ayres' birthday party.

Greta Garbo is practically a "skeleton," and has skinny arms. Norma Shearer is "cross-eyed." Miriam Hopkins is "intelligent and lively," but has no physical charm.

Even some actors who until now have been immune from criticism are taken apart. Ramon Navarro, for example, "has one eye which is independent."

Capable actors and not beautiful but intellectually deficient are wanted in the film industry, concludes M. Santangelo.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



HUGH HERBERT HAS A FLOCK OF 16 GEESSE INSTEAD OF A WATCHDOG ON HIS ESTATE.

TERRY RAY

PARAMOUNT STARLET, IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF MARY TODD LINCOLN, ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WIFE.

IT TOOK WRITERS 11 MONTHS TO WRITE THE SCREEN VERSION OF "LAST OF THE MOHICANS." JAMES FENIMORE COOPER WROTE THE ORIGINAL IN LESS THAN A MONTH!

Luise Gets Excited

Amusing is the story of Luise Rainer's quaint behaviour at her own marriage ceremony. She and Clifford Odets, the writer, were married at the City Hall. She was overawed by the impressive marriage forms, and answered all questions put to her in hushed tones.

No sooner were they pronounced man and wife than the little Viennese actress made a dash for the telephone and called up one of her close friends. Odets was amazed when he heard her say:

"Oh, darling! I'm so excited! We were just married."

Roman Laughton

FOR his role as the Emperor in "I Claudius," directed by von Sternberg, Charles Laughton has allowed his hair to run riot. In the film he will wear it long at the back, full at the sides, and cut low across the forehead.

Guy Pearce, head of London Films' make-up department, has been working with Charles for weeks, evolving an appearance that will, it is claimed, be absolutely authentic.

To ensure accuracy in this and other matters, London Films have engaged Professor Ashmole, archaeological expert at British schools in Rome and Athens, and scholarly, widely-read writer on Roman and Athenian history.

Hired by the Yard

SEVEN feet of rippling, muscular ebony will be featured in the Gaumont-British screen version of "King Solomon's Mines."

Johannes Mutsaers, a Basutoland subject, reckoned the tallest man in all Africa—he is just a shade over seven feet—was spotted by G.-B. talent scouts seeking locations for dance sequences.

Hearing that the movie men were looking for players, Johannes and six professional dancers—all of them over six feet in height—decided to see what it was all about.

They were engaged on the spot. Johannes, in addition to being a superb dancer, has a fine singing voice and an astonishing sense of theatre.

Preliminary "test" shots are well up to expectations.

Napoleon Boyer

CHARLES BOYER, who will be the screen's next Napoleon, in Greta Garbo's "Madame Walewska," has a head absolutely identical with that of the great general—that is, the outside of the head.

A copy of the death-mask of the Emperor and a life-mask of Boyer reveal on comparison that they measure exactly the same from the hair-line to the tip of the chin, 8½ inches. Their cheek-bones are the same, 5½ inches, and so is the distance from the point of the chin to the tip of the nose, 2 7/8 inches.

Boyer's nose is about an inch shorter. It will be the job of the make-up man to lengthen the actor's nose by that much.



In ancient days a bank was the "bench" or table of a money changer. From this origin banks have evolved into great institutions aiding progress and making possible the intricate activities of present day business and production.

In Australia the Rural Bank occupies an advanced place in the evolution of modern banking. Not only does it offer business and domestic banking facilities in both city and country, but it operates on a wide scale in advancing money for the building of homes and the establishing and developing of farms. The effect of these services on employment and improved conditions is well known.

At the new Head Office of the Rural Bank, Martin Place, Sydney, or at any of its branches throughout the State, you will be given every assistance in opening a Cheque Account or investing in an interest-bearing Fixed Deposit.

Rural Bank

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

New Head Office: Martin Place, Sydney.
Commissioners: C. H. McKEITHAN (Pres.),
H. ROGERS, P. KEARNS

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE

Jack Buchanan, Jean Gillie, (Associated Distributors.)

A LITTLE song, a little dance, a lot of farce, and the combination a film that will provide good entertainment for all but the ultra, ultra-sophisticated. I hope none of us ever arrives at that unhappy state.

The fun-making of Mr. Buchanan and friends in this offering is so darn silly—schoolboyish sometimes—that, after a long succession of brittle American or more subtle English comedies, it comes as something different; often juvenile, always mad, but from beginning to end inspired by the exuberant good spirits of the cast.

The story is too complicated to be told in detail, but it concerns the



GENE RAYMOND, featured in "That Girl From Paris," soon to be released.

efforts made by Mr. Buchanan to win Jean Gillie, the girl of his heart, despite the disadvantages attendant on having a horsey ex-fiancee,

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

Laura, two wild and drunken friends, and Laura's embarrassing old guardian, Sebastian Venables, on his hands.

You'll start off, at this picture, by thinking it's too darn silly to laugh at. Then a few reluctant giggles will be choked out of you. Soon after that you'll give the picture best, let the tall go with the hide, and give way to your mirth. This was my personal experience, at any rate.—Mayfair; commencing Wednesday, 24th.

★ NORTH OF NOME

Jack Holt, Evelyn Venable, (Columbia.)

THE knowledgeable fan, seeing the name Jack Holt heading a cast list, has a fair idea of the type of picture he or she is going to see: Adventure, with a capital A, with a very he-man hero throwing his fists about in a manner particularly depressing to the villains of the story. Add to this pre-knowledge the title, "North of Nome," and the same fan will realise that all this punch-slinging takes place in the wild wastes of the Alaskan coast, where men are supermen and women only make an appearance by virtue of the ingenuity of the scenario writer.

Still, of its type, this story of the seal poacher who wins the love of



EVELYN VENABLE

the beautiful daughter of the very man whose seals he has been raiding is fair enough. Plenty of action is thrown in, and there is enough humor to relieve the more melodramatic spots.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ NIGHT WAITRESS

Margot Grahame, Gordon Jones, (R.K.O.)

GIVE a dog a bad name . . . You know the old saw. As Helen Roberts, waitress at a Greek restaurant on the San Francisco waterfront, Margot Grahame finds out the truth of this old saying. Having served a prison sentence for innocent participation in a robbery, she is released and returns to her waiting. Despite all her good resolutions, however, she allows herself to become interested in Martin Rhodes (Gordon Jones), a romantic young man who uses his schooner for all sorts of adventurous but questionable enterprises, and so finds herself in trouble once more. Crooks, police, hidden bullion, a kidnapping and all the excitement of a sea chase provide the body of the story.

An average one-star adventure-romance. Gordon Jones gets by with that heavily-ingenuous, overgrown-boy stuff of his, but Miss Grahame has not many more years in which to play the pretty ingenue. Time's heavy touch has already thickened her figure and done things to her chin and neck.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR IS "LLOYDS OF LONDON"

EVERY once in a while a film is made which is so superb that adjectives are simply inadequate to describe its mighty calibre. Such a picture was "Cavalcade" which, four years ago, swept the world—the most magnificent production ever to come from Hollywood. To-day the same company which made this great masterpiece—20th Century-Fox—proudly presents its successor, "Lloyds of London."

Here is a production that will be on every list of the best pictures of the year . . . entertainment which will be given rank in the gallery of great historical motion picture documents.

Combining stupendous drama, filmed with dazzling grandeur against the glittering background of Britain's most dramatic epoch, "Lloyds of London" is dynamic with power, crackling with action, sparkling with romance, thrilling with courage, loyalty, gallantry.



Tyrone Power, thrilling new hero makes love to Madeleine Carroll, the screen's loveliest heroine.

Transcending all in appeal is the glorious romance of Lady Elizabeth (Madeleine Carroll) and Jonathan Blake (Tyrone Power), linked with the boyhood pact of two English lads, both of whom rise to distinction, whose lives forever entwined with the destinies of Britain. One of these boys becomes the head of the house of Lloyds of London—the other grew to be the admiral of the victorious British fleet—Lord Nelson.

Truly "Lloyds of London" is an inspired production, distinguished in its players and in their performance, electric with dramatic power and romance, thrilling in the story of its deathless heroism and courage that will thrill the world.

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in

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Max Factor's
OF
HOLLYWOOD

FREE Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." A million agencies in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR, New Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in sheet below with a ✓

NAME	Address	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
		Fair	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
		Creamy	Grey	Light/Dark	Oily
			Hazel	BROWNETTE	Normal
		Medium	Brown	Light/Dark	LIPS
		Ruddy	Black	BRUNETTE	Moist
				Light/Dark	Dry
		Olive	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
		Sun Tan	Dark	Light/Dark	

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood stars is Max Factor's. Beautiful Olivia de Havilland, (above), Warner Bros. new Star, uses and endorses Max Factor's Make-Up.

JAMES A. ANDERSON, Representatives for Australia. Sydney address: C4, New Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

NEW STAR RISES

Deanna Durbin Discovered

FROM OUR SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT

"Ring out the old, Ring in the New." That, apparently, is the slogan of New Universal, who have just recently formed a new stock company of young and promising players, from among whom they hope to discover talent worthy of being groomed for stardom.

Already, so early in 1937, one new stellar name is blazing in the electric —Deanna Durbin. Deanna, however, was not one of those players whom the New Universal were carefully grooming. She was just another of those sensational "overnight" successes whose appearance in the one picture, "Three Smart Girls," placed her instantaneously among the top rung stars, with a newly-established fan following that will be definitely awaiting her second screen vehicle.

DEANNA'S refreshing beauty is electrifying fans of all ages in America, where her name scintillates across the bright white way of theatredom.

The girl who became the singing sensation of Hollywood before she had appeared in even one feature picture—that's the dainty Deanna Durbin, who is still in her teens and possesses an operatic voice which has amazed every local expert who has heard it. The Hollywood fame which she gained before making her picture debut was the result of appearances before film-drama social gatherings, where her singing brought cinema celebrities cheering to their feet.

Unusual Voice

BORN in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4, 1922, Deanna came to Southern California with her parents at the age of one year. At that time—and long after—the idea of a motion picture career for the little girl didn't enter the head of anyone in the Durbin family. As in the case of thousands of other families, the move was inspired merely by a desire to escape rigorous northern winters. James Durbin, her father, is a broker.

As soon as she could talk, Deanna began singing children's songs with unusual clarity and truthness. By the time she reached the age of ten, members of her family began to feel that she definitely possessed an unusual voice. Deanna's elder sister, Edith, who is a nationally-known singer, was particularly insistent in her belief that the child had a remarkable talent which should be cultivated. Lessons followed, and Deanna's progress bore out the most optimistic predictions.

Then she began thinking of an operatic career. The idea of a motion picture career did not even suggest itself. Deanna attended the Manchester Avenue School, and the Bret Harte Junior High School in Los Angeles, and lived the life of a normal youngster.

A Hollywood actor's agent happened to hear her sing at a recital. Within 24 hours she was embarked upon a professional career. She was sent to Andres de Seguro, former Metropolitan Opera star, whose pupils include Francis White, Marion Talley, Mary McCormic and other noted singers. Throat specialists found the girl's throat to

be fully developed despite her youth. They declared the only change which will come with maturity is increased volume.

Meanwhile, Deanna's motion picture career was being carefully developed at Universal, and the youthful soprano was signed to appear in a series of national radio broadcasts with Eddie Cantor.

The studio selected "Three Smart Girls" for her first vehicle and revamped the script to provide an important role for her. The famed German tunesmiths, Walter Jurmann and Bronislau Kaper, were engaged to write her songs, and Gus Kahn obtained to do the lyrics. No detail was overlooked in properly launching her in pictures. And those who have seen the picture (soon to be released) are unanimous in declaring that Deanna has exceeded every expectation.

Deanna lives with her parents in a Hollywood hillside home. Her education is being continued in the studio school, and her outstanding interest in life—except for singing—is her cocker spaniel, Tippy.

GALLERY OF STARS

Deanna Durbin

the raves when she is launched. Hollywood is wise to the value of shooting across cables to buoy up the anticipation of the local branch in regard to the merit of each individual film that arrives on the latest shipment. It's part of the consistent barrage of sales-fire that starts immediately a film leaves their shore.

but in the case of Deanna Durbin, it seems from the American reaction that anything published in Australia will be more justified than is usual.

Besides Deanna Durbin as the new singing sensation and star of "Three Smart Girls," the film features Nan Grey and Barbara Read completing the feminine trio, and Charles Winninger, the grand old trouser of "Show Boat" fame, Ray Milland, who appeared with Margaret Sullivan in "Next Time We Love," Binnie Barnes, film-drama's favorite menace, Alice Brady, premiere comedienne of the screen, and Mischa Auer, the gorilla man in "My Man Godfrey."

Critics on both the trade and public Press right throughout America are unanimous in their belief that Deanna Durbin is one of the box office finds of the year. One of the trade papers that has a particular reputation for saying exactly what it likes about a film irrespective of what the movie moguls think, sums up "Three Smart Girls" in the following strain:

"One of the outstanding and surprise pictures of the year. Will delight any audience and hearten any exhibitor."

Film executives who saw the film on completion are all highly enthusiastic in the belief that Deanna will rule



FUN BEGINS AT 8.30 p.m.

By

Mary Olivier



• WARNER BAXTER, whose principal pleasure, after working hours, is good music. He hears it at The Hollywood Bowl.



• RIGHT: The Trocadero claims a lot of Bette Davis' time. Now that she's back in Hollywood she's seen there quite a lot.

Play Hours of the Film Stars

"MR. AND MRS. DICK POWELL invite you to a dunking party on Saturday night. Don't dress. See you at 8.30."

So might any fortunate pal of the popular Dick and Joan find a card addressed in the morning mail. Informal, unconventional, just as the party will be when the guests eventually arrive there.

SYMBOLIC of Hollywood's favorite playtime is 8.30. For at that hour the stars come out to dance, dine, and make merry.

At that moment life begins with a triumphant bang. By 9 o'clock you'll be seeing stars—making for the Trocadero, the beach, the skating-rink, the hills, or to somebody's private party.

No matter what your taste in entertainment may be, you'll find it in and around Hollywood.

The Trocadero is still the smartest

place in town for those who want to dress up to dance and dine. There you'll always find a lot of the gang on the crowded floor.

While some people prefer to get all dressed up to go places, others like to get into something comfy to pursue less formal pleasures. Hollywood in summer is a succession of delightfully warm nights, when a swim in someone's private pool is a delightful relaxation after a long, hot, and tiring day covered in glory and grease-paint.

Dick Powell's dunking parties (swimming to you) are famous for their fun and informality. Now that

he has Joan to help him entertain, there should be lots more gaiety, for Joan is a really marvellous hostess, and Dick isn't exactly an amateur himself. After the dip, Dick puts on the dinkiest suppers and rounds off the evening with a spot of dancing on the patio of his lovely home.

You don't like to dunk even in Dick's pool, and in such good company?

Active Pleasures

IF you don't want to swim, how about a game of badminton, or a set of tennis? Claudette Colbert is quite likely to phone you if you wield a mean racquet. She's one of the colony's greatest tennis enthusiasts, and hers is a delightful court.

Just to be different, Carole Lombard has gone in for bowling, and what Carole goes in for, so must Clark Gable. So out they troop in their shorts and shirts, a couple of nights a week, and, though Carole says it's good exercise, I'm inclined to think that she means it's good for reducing that waistline of Clark's, which is getting a bit out of control.

The Hollywood Bowl is the mecca

of those who like fine music. This is the world's largest amphitheatre, a huge construction where one may listen to lovely symphonies under the stars and hold hands from 8.15 to 10.30. Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Paul Lukas have permanent seats for every new concert.

Not everybody, however, likes to seek their enjoyment in public places. House parties, novel and otherwise, are thrown every night in the week—at Mary's one night, Jane's another, and Harry's the night after.

It's a case of "let's all go over to Mary's" when it is an informal affair, and you wait for your gilt-edged invitation when it is formal.

Joan Bennett is a prolific hostess and there is hardly a week goes by unless she throws a party. And when Joan throws a party, she throws a party. She not only provides the party, but the trimmings as well.

Hollywood has its bridge bugs, too. Numbered among these are

Merle Oberon and David Niven, Irene Dunne, and the Fredric Marchs.

So terribly, terribly social and correct are Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. The days when Joan stepped up on to a table to give an exhibition of the Charleston for the guests are relegated into the dim forgotten past. Now she entertains only Hollywood's "naicest" people. But a visit to her lovely home is one of sheer delight. A gorgeous pool stretches invitingly between a colonial bath house and her little theatre. White lounging chairs park under green parasols alongside gay coffee tables. There is a badminton court and convenient ping-pong outfit nicely floodlighted thank you.

After you've tired of swimming in this private paradise, Joan will tempt you with cocktails and canapés. Don't trouble to move. Healer! Joan will now satisfy your dramatic urge by unreeing a film. I only hope there's nothing in the rumor that the Tone ménage is threatened with destruction.

GOING WILD



★ Columbia's "Theodora Goes Wild" stars Irene Dunne, top left, and Melvyn Douglas, top right. The comedy that makes the show arises from the fact that Theodora (Irene Dunne), having written a sensational novel, tried to live up to it. Just how, was nobody's business.

TESTING STARS of the FUTURE

Drama of Screen Trials

By MARY OLIVIER

PROBABLY the least heard of but most important department of any Hollywood studio is the Test Department — the modern torture chamber, the ante-room through which film aspirants pass to life or death.

Those who survive the ordeal may later emerge into the paradise of picture-making. Those who fail are consigned to that oblivion from which few players ever return.

THERE are two kinds of tests for pictures. First is the contract test, which means the test made by a brand-new applicant for screen work. The second test is that made by an already established player for a specific part in a specific picture.

The contract test is, of course, the real acid test. For once a player is established she may test for a part and lose it, but she usually gets another part in another picture. Perhaps she will be unhappy at losing a cherished role, but it is soon forgotten in the excitement and interest of winning another. Whereas the contract testee will probably never get a second opportunity—at that particular studio, anyway.

Deathknell to Hopes

HER failure to pass the initial trial may sound the deathknell to her hopes of a film career. Yet on the other hand a test at another studio might prove highly successful. Two instances of this, and proof that even seasoned veterans of movie-making can make mistakes, are the cases of Ginger Rogers and Spencer Tracy.

Ginger made her first contract test with Paramount when she was working on a big vaudeville circuit. She was barely sixteen at the time, thin, tall, and rawky. The test was a washout. Two years later Ginger took another test and hey, presto! Next thing she knew, Mrs. Rogers' little girl was in pictures!

Spencer Tracy made his first test in New York, and it was so incredibly awful it wasn't even kept for future reference. He made further tests for Universal and Metro, which were also tagged "no good." John Ford eventually discovered Spencer on the stage, tested him, and was so delighted that he was immediately brought to Hollywood and given a contract by Fox.

Please do not get the impression that film testing is done haphazardly, carelessly, or apathetically. On the contrary a lot of time, trouble, and expense is devoted by the major studios each year to testing young screen aspirants, in the hope of finding among them a Garbo or a Gable, a Taylor or a Temple. Most of the applicants for screen tests come from the stage, night clubs, and radio studios, but everywhere and unrelentingly the studios search for new faces, new voices, new names.

The screen testee, once she has passed the testing department that she merits a trial, is given every opportunity of making good. First of all the test director inter-

views her. Long experience has taught him to gauge with fair success the emotional depth, acting possibilities, and general potentiality of the applicant. Having passed this first examination, she is given a few lines of a play or recent picture to read. This second test is usually attended by a couple of producers or a casting director, and if the girl seems, by a consensus of opinion, to have possibilities, they go ahead with THE test.

The testee is handed over to the make-up department, where experts do her face over to find the right type of make-up. Then the hairdresser goes to work experimenting with different coiffures until they find the one which suits her best. A suitable frock is fitted in the wardrobe department, and she is ready to do or die.

They go to the same detailed trouble for making a test as they do in making a scene for an important

● **KIRSOVA**, one of the principal ballerinas of the Monte Carlo Ballet Company, at present touring Australia. This artist's grace and technique, apparent as they are on the stage, might be tried very hard by screen test conditions. World-famous ballerinas have been known to fail in the foreign atmosphere of the screen test studio.

working production. A complete test department.

When a well-known Broadway star was brought out to Hollywood a few years ago she refused to make a test, declaring that, with her experience and reputation, she didn't consider it necessary. But every newcomer, famous or unknown, must make a test, and that included her, too. Nevertheless, the studio people had to kidnap her in order to get her before the cameras, where, after much fuss and temperament, she cooled down and went through with the ordeal.

It was Loretta Young who came in to help an unknown young man, Tyrone Power, make his first test for Fox. Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Carole Lombard, and Mary Brian are others I have seen, at different times, lending a hand in

After a whole morning's work they

decided to change her make-up and her hair style and do it all over again. The lady's reply to this is unprintable—but she did it and liked it.

Testing well-known dancers is the department's greatest trial. Even famous ballerinas and Terpsichorean artists such as Maria Gambarelli, Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and Jessie Matthews had to take tests. Screen technique, even for dancing, is very different to film technique, and they must learn to serve their new master before they are introduced to his patrons—the public.

These people are used to working on a large stage, where they may move with freedom without fear at any time of being out of sight of the audience. But in a film studio the camera range is limited and the dancer must learn to keep within its limits, a task few have found easy to accomplish.

Want to take a test?



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Pisceans... the Peace Makers

If you were born between February 19 and March 21, when the zodiacal sign, "Pisces—the Fishes," governs the heavens, it is not at all essential (as some people imagine), for you to excel as a fisherman or fishwife.

In point of fact, the sign also produces some of the best chicken-farmers, elephant-hunters, and germ-discoverers in the world.

THE starry influence of Pisces shows that you are rather a nice person, keen for peace and harmony at almost any price, that you have small or neatly-shod feet of which you are proud, that your eyes are sleepy or dreamy (probably showing the whites beneath the pupils) and that you are so dual-natured that even your best friends don't know you.

There is a combined shy and secretive element in your make-up, which makes it rather difficult for you to express yourself in words, and takes away some of your self-confidence.

This is regrettable, for astrology has proved that Pisceans have, as a rule, much more knowledge than is realised by either themselves or others. Some of this knowledge comes to them intuitively—or through "hunches." Yet a Piscean will usually sit back and let others air their valueless opinions, making no effort to come forward themselves even when asked to do so.

Emotional Types

THIS is a pity and the sooner Pisceans realise that they are thus failing in their duty to their fellow-men the better for the world in general and for themselves in particular.

People born strongly under this Piscean influence are those at whose birth hour this sign was rising over the Eastern horizon; riding high overhead; or otherwise strongly placed in the individual star-map, as well as those born between February 19 and March 21.

Most people born under this sign of the zodiac are inherently religious and emotional. They enjoy orthodox ceremonials and are usually faithful followers of some church or creed.

They are strongly attracted to all that is mystical, secretive, and investigative, and many of the world's famous occultists belong to the sign.

They abound in sympathy, tolerance and kindness. The help of a Piscean is seldom sought in vain. In fact, one of their greatest troubles in life is to overcome a tendency to believe any sob-story and unwisely help those who would be better if left to help themselves.

Impostors and deceivers are attracted to Pisceans as to a magnet, and consequently they should learn to discriminate between the real and the false if they are to know success and true happiness in life.

The Piscean keywords are "I Believe," but they should believe in themselves first.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (those born Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Fair on Feb. 23 and 24.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 22): Go after the thing you have in mind. Matters improve now. Feb. 25, 26 and 27 (to 3 p.m.) favor new ventures.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly. Your affairs will be subjected to delays and annoyances.

Easy-going Sometimes, But Not Always

PISCEANS give the impression of being easy-going and rather "soft," and as a general rule this is correct. But there is also a streak of hardness which can show in time of need.

They will suffer much in the cause of peace and harmony, and will allow imposition and deceptions which would not be tolerated by most people. But woe betide the individual who goes just too far when the Piscean liver is out of order.

especially on Feb. 25, 26, and most of the 27th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be alive to your opportunities. Plan to utilize March 2 for beginning important enterprises or making changes. Feb. 25, 26 and to noon on Feb. 27 also fair. Work hard.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Routine tasks best, though Feb. 23 and 24 are fair.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Try to guard against losses, estrangements and disappointments this week. Live quietly. Feb. 25, 26 and early 27 are a poor best.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Not spectacular. Follow routine tasks. Feb. 27 (after noon) and



BLUE AND SILVER LAME, quilted with silver leaves, fashions this attractive cut-away evening coat worn by a charming 20th Century-Fox player.

28 slightly friendly. But be careful over love affairs or money after noon on Mar. 1.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Seek, and you are sure to find some opportunities for advancement. Make changes, ask favors, begin ventures, especially on Mar. 2. Feb. 25, 26 and early 27 also fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Caution is advised in all affairs. Difficulties and delays are probable. Do not start new ventures on Mar. 2.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Quite fair on Feb. 25, 26, and to noon on 27.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Just fair on Feb. 27 (after 2 p.m.), 28 and Mar. 1.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Opportunities are possible. Go after them. Be confident and work hard on Mar. 2 (best) and on Feb. 25, 26 and early 27.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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Quality
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and
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Price throughout
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You cannot get better protection, or softer, safer comfort than Modess. It is the finest Sanitary Napkin made, yet sells at the lowest price. Thousands of women use Modess regularly. It is so fine, has so many advantages, and it is so economical. You should try Modess. Test its quality for yourself, and then you too will use Modess always.

More absorbent. Inconspicuous. Completely disposable.

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Individual Tours on the Continent



VISITORS to the Coronation may have interesting particulars of inclusive tours of Europe, with either Marseilles, Toulon or Naples as starting point; or of Continental tours to follow the Coronation.

Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney

Inside... behind your front teeth
that's the Tartar Zone..

There is no guesswork about Tek. No neglect. Tek gets directly behind your front teeth, where ordinary brushes simply cannot fit. And that's the danger zone. Tartar forms there, and unless your teeth are thoroughly cleaned, both back and front, as only Tek can clean them, they will quickly decay.

Tek is better value, too. Better bristles that last longer. Six colors. Cellophane sealed cartons. Hard, medium (or extra hard). Price 2/-.

Tek Junior for the children's teeth. Same quality, smaller size, and price 1/3.

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World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Modess etc.

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First FOR THEIR TINY BABY BATHS
.... ONLY *Olive Oil.*

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE



Five little Dionnes after their Palmolive bath . . . pink as tiny rosebuds, their skin satin-smooth, glowingly fresh.

Now the lovely Dionne Quintuplets use only PALMOLIVE *the soap made with Gentle Olive Oil*



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NRA Service, Inc.

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL

TO KEEP SKIN LOVELY THROUGH THE YEARS

FIVE PAIRS of chubby little arms and legs, splashing and churning the water! Five baby voices lifted in joyous laughter!

How the Quins love their bath with gentle Palmolive Soap!

To the babies that bath is just fun. To the specialists in charge it is a very important matter. And especially important was the choice of a soap gentle enough for these famous little girls.

WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN

Because the Quins were born prematurely, their skin is unusually sensitive. So delicate that it has always required very special care.

Dr. Dafoe himself explains: "At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Think of it! Of all the oils known to science, only Olive Oil was gentle enough for their first baths. And then, out of all the soaps available, only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, was chosen for the Quins!

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER FOR EVERY WOMAN

Mother! Should that precious baby of yours be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes? Why not decide right now that only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, will ever touch your baby's tender skin!

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give your skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of precious Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not begin today to use Palmolive Soap exclusively for your own face and bath!

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KNITTING *for* 1937



The "PAMELA"
Directions Inside

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Continued on Page 3

WITCHERY IN WOOL ... and Simple to Make!



SMART JUMPER with pert bow, knitted in 4-ply Sunbeam wool. Stocking rib is varied happily with unusual ribbing.

Continental Jersey

Continued from Page 2

After the 27th row has been worked (that is 2 rows after the third raised ridge finishes at side), resume the shaping of top of sleeve by dec. at both ends of every other row. At the same time continue to build up the second and third raised ridges until they both work off to a point. Immediately the point of the third raised ridge is completed continue in stocking-web, dec. as usual at sides and taking tog. the centre 3 sts. in every row. When all sts. are used, fasten off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 153 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in rib of k. 3, p. 3, for 4 ins., and cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part well on the wrong side under a damp cloth, but do not press the ridges too heavily. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, set the sleeves into the armholes matching the ends of the vandykes on sleeves to the ends of those on back and fronts. Gather top of sleeves to fit armholes and press armhole seams well to make top of sleeves stand out smartly. Double crochet round front of neck opening, then sew on collar by the cast off edge. Press the outer edge so that the ribs are flattened and the collar lies well. Sew on hook at top of neck opening to hook into the crochet edging without showing on the right side.

ANOTHER smart overseas creation featuring the new long basque and matching knitted belt. Ribbed raglan sleeves and jaunty jabot in matching rib are novel notes.

Materials Required: 10oz. Sunbeam super 4-ply fingering wool, shade 1075; 2 pairs needles (Nos. 9 and 11), 1 buckle, 1 crochet-hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22½ in.; bust, 32 in.; length of sleeve seam, 19 in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 in.; 8 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and continue in ribbing until work measures 5 in. Increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 12th row until increased to 100 sts. When ribbing measures 7½ in. work in st.-st. until work measures 15 in. Shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until decreased to 44 sts. **Next Row:** P. 14 (leave on spare needle), cast off 16, p. 14. K. 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until all sts. are worked off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 4 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 82 sts.

Next Row: K. 22 (p. 2, k. 2 10 times), p. 2, k. 22.

Next Row: P. 22 (k. 2, p. 2, 10 times), k. 2, p. 22.

Repeat last 2 rows until sleeve seams 19 in. Continue in rib, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

JABOT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k. 2, p. 2, for 3½ in. K. 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 1st. Fasten off.

NECK BAND

Using No. 11 needles and with right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 110 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ in. Cast off.

BELT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 18 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 30 in. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew sleeves into position. Sew jabot onto neck band. Work one row d.c. around edges. Sew buckle on belt.

NEW CABLE DESIGN... and It's Charmingly Different!

DELIGHTFULLY feminine version of the popular cable stitch jumper.... diamond pattern, with a round, roped neckline. A rare jumper, this one, for dressy occasions.

Material: 7oz. "Waratah" Crepe Wool, 4-ply, in a light pastel shade. 2 steel knitting needles, No. 9. 1 short spare needle.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: front, 19½ inches; back, 19 inches. Width below arms, 36½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 4½ inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; r, row; st., stitch; c., cable.

FRONT

Cast on 116 stitches which should measure 15 inches and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern.

1st Row (right side of work): * k. 4, p. 12. Repeat from *. **2nd Row** (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

3rd Row: * c. (this is done as follows: Slip the first 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. the next 2 sts., then the 2 from the spare needle. This particular form of crossing will always be referred to below as "c"), p. 12. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **8th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** * c., k. 2, p. 8, k. 2. Repeat from *. **10th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: K. 2, * slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 6, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 4, p. the st. from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** K. 2, p. 1, * c., p. 6, c., p. 2. Repeat from *. **14th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** K. 2, p. 1, * k. 4, p. 6, k. 4, p. 2. Repeat from *. **16th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** K. 2, p. 1, * slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 4, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 2. Repeat from *.

18th Row: Same as 2nd row. **19th Row:** K. 2, p. 2, * k. 4, p. 4. Repeat from *. **20th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

21st Row: K. 2, p. 2, * slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 2, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 4. Repeat from *.

22nd Row: Same as 2nd row. **23rd Row:** K. 2, p. 3, * k. 4, p. 2, k. 4, p. 6. Repeat from *. **24th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

25th Row: K. 2, p. 3, * slip 4 sts. onto



SHIRLEY: Also showing on Page 6 of The Australian Women's Weekly, this jumper, with its diamond cable pattern, will appeal to the knitter of discernment.

the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 6. Repeat from *.

26th Row: Same as 2nd row. **27th Row:** P. 8, * c., p. 12. Repeat from *. **28th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **29th Row:** P. 8, * k. 4, p. 12. Repeat from *. **30th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **31st Row:** Same as 27th row. **32nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **33rd Row:** Same as 29th row. **34th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **35th Row:** Same as 27th row. **36th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

37th Row: Same as 29th row. **38th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **39th Row:** Same as 27th row. **40th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **41st Row:** Same as 29th row. **42nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **43rd Row:** P. 6, * k. 2, c., k. 2, p. 8. Repeat from *.

44th Row: Same as 2nd row. **45th Row:** P. 5, * slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 4, p. the st. from the spare needle, slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 6. Repeat from *.

46th Row: Same as 2nd row. **47th Row:** P. 5, * c., p. 2, c., p. 6. Repeat from *. **48th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **49th Row:** P. 5, * k. 4, p. 2, k. 4, p. 6.

Repeat from *. **50th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

51st Row: P. 4, * slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 2, slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 4. Repeat from *.

52nd Row: Same as 2nd row. **53rd Row:** P. 4, * k. 4, p. 4. Repeat from *. **54th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **55th Row:** P. 3, * slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, p. 2. Repeat from *.

56th Row: Same as 2nd row. **57th Row:** P. 3, * k. 4, p. 6, k. 4, p. 2. Repeat from *. **58th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

59th Row: P. 2, * slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. c., p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 6, slip 4 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, c. the 4 sts. from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

60th Row: Same as 2nd row. **61st Row:** Same as 3rd row. **62nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **63rd Row:** Same as 1st row. **64th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **65th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **66th Row:** Same

Continued on Page 5

Continued from Page 4

as 2nd row. 67th Row: Same as 1st row.
68th Row: Same as 2nd row.
Repeat from the 3rd needle.
70th, 72nd, 74th, 76th, 78th, 80th, 82nd,
84th, 86th, 88th, 90th, and 92nd Rows:
Widen by 1 st. on each side.

At the end of the 92nd row there are
140 stitches on the needle and the work
measures 11½ inches. Shape armholes.
93rd, 94th, 95th and 96th Rows: Cast
off 3 stitches on each side. 97th, 98th
and 99th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each
side.

In the 136th row the neckline begins.
Divide the stitches into two equal parts
and work each one separately.

136th, 138th, and 140th Rows: Cast off
4 stitches on the neck side. 141st, 142nd,
143rd, 145th, 148th, 151st, 153rd, 156th,
159th rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck
side.

163th, 167th, 169th, and 171st Rows:
Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side
for the shoulder. 173rd and 175th Rows:
Cast off 5 stitches on the armhole side.

BACK

Cast on 108 stitches, which should
measure 14½ inches. Work the lower
border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½
inches. Commence pattern. Since you
have 8 stitches less on the needle for the
back than the front, in order that the
pattern may come out properly, the 1st
pattern row must begin with p. 12.

70th, 72nd, 74th, 76th, 78th, 80th, 82nd,
84th, 86th, 88th, 90th, and 92nd Rows:
Widen by 1 st. on each side.

At the end of the 92nd row there are
132 stitches on the needle and the work
measures 11½ inches. Shape armholes.

93rd, 94th and 95th Rows: Cast off 3
stitches on each side. 97th, 98th and
99th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each
side.

In the 141st row the slit at the neck
begins. Divide the stitches into two
equal parts and work each one separately.
Work as far as the 157th row in the
same width.

157th, 159th, 161st, and 163rd Rows:
Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side
for the shoulder.

164th Row: Cast off 6 stitches on the
neckside. 165th Row: Cast off 6 stitches
on the shoulder side. 166th Row: Same
as 164th row. 167th Row: Same as 165th
row. 168th Row: Same as 166th row.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 84 stitches which should mea-
sure 11 inches. Work the cuff in k. 2, p.
2 for ½ inch. Commence ground pat-
tern.

6th, 12th, 18th, 24th, 30th, and 36th
Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 36th row there are
96 stitches on the needle and the work
measures 4½ inches. Shape bow at top.

37th, 38th and 39th Rows: Cast off 3
stitches on each side. 41st, 42nd, 43rd,
45th, 46th, 47th, 49th, 52nd, 54th, 57th,
59th, 61st, 63th, 67th, 68th, 71st, 74th,
77th, 78th and 79th Rows: Cast off 1
stitch on each side.

81st, 82nd, 83rd, 85th, 86th and 87th
Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the following row cast off the re-
maining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out
to measurements and allow them to dry
thus. Sew up seams. Fasten the slit
at the back of the neck with a small but-
ton and loop. The neck is trimmed with
a band of braided wool.



ELIZABETH: Horizontal raised bars, cleverly placed on fine ribbing,
are the important notes of this unique jumper. Also illustrated on Page
6, The Australian Women's Weekly.

DIGNIFIED and EFFICIENT!

INTRODUCING lumber jacket, feminine version, ultra modish. As
well as looking particularly attractive, it will give most efficient
service—particularly on chilly midwinter days.

Material: 12oz. of pastel-colored Lin-
coln Mills "Daphne" Crochet wool, 3-ply.
2 steel knitting needles, No. 10.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge
—front, 19 inches; back, 18½ inches. Width
below arms, 35½ inches. Length of sleeve
along seam, 18½ inches.

BACK

Commence at the lower edge by cast-
ing on 114 stitches which should measure
15 inches. Then work 1 row of
plain knitting and one of purling.
The plain knitted surface forms the right
side of the work. The horizontal stripes
are 2½ inches long and 3-8 inch wide.
They are done in purling on the right
side of the work, and in plain knitting
on the wrong side. This gives the stripes
a raised effect, which lends a smart air
to the jacket. Narrow gradually as far
as the waist, then widen gradually up
to the beginning of the armholes, as
indicated by the diagram. Cast off
stitches to shape the armholes. The
shoulder line is bias. Cast off stitches
for the neck.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 66 stitches which should
measure 8½ inches. Work in horizontal
stripe pattern. Decrease gradually on
the outer edge as far as the waist, then

increase up to the beginning of the arm-
hole, for which stitches must be cast
off. Stitches must also be cast off for
the neck. The shoulder line is bias.

RIGHT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the left
front, reversing the increases and de-
creases. The stripes must be placed as
indicated on the diagram.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 54 stitches which should
measure 7 inches, and work the cuff for
2½ inches in knit 2, purl 2. Knit in
pattern. Widen gradually up to the be-
ginning of the bow at the top, then
narrow gradually.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the
right.

COLLAR

Cast on 108 stitches which should
measure 14½ inches. Work 1 row plain
knitting and 1 row purling until it
measures 1½ inches. Fold the collar and
sew it together lengthwise so that it
has a tube-like appearance. The purl
stitches form the right side of the work.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out
to measurements, and allow them to
dry thus. Sew up seams. Press seams
under a damp cloth.

JUDITH Jumper of Distinction!

FOR chic simplicity you will find this alluring little jumper hard to beat. A new wool is introduced, and a new twisted rib. Make it in pastel tint.

ENCHANTINGLY fresh-looking, this jumper with naive round neckline. A particularly attractive new wool is used, a crepe finish with silk in the weave. The twisted rib is simple to knit.

Materials: 60s. of Pagoda crepe. A pair No. 11, and pair No. 9 Beehive needles (a tight knitter may have to substitute No. 8 needles for the latter to get the right tension). A No. 13 Inox crochet-hook. 10 buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 34-36 inches (the rib being fairly "stretchy"), length 18 inches; sleeve seam, with cuff turned up as worn, 3 inches.

Tension: 8½ stitches to an inch, measured over the fancy ribbing lightly patted flat.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 126 stitches. Knit first row into backs of stitches, then work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 inches. Changing to No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Slip 1, * k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end. **2nd Row:** * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 2, repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. **3rd Row:** Slip 1, * twist 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end (to twist 2, take needle round the back of next stitch, and bringing point to the front between the next 2 stitches, knit the second, then knit the first and drop both loops off left-hand needle together).

The last 2 rows from pattern repeated throughout. Continuing in pattern thus, increase at each end of every 8th row (taking new stitches into pattern as they appear) till there are 144 stitches on needle. Work should now measure about 11½ inches on the straight; if necessary do a few more rows to achieve this.

Shape armholes by casting off 7 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows and decreasing at each end of following 5 rows. Continue straight till back measures 15½ inches from commencement.

Here shape for yoke as follows: **1st Row:** Work 46 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **3rd Row:** Work 43 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **5th Row:** Work 40 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **7th Row:** Work 36 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **9th Row:** Work 33 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **11th Row:** Work 30 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **13th Row:** Work 26 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **15th Row:** Work 23 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **17th Row:** Work 20 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **19th Row:** Work 18 stitches in pattern; turn, and work back. **21st Row:** Cast off 18 stitches (cast off in pattern but without twisting the rib), run a length of wool through the next 68 stitches.

Join wool at yoke edge of remaining 46 stitches, and work in pattern to end. Now work as given for opposite shoulder, from 1st to 19th and 20th rows inclusive. Cast off 18 stitches, run a length of wool through remainder. Leave all these stitches for the present.

FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 126 stitches. Knit first row into backs of

cast-on stitches, then work in k. 1, p. 1, ribbing to match back welt. Changing to No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Slip 1, * k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * 10 times more, k. 2, turn, leaving remaining 68 on spare needle or stitch-holder. **2nd Row:** Cast on 10 stitches, knit into backs of cast-on stitches, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to last 3 stitches, p. 2, k. 1. **3rd Row:** Slip 1, * twist 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to last 12 stitches, twist 2, (p. 1, k. 1) five times. **4th Row:** k. 2, (p. 1, k. 1) four times, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to last 3 stitches, p. 2, k. 1.

Continuing thus in pattern with a ribbed border, increase at side seam edge in 8th, and every following 8th row till there are 77 stitches on needle.

When side seam edge matches that of back, shape armhole by casting off 7 stitches at that edge, working to end and back, and then decreasing at armhole end of next 5 rows.

Carry on straight after armhole shaping is completed till work measures 15½ inches from commencement, ending at armhole edge. Shape for yoke exactly as given for first shoulder of back (1st to 20th rows inclusive). Cast off 18 stitches. Thread remaining stitches onto a length of wool.

Before working right front, mark positions of buttons on left front with pins, the top one just about 2 rows below the top of the part so far completed, and eight more at equal intervals of about 1½ inches (this should bring the bottom one to a position about 1 inch above the welt).

Now join wool to centre-front edge of the 68 stitches left. **1st Row:** (k. 1, p. 1) five times, * k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. **2nd Row:** Slip 1, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to last 12 stitches, p. 2 (k. 1, p. 1) four times, k. 2. **3rd Row:** (k. 1, p. 1) five times, * twist 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to last 3 stitches, twist 2, k. 1.

Continuing thus in pattern, increase at side seam edge in every 8th row as for left front, and also make buttonholes in the ribbed border to match positions marked by buttons on left front. To make a buttonhole, cast off the 4th, 5th, and 6th stitches from the edge of the border, and cast them on again in the next row.

Finish the right front to correspond with left front (with nine buttonholes in all).

Now join the shoulder seams neatly, and with the wrong side of the work facing, pick up on a No. 11 needle all the stitches left at the top of left front, back and right front. From here the yoke is worked entirely in k. 1, p. 1, rib on No. 11 needles. In the first row, pick up extra stitches where gaps occur (this will be necessary over the shoulders). You should have 193 stitches finally, which allows for picking up an extra 15 stitches thus. Take care to keep the continuity of rib in the borders.

Work 1½ inches in k. 1, p. 1 rib, end-



JUDITH: Sketched also by Rene on Page 6 of our current issue, this appealing little jumper in an interesting rib. Round neckline is a new vogue.

ing at buttonhole edge. Make a buttonhole above the others in the next two rows. **Next Row:** Cast off 10, rib to end. **Next Row:** Cast off 10, * p. 12, p. 2 tog., p. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 13 stitches, p. 13 (this purl row makes a ridge as the wrong side to mark the "turn-over" of collar). Work eight more rows in rib. Change to No. 9 needles and work another eight rows of rib, as loosely as possible (if you have a pair of No. 8 needles by you, use those instead of the No. 9 needles). Cast off loosely.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles, cast on 86 stitches. Work 16 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, and continue straight for 2 inches. Increase at each end of next and every alternate row till there are 92 stitches on needle. Pattern part of sleeve should now measure about 3 inches; if necessary, work another two or three rows straight.

Shape top of sleeve by decreasing at each end of every row till 46 stitches remain. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press pieces very lightly under a damp cloth (but not the k. 1, p. 1, rib at all). Sew the sleeves in flat, then join side and sleeve seams. Turn down the collar and work a row of double crochet along the fold to give a good sharp turning. Work a row of double crochet also along each edge of front opening. Buttonhole round the buttonholes; sew on buttons to correspond with them. Turn back the cuffs and catch into position.

TRY YOUR HAND AT *Knitting* A DRESS!

WITH our simple directions you will find this dress easy to knit, and the results will prove your trouble well worth while. All-over pattern is novel, bow at the throat a deft touch. Sports wool is used.

Material: 21oz. Lincoln Mills "Golden Wattle" wool. Two long steel knitting needles, No. 10.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: 50 inches. Width of skirt at lower edge, 41½ inches. Waist measure, 39 inches. Width below arms, 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: Thirty stitches and 40 rows to four inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl.

FRONT

Cast on 162 stitches, which should measure 21½ inches. Work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (Right side of work): * K. 2,

p. 10. Repeat from *. 2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit plain in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

3rd Row: Same as 1st row. 4th Row: Same as 2nd row. 5th Row: Same as 1st row. 6th Row: Same as 2nd row. 7th Row: Same as 1st row. 8th Row: Same as 2nd row. 9th Row: Same as 1st row. 10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row (right side of work): The pattern is transposed. P. 4, * K. 2, p. 10. Repeat from *. 12th Row: Same as 2nd row. 13th Row: Same as 11th row. 14th Row: Same as 2nd row. 15th Row: Same as 11th row. 16th Row: Same as 2nd row. 17th Row: Same as 11th row.

18th Row: Same as 2nd row. 19th Row: Same as 11th row. 20th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat from the first needle.

28th, 48th, 68th, 88th, 108th, 128th, 148th, 168th, 188th, 208th, 228th, 248th, 268th, 288th, 308th, 328th, 348th, 368th, 388th, 408th, 428th, 448th, 468th, 488th, 508th, 528th, 548th, 568th, 588th, 608th, 628th, 648th, 668th, 688th, 708th, 728th, 748th, 768th, 788th, 808th, 828th, 848th, 868th, 888th, 908th, 928th, 948th, 968th, 988th, 1008th, 1028th, 1048th, 1068th, 1088th, 1108th, 1128th, 1148th, 1168th, 1188th, 1208th, 1228th, 1248th, 1268th, 1288th, 1308th, 1328th, 1348th, 1368th, 1388th, 1408th, 1428th, 1448th, 1468th, 1488th, 1508th, 1528th, 1548th, 1568th, 1588th, 1608th, 1628th, 1648th, 1668th, 1688th, 1708th, 1728th, 1748th, 1768th, 1788th, 1808th, 1828th, 1848th, 1868th, 1888th, 1908th, 1928th, 1948th, 1968th, 1988th, 2008th, 2028th, 2048th, 2068th, 2088th, 2108th, 2128th, 2148th, 2168th, 2188th, 2208th, 2228th, 2248th, 2268th, 2288th, 2308th, 2328th, 2348th, 2368th, 2388th, 2408th, 2428th, 2448th, 2468th, 2488th, 2508th, 2528th, 2548th, 2568th, 2588th, 2608th, 2628th, 2648th, 2668th, 2688th, 2708th, 2728th, 2748th, 2768th, 2788th, 2808th, 2828th, 2848th, 2868th, 2888th, 2908th, 2928th, 2948th, 2968th, 2988th, 3008th, 3028th, 3048th, 3068th, 3088th, 3108th, 3128th, 3148th, 3168th, 3188th, 3208th, 3228th, 3248th, 3268th, 3288th, 3308th, 3328th, 3348th, 3368th, 3388th, 3408th, 3428th, 3448th, 3468th, 3488th, 3508th, 3528th, 3548th, 3568th, 3588th, 3608th, 3628th, 3648th, 3668th, 3688th, 3708th, 3728th, 3748th, 3768th, 3788th, 3808th, 3828th, 3848th, 3868th, 3888th, 3908th, 3928th, 3948th, 3968th, 3988th, 4008th, 4028th, 4048th, 4068th, 4088th, 4108th, 4128th, 4148th, 4168th, 4188th, 4208th, 4228th, 4248th, 4268th, 4288th, 4308th, 4328th, 4348th, 4368th, 4388th, 4408th, 4428th, 4448th, 4468th, 4488th, 4508th, 4528th, 4548th, 4568th, 4588th, 4608th, 4628th, 4648th, 4668th, 4688th, 4708th, 4728th, 4748th, 4768th, 4788th, 4808th, 4828th, 4848th, 4868th, 4888th, 4908th, 4928th, 4948th, 4968th, 4988th, 5008th, 5028th, 5048th, 5068th, 5088th, 5108th, 5128th, 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STRAIGHT FROM A *Parisian* SALON...

HERE is one of the smartest new season's styles, introduced in hand-knit wear. Frock has a smart little contrast vest, with buttons to match. Note the tailored, trim fit.

Material: Sport wool, 4-ply; 21oz. dark blue; 2oz. white. 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 10.

MEASUREMENTS

Blouse: Shoulder to lower edge: front, 17½ in.; back, 17 in.; width below arms, 35½ in. Length of sleeve along seam: 18½ in.

Skirt: Length, 34 in.; width at lower edge, 52½ in.; waist measure, 29 in.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; f, forward (i.e. throw the thread forward around the right needle); tog, together; f.b., from behind (i.e. insert the right needle from right to left into the back part of the stitch).

SKIRT—FRONT

Cast on 230 stitches which should measure 31 inches. Work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 3, k. 3, f. 1, k. 1, f. 1, k. 3. Repeat from *. The row ends k. 3, f. 1, k. 1, f. 1, k. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): * p. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1, tog. f.b., p. 1, k. 1, tog. f.b., p. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 3. Repeat from *. Repeat from the 1st needle. 44th, 66th, 88th, 100th, 122nd, 144th, 166th, 188th, 200th, 222nd, 244th, 266th, 288th, 291st, 300th, 309th, 318th, 327th, 336th, and 344th Rows: Decrease one on each side. In the 345th Row the front measures 34 inches. Cast off.

BACK

Cast on 162 stitches which should measure 21½ inches. Work in pattern, narrowing as for the front. Cast off in the 345th Row.

BLOUSE—BACK

Cast on 110 stitches which should measure 14½ inches. Work in pattern.

8th, 16th, 24th, 32nd, 40th, 48th, 56th, 64th, 72nd, 80th, 88th, and 96th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 96th Row there are 132 stitches on the needle and the work measures 9½ inches. Shape armholes.

97th, 98th, and 99th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 105th, 106th, and 107th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

Work in the same width as far as the 154th Row when the shaping of the shoulders begins. 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, and 161st Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

In the 162nd Row the neckline begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Right half: 162nd, 163rd and 164th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the shoulder side and 5 stitches on the neck side. The left half is worked in the same manner.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 stitches which should measure 7½ inches. Work in pattern.

8th, 16th, 24th, 32nd, 40th, 48th, 56th, 64th, 72nd, 80th, 88th, and 96th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 96th Row there are 72 stitches on the needle and the work

ELEANOR: Tailored dress, that may be swiftly made. 4-ply sports wool is used. Illustrated on Page 6, The Australian Women's Weekly.



measures 9½ inches. Shape armhole.

97th, 98th, and 99th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on outer edge. 100th and 101st Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on outer edge. 104th and 107th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on outer edge.

Work as far as the 145th Row in the same width.

145th, 146th, and 147th Rows: Cast off 5 stitches on the neck side. 149th, 150th, 151st, 153rd, 154th, and 155th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on neck side.

164th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, and 176th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the armhole side to shape shoulder.

RIGHT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the left, reversing the widening and narrowing.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 60 stitches which should measure 8 inches and work in pattern.

14th, 20th, 26th, 32nd, 38th, 44th, 50th, 56th, 62nd, 68th, 74th, 80th, 86th, 92nd, 98th, 104th, 110th, 116th, 122nd, 128th, 134th, 140th, 146th, 152nd, 158th, 164th, 170th, 176th, 182nd, and 188th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 188th Row there are 120 stitches on the needle and the work measures 18½ inches. Shape bow at upper part.

189th, 190th, and 191st Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. 193rd, 194th, 195th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 205th, 206th, 207th, 209th, 213th, 215th, 217th, 220th, 223rd, 225th, 226th, 227th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 237th, 238th, 239th, and 241st Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

242nd, and 243rd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 245th, 246th, and 247th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. Cast off remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

VESTEE

It is worked in white wool. Cast on 30 stitches and work in purl stitch for 128 rows. To make the slit at the neck, divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Work as far as the 153rd Row in the same width.

153rd, and 154th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on the neck side.

154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 164th, 168th, and 172nd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on neck side.

Continued on Page 9



JUMPER BLOUSE with Gathered NECKLINE

JUMPER in fine, firm knit, showing the popular gathered neckline and a careless, corded bow. Cosy for winter, a charming, girlish style.

To fit 32 to 34-inch Bust.

Materials: 8 skeins of yellow and 1 skein navy wool equal to 3-ply. We suggest Paton's crepe wool or Azalea crochet wool. 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 13 needles. 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles pointed at both ends. 1 navy buckle.

Tension: 7½ stitches to 1 inch on the No. 10 needles.

BACK

Cast on 100 stitches on No. 11 needles and knit in moss-stitch for ½ inch. Change to No. 10 needles and knit in stocking-stitch until work measures 13 inches to the underarm. Shape the armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and knit 2 together at each end of the needle on every other row 8 times, leaving 78 stitches on the needle. Slip these stitches on to one of the No. 11 needles and leave until the front and sleeves have been worked.

FRONT

Cast on 100 stitches and work exactly to match the back, slipping the 78 stitches at the top on to another of the No. 11 needles.

SLEEVES

Cast on 63 stitches on No. 11 needles and knit in moss-stitch for ½ inch. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking-stitch and increase 1 stitch at each end of the needle on every other row 8 times. (79 stitches on needle). Work 1 row and then knit 2 together at each end of the needle on every other row 8 times. 63 stitches again on needle. Slip these stitches on to one end of the No. 11 needle which is holding the stitches from

MARIGOLD: Very easy to make, and particularly suitable for young girls. Will defy any winter's chill. Illustrated on cover in the current issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



the back; being sure to have the right sides of the work matching.

Work another sleeve in the same manner and slip the stitches on to the opposite end of the No. 11 needle holding the front stitches.

YOKE

Work in stocking-stitch on the No. 11 needles.

You will have 282 sts. on the needles. Divide these stitches evenly onto three of the No. 11 needles. Using the 4th No.

11 needle knit in rounds (every row KNIT) for 5½ inches.

Now make the holes for the tie. Commencing at the centre-back proceed as follows: * Wool twice round needle, knit 3 together. Repeat from * to end of round.

Next round: Knit plain, taking the wool twice round needle as one stitch. Now knit in ribbing of 1 plain 1 purl for 1½ inches. Cast off, not too tightly.

BELT

Cast on 51 stitches on No. 13 needles and knit in ribbing of 1 plain 1 purl for 27 inches. Then shape the point by knitting 2 together at beginning and end of every alternate row until 1 stitch remains. Finish off.

TIE

Cut 15 lengths of navy wool, 3½ yards long. These have to be twisted together. Two persons, holding an end each, twist the wool in opposite directions. Then place the two ends together and let the cord curl up. Secure the ends, leaving 3 inches untwisted at each end to form a tassel, and finish off neatly.

TO MAKE UP

Press the jumper carefully on the wrong side with a damp cloth. Sew up the side seams and join the sleeves and underarm neatly. Thread tie through holes at neck and make a bow.

Straight from a Parisian Salon...

Continued from Page 8

COLLAR

It is worked in white wool in purl stitch. Cast on 114 stitches which should measure 15 inches.

3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 21st and 24th Rows: Decrease one on each side.

In the 25th Row cast off the remaining stitches.

BELT

Cast on 225 stitches which should measure 30 inches, and purl 16 rows.

TIE

Cast on 72 stitches which should measure 9½ inches, and purl 12 rows.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces and pin them out to measurements. Allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. An inverted plait is laid in the front of the skirt. See diagram for measurements. Stitch the plait down for 10 inches below the waist. Turn in both fronts along centre edge ½ inch. Make small tucks in the top of the sleeves so that they fit into the armholes. Sew the vestee into the blouse. Fasten it at the neck with a small button and a loop. The bow tie at the neck is sewed down onto one side of the vestee and fastened onto the other with a patent fastener. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

COSY CHARM

YOU'LL like the artistic pattern featured by this pretty jumper. Snug and smart, it is a delightful garment for chilly autumn days.

Material: 12oz. of violet colored Lincoln Mills "Spira" wool, 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 10. 1 short spare needle.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: Front 19½ inches, back 19½ inches, width below arms 35½ inches, length of sleeve along seams 18½ inches.

Tension: 40 stitches and 50 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, n. nopp or knot (see below), st. stitch.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 141 stitches, which should measure 13½ inches. Work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 4½ inches. Proceed with pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * K. 9, p. 3. Repeat from *. **2nd Row** (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

3rd Row (right side of work): * Slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 5, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** P. 1. * Slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to rest at the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 3, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** P. 2. * Slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to rest at the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, knit a nopp or knot out of the next stitch as follows: Insert the right needle into the front of the stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle into the back part of the same stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle into the front part of the stitch and draw out another loop; slip these 3 loops onto the left needle and knit them off together from behind. P. 3. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** P. 2. * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie at the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 7. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row. **11th Row:** P. 1. * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the

st. from the spare needle, k. 5, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** * K. 9, p. 3, k. 4, n., k. 4, p. 3, k. 9, p. 3. Repeat from *. **16th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** * K. 9, p. 3, k. 2, n., k. 3, n., k. 2, p. 3, k. 9, p. 3. Repeat from *.

18th Row: Same as 2nd row.

19th Row: P. 2, k. 2, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 2, p. 3, k. 4, n., k. 4, p. 3, k. 2, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from *.

20th Row: Same as 2nd row. **21st Row:** * K. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, p. 3, k. 2, n., k. 3, n., k. 2, p. 3, k. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from *.

22nd Row: Same as 2nd row. **23rd Row:** * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 2, n., p. 2, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, k. 4, n., k. 4, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 2, n., p. 2, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

24th Row: Same as 2nd row. **25th Row:** * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, k. 2, n., k. 3, n., k. 2, p. 3, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

26th Row: Same as 2nd row. **27th Row:** * K. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, p. 3, k. 4, n., k. 4, p. 3, k. 1, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from *.

28th Row: Same as 2nd row. **29th Row:** Same as 17th row. **30th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **31st Row:** Same as 15th row. **32nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **33rd Row:**



ROSEMARY: Also illustrated on page 8 of The Australian Women's Weekly, features tailored smartness in a clever new weave.

Same as 17th row. **34th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

35th Row: * Slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 5, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 2, n., k. 3, n., k. 2, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

36th Row: Same as 2nd row. **37th Row:** Same as 6th row. **38th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **39th Row:** Same as 7th row. **40th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **41st Row:** Same as 8th row. **42nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **43rd Row:** Same as 11th row. **44th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **45th Row:** Same as 13th row. **46th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **47th Row:** Knit plain. **48th Row:** Purl. **49th Row:** Knit plain. **50th Row:** Purl. **51st Row:** Commence with the 1st row again, reversing the nopp sections.

56th, 60th, 64th, 68th, 76th, 72nd, 75th, 78th, 80th, 82nd, 86th, 88th, 90th, 92nd, 94th, 96th, 98th, 100th, 102 and 104th Rows: Increase 1 on each side.

At the end of the 10th row there are 181 stitches on the needle and the work measures 12½ inches. Shape armholes.

105th, 106th and 107th Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on each side.

108th and 109th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the 135th row the slit at the neck begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Right half: Work in the same width as far as the 156th row, when the neckline begins. (The neck band is worked on later, when back and front are sewn together.)

Continued on Page 11

In Snappy Shirtmaker Style

A CLEVER blouse with a happy casual air, which marks it as youthful and modern.

A plain shirt shape is always good for sports and other informal occasions. The diagonal rib used here is attractive. This jumper is also pictured on the cover.

Materials: 6oz. Paton's Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply (original uses mist-blue, No. 1328). A pair No. 10, a pair No. 9 Beehive needles. Three small buttons.
Measurements: To fit bust 33-35 inches; length, 19½ inches; sleeve seam, 4 inches. Tension: 6 stitches to an inch.

BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 108 stitches. Work 3 inches in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Changing to No. 9 needles, work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: (k. 6, p. 6) to end. Repeat this row 3 times. **5th Row:** k. 3, * p. 6, k. 6, repeat from * to last 9 stitches, p. 6, k. 3. **6th Row:** p. 3, * k. 6, p. 6, repeat from * to last 9 stitches, k. 6, p. 3. Repeat 5th and 6th rows once.

9th Row: (p. 6, k. 6) to end. Repeat this row 3 times. **13th Row:** As 6th row. **14th Row:** As 7th row. Repeat last 2 rows once.

These 16 rows form pattern repeated throughout. Work straight for 19 inches (there is no armhole shaping) then keeping pattern carefully, cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining 35 stitches.

FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 100 stitches. Work 3 inches in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Next Row: In rib, but increasing in every 5th stitch (120 stitches).

Changing to No. 9 needles, knit in the diagonal pattern as for back, till work measures 12½ inches from commencement.

Here begin neck-opening, with right side of work facing. **1st Row:** Work 60 stitches in pattern, turn. Continue on these 60 stitches for first shoulder, slipping the remaining 60 stitches on to spare needle or stitch-holder. **2nd Row:** Cast on 4 stitches, knit these 4 plain, then work in pattern to end. Continue in pattern with the 4 stitches at neck edge in garter-stitch (i.e., always knitted plain) till work measures 17½ inches from commencement, ending at neck edge. Cast off 20 stitches, work to end and back. Now continuing in pattern, decrease at neck edge at beginning of each row started that end, till 36 stitches remain. Here shape shoulder. Cast off 9 stitches (armhole edge), work to end and back. Repeat these 2 rows twice, cast off remaining 9 stitches.

Join wool at neck edge of 60 stitches on spare needle. Work in pattern (no garter-stitch edge) till this side matches the opposite one up to the neck. Cast off 16 at neck edge, work to end and back. Decrease at neck edge in next and every alternate row till 36 stitches remain. Finish off as for opposite shoulder.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles, cast on 72 stitches. Working in the diagonal pattern, increase at each end of every 6th row till there

☆
PAMELA: Charming jumper in a new diagonal weave. Useful 'tween seasons.



are 84 stitches on needle. Continue straight till edges measure 4½ inches; cast off straight across.

COLLAR

With No. 10 needles, cast on 106 stitches. Working throughout in garter-stitch, increase at beginning of every row till you have added 17 stitches each end (centre of collar now measuring about 3 inches). Cast off.

PLACKET

With No. 10 needles, cast on 1 stitch, k. twice into this, then working throughout in garter-stitch increase at beginning of every row till there are 15 stitches on needle. Continue straight for 10 rows.

Here make a buttonhole: k. 6, cast off 3, k. 6; in next row cast on 3 to replace

those cast off. Knit 20 rows straight, make another buttonhole. Knit another 20 rows straight. Make another buttonhole. Knit 6 rows straight. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Join shoulders of jumper, then sew in sleeves flat, placing centre of sleeve edge to the shoulder seam. Sew sleeve and under-arm seams. Sew placket to right front, the placket overlapping the right front edge almost up to the buttonholes. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Stitch collar round neck of jumper, the collar edge coming ¼ inch from edge of neck opening on the side with buttons, and 1 inch from edge of neck opening on the side with placket.

Directions for Knitting "Rosemary"

Continued from Page 10

156th, 158th and 160th Rows: Cast off 7 stitches on neck side.
162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, and 176th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

185th, 187th and 189th Rows: Cast off 7 stitches on the armhole side to shape the shoulder.

191st, 193rd, 195th and 197th Rows: Cast off 5 stitches on the shoulder side.

The left half is worked in the same manner as the right.

BACK

Work in the same manner as the front, omitting the slit at the neck. The neck opening begins in the 186th row. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

RIGHT HALF

186th and 188th Rows: Cast off 14 stitches on the neck side. **190th Row:** Cast off 4 stitches on the neck side. **192nd Row:** Cast off 2 stitches. The left half is worked in the same way.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 72 stitches, which should measure 7 inches. Work the cuff in k. 2, p. 2, until it measures 4 inches. Commence pattern.

19th, 20th, 39th, 45th, 52nd, 58th, 65th,

68th, 72nd, 77th, 81st, 87th, 94th, 100th, 107th, 113th, 120th, 126th, 133rd, 140th, 146th, 154th, 161st, 168th, 174th, 181st and 184th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 184th row there are 128 stitches on the needle. Commence to shape bow at top.

185th, 186th, 187th and 188th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

190th, 191st, 193rd, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 200th, 203rd, 206th and 209th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

210th, 213th, 216th and 219th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 225th, 227th, 229th, 231st, 235th, 236th, 237th and 238th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 245th, 246th, 247th and 248th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. Take up the stitches around the neck on a knitting needle and work the neck band to and fro in popt pattern. Press all the seams under a damp cloth.

DEFINITELY... 1937 VOGUE

A VIVID little modern is Peggy, this tailored, trim-fitting jumper. Military, too, with high up-to-the-neck treatment and full-top sleeves. It's made of twisted wool.

Material: 11oz. crepe or crochet wool in a pastel shade, 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 10. 1 short spare needle

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: Front: 21½ inches; back: 21 inches. Width below arms: 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam: 18½ inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; n., nopp or knot; tog., together.

RIGHT FRONT

(Buttonhole side): Cast on 68 stitches which should measure 9 inches. Work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 10, k. 7. Repeat from *. **2nd Row** (wrong side of work): Knit plain the stitches that were purled in the preceding row and purl those that were knit.

3rd Row: P. 2 tog., p. 8. * slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 9. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** Same as 3rd row.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** P. 2 tog., p. 5. * Draw a nopp or knot out of the next stitch as follows: Insert the right needle from left to right into the front of the stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle into the back part of the same stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle into the front of the same stitch and draw out another loop. Slip these 3 loops onto the left needle and knit them off together from behind. P. 2, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 6. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row. **11th Row:** P. 2 tog., p. 6. * n. p. 1, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 7. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** Add 1 new st. * p. 5, n. p. 3, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest at the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest at the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** Add 1 new st. * p. 9, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to rest at the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the



PEGGY: Immediately above, the completed jumper, showing unique zig-zag pattern. At right, a close-up of the stitch. Jumper also illustrated on page 8, The Australian Women's Weekly.



back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** Same as 15th row. **18th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **19th Row:** Add 1 new st. * p. 2, n. p. 6, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

20th Row: Same as 2nd row. **21st Row:** Add 1 new st. * p. 1, n. cast off 7 st. to form a buttonhole, slip a st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 1, p. the st. from the spare needle. Repeat from *. The 7 stitches which were cast off to form the buttonhole are to be purled throughout the rest of the row.

22nd Row: Same as 2nd row. Cast on 7 new stitches over the ones that were cast off in the preceding row. **23rd Row:** P. 2 tog., p. 2, n. p. 5. * slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, p. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip a st. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, k. 1, k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 6. Repeat from *.

24th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat from the 3rd row. **28th, 30th, 32nd, 36th,**

38th and 40th Rows: Decrease one on outer edge. **41st, 50th, 58th, 68th, 77th, 86th, 95th, 104th, 113th, 123rd, 131st and 140th Rows:** Increase one on the outer edge.

At the end of the 140th row the work measures 12½ inches. Shape armhole.

142nd and 144th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side. **145th, 146th and 147th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side. **201st and 206th Rows:** Cast off 6 stitches on the centre edge to shape the neckline.

204th, 206th, 208th and 210th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the neck side and 5 stitches on the armhole side to shape the shoulder. **214th and 216th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side and 6 stitches on the armhole side.

LEFT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the right, except that the centre edge is not zig-zag, but straight.

Continued on Page 13



THIS EXOTIC JUMPER ... *Will Be a SENSATION*

IF you are seeking something completely different for winter wear, knit this attractive jumper. It is made in raglan cut, of silk boucle.



CATHERINE: Pictured also on page 7, *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Raised bars produce a novel sun-ray effect, which is particularly striking.



Material: 6oz. of Super Boucle, 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 10.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge—front, 20 inches; back, 20½ inches. Width below arms, 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 17 inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 114 stitches which should measure 15 inches. Work the lower border in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches. Then alternate 1 row of plain knitting and 1 row of purling. The purl surface forms the right side of the work. Increase gradually on each side. When the point has been reached where the first stripe begins, work the stitches intended for it in plain knitting on the right side, and in purling on the wrong. As may be seen from the illustration, the spaces between the stripes gradually decrease towards the neck. This narrowing is obtained by working 2 purl stitches off together. Stitches must be cast off for the armholes and the neck.

BACK

Cast on 108 stitches and work in the same manner as the front.

SLEEVES

Cast on 60 stitches which should measure 8 inches, and work the cuff in k. 1, p. 1 until it measures 2½ inches. Then work one row of plain knitting and 1 row of purling until the stripes begin. Widen gradually until the beginning of the raglan armhole, for which stitches must then be cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 108 stitches, which should measure 14½ inches, and work the collar in 1 row of plain knitting and 1 row of purling, until it measures 1½ inches.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. The jumper (blouse) is fastened on the left side of the front with a zipper, at the top of which a tassel is sewed. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

Definitely 1937 Vogue

Continued from Page 12

BACK

Cast on 108 stitches which should measure 15 inches. Work in pattern.

28th, 30th, 32nd, 36th, 38th and 40th Rows: Decrease one on each side. 41st, 48th, 55th, 62nd, 69th, 76th, 83rd, 90th, 97th, 104th, 111th, 118th, 125th, 132nd, 136th, 138th and 140 Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 140th row the work measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes.

141st, 142nd and 143rd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. 145th, 146th and 147th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side. 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side to shape shoulders. In the 210th row the neckline begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

RIGHT HALF

210th, 211th and 212th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the shoulder side and 6 stitches on the neck side.

The left half is worked in the same manner.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 54 stitches which should measure 7 inches. Work the cuff in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern.

15th, 20th, 25th, 30th, 35th, 40th, 45th, 50th, 55th, 60th, 65th, 70th, 75th, 80th, 85th, 90th, 95th, 100th, 105th, 110th, 115th, 120th, 125th, 130th, 135th, 140th,

145th, 150th, 155th and 160th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 160th row there are 114 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 18½ inches. Shape bow at top.

161st, 162nd and 163rd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. 165th, 166th, 167th, 169th, 172nd, 175th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 181st, 184th, 187th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 198th, 201st, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 207th, 208th and 209th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

211th, 212th, 213th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 215th, 216th and 217th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces and pin them out to measurements. Sew up seams. Work over the buttonholes. Fasten the jacket with crocheted buttons. The points at the neck on each side of the front are drawn out to simulate a collar, as shown in the illustration. Draw a hand-twisted woollen cord through the jacket at the waist as indicated in the photograph. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

ALISON Thrilling New Season's DESIGN

ONE of the most attractive of this year's new models. Wing collar and finishing tabs over the delightful weave are dramatic touches. Made of pastel perl wool.

Material: 90z. of 3-ply crochet wool in a pastel shade. 2 steel knitting needles. No. 9.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: 19½ inches. Width below arms: 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam: 18½ inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; f., forward (i.e., throw the thread forward around the right needle); n., nopp or knot (see below); st., stitch.

FRONT

Cast on 110 stitches which should measure 14½ inches. Work the lower border for 2½ inches in k. 2, p. 2. Commence pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): P. 46 * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 8 times. Then p. 46. 2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the sts that were knit plain in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled. 3rd Row: P. 46, k. 1. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 7 times. Then k. 1, p. 46. 4th Row: Same as 2nd row. 5th Row: Same as 1st row. 6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row: P. 19, work a nopp or knot into the next stitch as follows: Insert the right needle into the stitch from left to right and draw the thread through as a loop, insert the needle into the back of the same stitch and draw out a loop. Repeat this process until you have 4 new stitches on the right needle. Then slip them back onto the left needle and knit them off together with the original stitch from the back. Thus a nopp or knot is made. 2 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 6, k. 1. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 7 times. Then k. 1, p. 6, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 19.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row. 9th Row: Cast on 1 new st., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 5. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 8 times. Then: P. 5, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13. Cast on 1 new st.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row. 11th Row: P. 19, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 5, k. 1. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 7 times. Then: K. 1, p. 5, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. 13th Row: * 20, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 6. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 8 times. Then: P. 6, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 20.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row. 15th Row: Same as 3rd row, except that at the beginning and end of the row there is an extra stitch which was added in the 9th row.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row. 17th Row: Same as the 1st row, except that there is an extra stitch at the beginning and end of the row. 18th Row: Same as 16th row, except that 1 st. is to be added at the beginning and end. 19th Row: Same as 15th row, except that 2 sts. are to be added at the beginning and end.

20th Row: Same as 16th row. 21st Row: P. 12, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 17. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 8 times. Then: P. 17, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 12. 22nd Row: Same as 16th row. 23rd Row: P. 11, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 16, k. 1. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 7 times. Then: K. 1, p. 16, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 13, 1 n., p. 3, 1 n., p. 11.

24th Row: Same as 16th row. 25th Row: Same as 23rd row, except that the centre stripe is worked as follows: * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 8 times. 26th Row: Same as 16th row. 27th Row: P. 13, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 17, k. 1. * f. 1, k. 2, and draw the f. over them. Repeat from * 7 times. Then: K. 1, p. 17, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 13.

28th Row: Same as 16th row. Repeat from the 1st needle. 36th, 49th, 62nd, 75th, 88th, 101st, 114th, and 124th Rows: Increase one on each side, so that at the end of the 124th row there are 135 stitches on the needle.

125th, 126th, 127th, 128th and 129th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side for the armholes. 145th, 147th, 149th, 151st, 153rd, and 155th Rows: Widen the centre stripe by 1 stitch.

From the 157th row work the centre stripe pattern across the entire front. In the 160th row the neck slit begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts, slip one half onto a spare needle and finish the front in two sections.

RIGHT HALF

173rd, 174th, and 176th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches for the neckline. 178th, 179th, 182nd, 183rd, 185th, 186th and 187th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

188th, 190th, 192nd, 194th, 198th and 200th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder. The left half is worked in the same way.

BACK

Work in the same manner as the front, except that the neckline begins in the 195th row. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. 196th and 198th Rows: Cast off 9 stitches on the neck side.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 53 stitches. Work the cuff in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 3½ inches. The remainder of the sleeve is worked in the nopp or knot pattern, which works out as follows: P. 7, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 15, 3 n., p. 7. Commencing with the 15th row the pattern is reversed.

20th, 27th, 34th, 41st, 48th, 56th, 63rd, 70th, 77th, 84th, 91st, 98th, 105th, 112th, 119th, 126th, 133rd, 140th, 147th, and 154th Rows: Increase one on each side. Shape bow at top. 156th, 157th, and 158th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. 160th, 161st, 162nd, 164th, 166th, 168th, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 176th, 178th, 180th, 184th, 185th, 186th, 188th, 190th, and 192nd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

196th, 197th and 198th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 200th, 201st, and 202nd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side. 204th, 205th and 206th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.



ALISON: Observe the unusual weave—circles of raised dots, shown clearly in illustration on page 8, The Australian Women's Weekly.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

COLLAR

Cast on 108 stitches and work in the nopp or knot pattern. Add 1 st. at the beginning and end of every row so that in the 12th row there are 120 stitches on the needle. In the 13th row slip 40 stitches onto a spare needle, cast off the 40 stitches in the centre and finish one side of the collar with the 40 remaining stitches.

16th, 17th, and 18th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on the inner edge. 19th Row: Decrease one on the inner edge and increase one on the outer edge. 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, and 26th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the inner edge. 28th Row: Decrease one on the inner edge and increase one on the outer edge.

30th, 32nd, and 40th Rows: Decrease one on the inner edge. 42nd Row: Decrease one on the inner edge and increase one on the outer edge.

44th, 48th, 50th, and 51st Rows: Decrease one on the inner edge. Work the other point of the collar in the same manner.

TAB

Commence with 1 stitch and widen on each side every row until there are 15 stitches on the needle. There should be 1 ring of knots in this point. Now narrow by 1 stitch every other row until there are only 6 stitches on the needle, when the first half of the tab is finished. Work the other half in the same manner except that it must be reversed. This point must also contain a ring of knots.

TO MAKE-UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams and press them under a damp cloth.

PIQUANCY in WOOLLEN WEAR

GAY little jumper for crochet wool, featuring an attractive rib and new basque treatment. Note the demure little bow and the circular pockets—a refreshing touch.

Materials Required: 8 skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool, shade 311. 2 No. 9 bone knitting needles. 11 crystal buttons.

Measurements: 34-35-inch bust measurement. Sleeve underarm, 5 inches. Depth from shoulder, 19 inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch. 10 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Cast on 116 sts. and work in ribbing, k. 1, p. 1 for 36 rows. Then begin pattern.

1st Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 2 to end of row). **2nd Row:** Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 2 to end of row). **3rd Row:** Slip 1, knit to end. **4th Row:** Slip 1, purl to end.

These four rows comprise the pattern. Continue to work, increasing each end of every 8th row until there are 134 sts. (when increasing be careful not to break the line of pattern). When there are 80 rows from commencement of pattern, begin armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease each end of next and every 2nd row until 62 sts. remain. Work without further decrease until there are 60 rows in armhole. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of each of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 64 sts., and work in ribbing, k. 1, p. 1 for 36 rows. Then begin pattern.

1st Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 2 to last 2 sts.), p. 1, k. 1. **2nd Row:** Slip 1, k. 3 (p. 4, k. 2 to end of row). **3rd Row:** Slip 1, knit to last 2 sts., p. 1, k. 1. **4th Row:** Slip 1, k. 1, purl to end of row.

Continue to work these 4 rows, increasing at beginning of 9th and every 8th row until there are 73 sts. When 80 rows from commencement of pattern, begin armhole.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next row. Then decrease at armhole in each of the next 8 rows (37 sts.). Then every 2nd row until there are 52 sts. Work without further decrease until 39 rows in armhole. In next row (beginning from front edge) cast off 12 sts. Then decrease at neck edge in every row until 34 sts. remain. Then every 2nd row until 30 sts. When there are 60 rows in armhole cast off the same as the back.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 96 sts. and work. Slip 1 (k. 1, p. 1 to last stitch), k. 1 for 5 rows. **6th Row:** Work to last 8 sts., cast off 4 sts., work to end of row. **7th Row:** Cast on the sts. that were cast off to form a buttonhole. Continue to work in ribbing, making two more buttonholes at 18th and 30th rows. Then work on



MURIEL: Above, the complete jumper; at right, a close-up of the stitches.

until 36 rows. At beginning of next row cast off 26 sts., then begin first row of pattern—slip 1 (k. 1, p. 1 3 times), k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to last 2 sts.), p. 2.

2nd Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 2 to last 8 sts.), p. 1, k. 1 to end. **3rd Row:** Slip 1 (k. 1, p. 1 3 times), knit to end. **4th Row:** Slip 1, purl to last 7 sts. (k. 1, p. 1 3 times), k. 1.

Continue to work these 4 rows. Make a buttonhole at 6th row, work to last 7 sts., cast off 4 sts., work last 3 sts. In next row cast on the sts. that were cast off. Now continue to work as for other side, increasing at beginning of every 8th row until 79 sts., and make 7 more buttonholes up the front, every 18th row. When decreasing at armhole decrease until 68 sts. remain, and when casting off at neck, front cast off 18 sts. (the difference in number of sts. allows for the extra 6 sts. worked on front).

SLEEVE

Cast on 74 sts. and work in ribbing, k. 1, p. 1 for 6 rows. Then begin pattern.

1st Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 2 to end). **2nd Row:** Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 2 to end). **3rd Row:** Slip 1, knit to end. **4th Row:** Slip 1, purl to end.

Continue to work these 4 rows, increasing at each end of next and every 4th row until there are 92 sts. on needle. When 42 rows in pattern begin to shape for armhole. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease at each end of next and every 2nd row until 36 sts. remain. Then decrease each end of each row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts.



POCKET

Cast on 46 sts. and work, slip 1 (k. 1, p. 1 to last st.), k. 1 for 14 rows.

15th Row: Slip 1, k. 1, p. 2 tog. to end of row. Then cast off very tightly or with smaller needle. Work another pocket the same way.

TIE

Cast on 14 sts. and work in ribbing until tie measures 38 inches. Press work lightly, join shoulder seams, fit in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Sew pockets in position, one slightly to side on ribbing on right front, the other on left front in line with armhole. Sew buttons in position.

Work one row of double crochet round neck. Then sew tie to neck of jumper, joining centre of tie band to centre back of neck, and sewing round neck to within 1/4 inch of end of each front edge.

SPORTING JACKET *In Unusual PATTERN*

*Trimly Tailored
for
Winter Wear*

SPLENDID little jacket for winter sports — spruce, tailored, and well-fitting. You'll find the stitch interesting, the style particularly comfortable.

Material: 12oz. of Lincoln Mills "Golden Wattle" wool, 3-ply. Two steel knitting needles, No. 9.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: Front, 21½ in.; back, 20½ in.; width below arms, 35½ in.; length of sleeves along seam, 17½ in.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, n. nopp or knot.

BACK

Cast on 114 stitches, which should measure 15 inches and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): * K. 4, p. 6. Repeat from * **2nd Row** (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

3rd Row: * K. 4, p. 2, make a nopp or knot in the next stitch as follows: Insert the right needle from left to right into the front part of the stitch and draw the thread through as a loop, insert the needle into the back of the same stitch and draw out a loop. Repeat this operation until you have six new stitches on the right needle. Then slip them onto the left needle and work them off together from the back. Thus a nopp or knot is made. N., p. 2. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** Same as 1st row. **8th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **10th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **11th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **12th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** Same as 1st row. **14th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **16th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **18th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **19th Row:** Same as 1st row. **20th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **21st Row:** P. 5, * K. 4, p. 6. Repeat from *. **22nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **23rd Row:** P. 1, n., n., p. 2, K. 4, p. 2. Repeat from *. **24th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **25th Row:** Same as 23rd row. **26th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **27th Row:** Same as 21st row. **28th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **29th Row:** Same as 23rd row. **30th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **31st Row:** Same as 23rd row. **32nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **33rd Row:** Same as 21st row. **34th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **35th Row:** Same as 23rd row. **36th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **37th Row:** Same as 23rd row. **38th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **39th Row:** Same as 21st row. **40th Row:** Same as 2nd row. Repeat from the 1st needle.

42nd, 53rd, 64th, 75th, 86th, 97th, 110th, 120th and 132nd Rows: Increase one on



DIANA: This jumper, illustrated on page 7 of the current issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, shows a clever raised pattern. Use mixed sports wool.

each side. At the end of the 132nd row there are 132 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes.

133rd, 134th and 135th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. **137th, 138th and 139th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side. **197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd and 204th Rows:** Cast off 4 stitches on each side for the shoulder.

In the 205th row the neckline begins. At the beginning of the row cast off 4 stitches for the shoulder, work as far as the middle, slip the remaining stitches onto a spare needle, and finish the back in two sections. **206th, 207th and 208th Rows:** Cast off 6 stitches on the neck side and 4 stitches on the shoulder side.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 69 stitches, which should measure 9 inches and work in pattern. In the 41st row work in a pocket as follows: Knit 18 stitches in pattern, cast off the following 24 stitches (to form the pocket opening), and work the row further in pattern. Lay the work aside and cast 24 stitches onto a spare needle. Work 32 rows (3½ inches) in plain knitting stitch. This is the back of the pocket. Take up front again and knit in pattern as far as the cast off stitches, knit off the stitches from the top of the back of the pocket and then finish off the row in pattern. Sew the lower and side pocket edges onto the jacket from beneath.

42nd, 53rd, 64th, 75th, 86th, 97th, 110th, 120th and 132nd Rows: Increase one on each side. At the end of the 132nd row there are 78 stitches on the needle and the work measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes.

133rd, 134th, 135th and 136th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the arm-hole side. **137th, 140th and 141st Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on armhole side.

In the 143rd row work the breast pocket in the manner explained above. It is 15 stitches wide and 20 rows (2 inches) high. **189th Row:** Cast off 15 stitches for the neck. **190th, 191st, 192nd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 198th and 200th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

201st and 203rd Rows: Cast off 5 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder. **204th Row:** Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side. **205th and 207th Rows:** Cast off 5 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder.

208th Row: Cast off 1 stitch on neck side. **209th and 211th Rows:** Cast off 5 stitches on armhole side. **212th Row:** Cast off 1 stitch on neck side. **213th Row:** Cast off 3 stitches on shoulder side. **214th Row:** Cast off 1 stitch on neck side. **215th Row:** Cast off 3 stitches on shoulder side.

After the front is finished, pick up the stitches at the top of the pockets and work a border ½ inch wide in purl stitch. Sew down the side edges of these borders.

RIGHT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the left, omitting the breast pocket. Work button-holes in the 8th, 36th, 64th, 82nd, 120th, 148th and 176th rows. They should be 4 inches long.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 54 stitches, which should measure 7 inches, and work the cuff for 3½ inches in K. 2, p. 2. Commence pattern.

5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th, 35th, 40th, 45th, 50th, 55th, 60th, 65th, 70th, 75th, 80th, 85th, 90th, 95th, 100th, 105th, 110th, 115th, 120th, 125th, 130th, 140th, 142nd and 144th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 144th row there are 114 stitches on the needle and the work measures 17½ inches. Shape bow at top. **145th, 146th and 147th Rows:** Cast off 3 stitches on each side. **149th, 150th, 151st, 153rd, 154th, 157th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 165th, 169th, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 181st, 184th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 193rd and 195th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

197th, 198th and 199th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. **201st, 202nd and 203rd Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side. **205th, 206th and 207th Rows:** Cast off 2 stitches on each side. In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

COLLAR

Cast on 108 stitches, which should measure 14½ inches, and purl 20 rows. Take the original stitches up again on a knitting needle and knit one of the original stitches together with one of the stitches of the last row, so that the collar is double. Sew the narrow end of the collar together with invisible stitches.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. In order that the sleeves may have a puffed effect at the top, draw them in slightly to fit the armholes. Press all seams under a damp cloth.



MODEL NO. 81

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The accompanying illustration is one of the many attractive designs produced by LINCOLN MILLS with directions for knitting. These are available to the purchasers of LINCOLN MILLS wools.

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Tailored.... Serviceable.... Man's Pullover

THIS good-looking, tailored, sleeveless pullover will prove a treat for any man. Ideal for golf, tennis, or for wearing under the coat 'gainst chilly winter winds. Cable-stitch used very effectively.

Material: 9oz. of wine-red wool, 4-ply, 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 10, 2 spare needles.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: 19½ inches. Width below arms: 38.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit, p, purl, c, cable (see below), st, stitch.

FRONT

Cast on 148 stitches which should measure 19 inches and work the lower border in k. 1, p. 1 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 7, k. 2, p. 7, k. 6. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 7. **2nd Row** (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purred.

3rd Row: * p. 7, cross the next 3 knit stitches as follows: knit off plain the second of the 3 stitches, then the first, p. 7. Cross the next 6 stitches to form a cable as follows: slip 1 stitch onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, slip the next 4 stitches onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, knit the next stitch off plain, then the 4 stitches from the second spare needle, then the stitch from the first. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** * p. 7, cross next 2 sts., p. 7, k. 6. Repeat from *. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** Same as 5th row. **8th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **10th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **11th Row:** Same as 5th row. **12th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** Same as 5th row. **14th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

15th Row (right side of work): P. 7, * cross next 2 sts., p. 1, C, C, C, p. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 7. **16th Row** (wrong side of work): K. 7, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 1. Repeat from *. **17th Row** (right side of work): P. 7, * cross next 2 sts., p. 1, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6, p. 1. Repeat from *.

18th Row: Same as 16th row. **19th Row:** Same as 17th row. **20th Row:**

ILLUSTRATED also on page 7 of The Australian Women's Weekly. Our choice is wine-red perl wool.



Same as 16th row. **21st Row** (right side of work): P. 7, * cross next 2 sts., p. 1, C, p. 6, C, p. 1. Repeat from *.

22nd Row: Same as 16th row. **23rd Row:** Same as 17th row. **24th Row:** Same as 16th row. **25th row:** Same as 17th row. **26th Row:** Same as 16th row.

27th Row (right side of work): P. 7, * cross next 2 sts., p. 1, C, C, C, p. 1. Repeat from *. **28th Row** (wrong side of work): * K. 7, p. 2, k. 7, p. 6. Repeat from *. Repeat rows 3-28 3 times.

101st Row (right side of work): Commence neck opening. Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of the row for the armhole. Knit in pattern as far as the centre, slip the second half of the stitches onto a spare needle and turn the work.

102nd Row (wrong side of work): Cast off 1 stitch at the beginning for the neck. Finish the row in pattern.

103rd Row: Cast off 1 stitch for neck and 1 stitch for armhole. **104th Row:** Decrease one stitch on each side. **105th Row:** Same as 103rd row. **106th Row:** Same as 104th row. **107th Row:** Same as 103rd row. **108th Row:** Same as 104th row. **109th Row:** Same as 103rd row. **110th Row:** Same as 104th row. **111th Row:** Same as 103rd row. **112th Row:** Cast off 1 stitch at beginning for neck opening. **113th Row:** Cast off 1 stitch at the end for neck. **114th Row:** Same as 112th row. **115th Row:** Same as 113th row.

116th Row: Same as 112th row. **117th Row:** Same as 113th row. **118th Row:** Same as 112th row. **119th Row:** Same as 113th row.

Decrease one for the neck only at the beginning of every cable row, until there are only 37 stitches on the needle. Work 24 rows without narrowing. Cast off 6 stitches 5 times and 7 stitches once for the shoulder. Work the second half of the front in the same manner.

The border around the neck and armholes is worked later. Further directions will be given below.

BACK

Work in the same manner as the front, except that the neck begins in the 181st row instead of in the 101st. It is round. In the 180th row divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

LEFT HALF

181st, 182nd and 184th Rows: Cast off 7 stitches on the neck side. **186th, 188th and 190th Rows:** Cast off 2 stitches on the neck side.

192nd, 194th and 196th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on neck side.

Work the right half in the same manner.

For the neck border cast on 160 stitches and work 20 rows to and fro in k. 1, p. 1. For the armhole borders cast on 12 stitches and work 16 rows to and fro in k. 1, p. 1.

TO MAKE-UP.

Dampen both pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams, and sew on the neck and armhole borders. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

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(A): Anny Blatt "Helena" Jersey with
plastron front. Anny Blatt—world's
most famous knitting-fashion de-
signer—chooses a plastron front for
this very smart modern cardigan in
"Ramada". The crocheted belt adds
a final touch of chic. You will find
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occasions.



(B): Boy's Ribbed Suit with Circular
Yoke. This suit for boys aged 2-4
years, is designed to be made in the
New Nursery Viyella Knitting Yarn.
Nursery Viyella Knitting Yarn has
been produced specially for making
children's garments. It has all the
qualities of the famous Viyella Yarn,
and is particularly soft and durable.



(C): Jacket in 4-ply Viyella used
double. Here's a new idea in men's
Lumber Jackets. Large bottoms are be-
coming very popular and the slightly
extended waistband supplies a firm,
comfortable fit. Knit it in Viyella un-
shrinkable yarn and you'll find it
goes on fitting perfectly.

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'VIYELLA'
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NOVELTY DESIGN in ANGORA WOOL

BERYL, novelty jumper, designed for Angora wool, is very snug, comfortable wear for midwinter. Completed effect is outstandingly smart.

Material: 7oz. of 2-ply Angora wool, 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 9.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge: Front: 19½ inches. Back: 19 inches. Width below arms: 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam: 18½ inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together.

BACK

Cast on 108 stitches, which should measure 14½ inches, and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern as follows:

1st Row: (right side of work): * p. 7, knit 5 stitches out of the following stitch as follows: Insert the right needle into the front of the stitch from left to right and draw the thread through as a loop; insert the needle into the back of the same stitch and draw out another loop. Repeat this process until you have 5 new stitches. Repeat from *.

2nd Row: Knit plain the stitches that were purled in the preceding row, and purl the 5 new stitches. **3rd Row:** * p. 7, k. 3, k. 2 tog. Repeat from *. **4th Row:** Purl the stitches that were knit plain in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

5th Row: * p. 7, k. 2, k. 2 tog. Repeat from *. **6th Row:** Same as 4th row. **7th Row:** * p. 7, k. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from *. **8th Row:** Same as 4th row. **9th Row:** * p. 7, p. 2 tog. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 4th row. Beginning with the next row the pattern is transposed.

27th, 33rd, 39th, 45th, 51st, 57th, 63rd, 69th, 75th, 81st, 87th and 92nd Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 92nd row there are 132 stitches on the needle and the work measures 11½ inches. Shape armholes.

93rd, 94th and 95th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. **97th, 101st and 105th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side. **157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th and 165th Rows:** Cast off 3 stitches on each side for the shoulder.

In the following row the neckline begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

RIGHT HALF

166th, 167th and 168th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the neck side and 3 on the shoulder side.

Work left half in the same manner.

FRONT

The decorative stripe in the centre is worked on after the front is finished. Cast on 120 stitches which should measure 16 inches and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Then proceed with ground pattern.

27th, 33rd, 39th, 45th, 51st, 57th, 63rd, 69th, 75th, 81st, 87th and 92nd Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.



BERYL: A real midwinter jumper in a fascinating, knobby stitch. Complete jumper is shown above and on Page 8, current issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. Close-up of the stitch at left.



At the end of the 92nd row there are 144 stitches on the needle and the work measures 11½ inches. Shape armholes.

93rd, 94th and 95th Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on each side. **97th, 98th and 99th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

In the 129th row the slit at the neck begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

RIGHT HALF

Work as far as the 148th row in the same width. In this row the neckline begins. Cast off 8 stitches on the neck side.

150th, 152nd and 154th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the neck side. **156th and 158th Rows:** Cast off 2 stitches on the neck side. **163rd, 165th, 167th, 169th, 171st and 173rd Rows:** Cast off 5 stitches for the shoulder. **175th Row:** Cast off 6 stitches for the shoulder.

The left half is worked in the same manner.

CENTRE STRIPE

Count off 71 stitches from right to left in the 1st pattern row. Insert the needle upwards from below into the 72nd stitch. In the same manner pick up all the stitches above the 72nd as far as the

neck. Work 28 rows (2½ inches) in k. 1, p. 1. Then purl 8 rows (¾ inches). In the next row cast off.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 54 stitches which should measure 7 inches and work the cuff in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 3½ inches. Commence pattern.

11th, 16th, 21st, 26th, 31st, 36th, 41st, 46th, 51st, 56th, 61st, 66th, 71st, 76th, 81st, 86th, 91st, 96th, 101st, 106th, 111th, 116th, 121st, 126th, 131st, 136th, 141st, 146th, 151st and 156th Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 116th row there are 114 stitches on the needle and the work measures 18½ inches. Shape bow at top.

157th, 158th and 159th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side. **161st, 162nd, 163rd, 165th, 168th, 171st, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 177th, 180th, 183rd, 185th, 186th, 187th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 193rd, 196th, 199th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 205th, 206th and 207th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

209th, 210th and 211th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. **213th, 214th and 215th Rows:** Cast off 1 stitch on each side. **217th, 218th and 219th Rows:** Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

TO MAKE-UP

Dampen all the pieces and pin them out to measurements. Allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. Fasten the slit at the neck with a small button and loop. The centre stripe or fichu is held down with small wooden buttons covered with crochet.



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YOUTHFULLY SMART

CAPTIVATING little jumper for the woman of discernment. Design is pleasingly different, style well-fitting and trim. Sleeves and snappy collar treatment are particularly interesting.

Material: 10oz. of "Lincoln Mills" "Daphne" crochet wool. 2 long steel knitting needles, No. 9. One short spare needle.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge—front, 21 inches; back, 20½ inches. Width below arms, 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 7½ inches.

Tension: 25 stitches and 35 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; f., forward (i.e., throw the wool forward around the needle); tog., together; d.o., draw over (i.e., slip 1 stitch from the needle without working it, knit the next stitch plain and draw the slipped stitch over it); st., stitch; n. nopp or knot (see below); c., cable (see below); r., row.

FRONT

Cast on 90 stitches which should measure 14½ inches, and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern.

1st Row: * p. 10, k. 6. Repeat from *.

2nd Row: Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit plain those that were purled.

3rd Row: C (this is done as follows—slip 3 stitches onto a spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, knit the next 3 stitches plain, then the 3 from the spare needle, "C" below refers always to this process), p. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, k. 2, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 9. Repeat from *. **4th Row:** Same as 2nd row. The "forwards" from the preceding row are knit from behind. **5th Row:** P. 10, * k. 6, p. 8, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, k. 4, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 8. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 4th row. **7th Row:** P. 10, * k. 6, p. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 7. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 4th row.

9th Row: P. 10, * c., p. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, work a nopp or knot into next stitch as follows: Insert the right needle into the front part of the stitch from left to right and draw the thread out as a loop, insert the needle into the back of the same stitch and draw out another loop. Repeat this process until you have 4 new stitches on the right needle. Then pass them onto the left needle and knit them off together from behind. Thus a knot is made. P. 1, slip 2 sts. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, n. f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 6. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 4th row. **11th Row:** P. 10, * k. 6, p. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 5. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 4th row. **13th Row:** P. 10, * k. 6, p. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, n., p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, n., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 4. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 4th row. **15th Row:** P. 10, * c., p. 4, k. 1, d.o., p. 4, k. 4, p. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 4. Repeat from *.

16th Row: Same as 4th row. **17th Row:** P. 9, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, k. 2, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 3, slip 2 sts. onto a spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, p. 1, knit the sts.

from the spare needle, p. 1, n., p. 1, slip 2 sts. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 2, knit the sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, n., p. 1, slip 1 st. onto a spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. st. from spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

18th Row: Same as 4th row. **19th Row:** P. 8, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, k. 4, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 3, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

20th Row: Same as 4th row.

21st Row: P. 7, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 3, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

22nd Row: Same as 4th row. **23rd Row:** P. 6, * k. tog., k. 1, f. 1, n., p. 1, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, n., f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 3, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

24th Row: Same as 4th row. **25th Row:** P. 5, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, f. 1, p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, f. 1, k. 1, d.o., p. 3, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, k. 2, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 3. Repeat from *.

26th Row: Same as 4th row. **27th Row:** P. 5, * k. 2, n., p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, n., k. 2, p. 4, c., p. 4. Repeat from *.

28th Row: Same as 4th row.

29th Row: P. 5, * slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 4, k. 6. Repeat from *.

30th Row: Same as 4th row. **31st Row:** P. 6, * slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, n., p. 1, slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, k. 2, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, n., slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 5, c., p. 5. Repeat from *.

32nd Row: Same as 4th row. **33rd Row:** P. 7, * slip 2 sts. onto the spare



PATRICIA: Of noble origin, this striking jumper. Dressy pattern and neat collar look splendid under a costume. Pictured also on page 7 in this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from *.

34th Row: Same as 4th row. **35th Row:** P. 8, * slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, k. 4, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 7, k. 6, p. 7. Repeat from *.

36th Row: Same as 4th row. **37th Row:** P. 9, * slip 2 sts. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the front of work, p. 1, k. the 2 sts. from the spare needle, k. 2, slip 1 st. onto the spare needle and allow it to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the st. from the spare needle, p. 8, c., p. 8. Repeat from *.

38th Row: Same as 4th row. **39th Row:** P. 10, * c., p. 9, k. 2, f. 1, k. 2, f. 1, k. 2, p. 9. Repeat from *.

40th Row: Same as 4th row. Repeat from the 5th needle. **45th, 50th, 55th, 60th, 65th, 70th, 75th, 80th, 85th, 90th, 92nd and 95th Rows:** Widen by 1 st. on each side.

At the end of the 95th row there are 114 stitches on the needle and the work measures 10½ inches. Shape arm-holes. **96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th and 101st Rows:** Cast off 2 sts. on each side.

Work in the same width as far as the 125th Row, when the slit at the neck begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Work in the same width as far as the 144th Row.

144th and 146th Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the neck side.

Continued on Page 23

CHILD'S Attractive HAND-KNIT DRESS

A VERY modern little dress for wee girls, made of 3-ply wool and Angora for embroidery. Will be found indispensable for cold winter days, and is swiftly made.

Material: 9oz. of tapestry-blue wool, 3-ply, 4oz. white Angora wool for the embroidery. 2 long knitting needles No. 10.

Measurements: Blouse—Shoulder to lower edge, 6in.; width below arms, 12in.; length of sleeve along seam, 7in. Skirt—Length, 12in.; width, 24in. Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

SKIRT—FRONT

Cast on 186 stitches which should measure 24½ inches. Work 16 rows in purling-stitch.

17th to 120th Rows: Alternate 1 row knitting and 1 row purling. The plain knitting surface is the right side of the work. In the 121st row the work is 12 inches long. Cast off.

BACK

Work in same manner as front.

BLOUSE—FRONT

It consists of a lower part and a yoke, each of which is knit separately. They are then sewed together.

LOWER PART OF FRONT

Cast on 93 stitches which should measure 12½in. Work in 1 row knit, 1 row purl. Here also the knit surface is the right side of the work.

YOU WILL enjoy making this attractive little frock for your wee girl. Pattern is simple, the style, with its circular neck and long, full sleeves, charming. Our choice is tapestry-blue Angora wool.



13th, 14th and 15th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side for the armholes. In the 16th row divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. 17th, 18th, and 19th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the centre edge. 20th, 21st,

and 22nd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on the centre edge. 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 32nd, 33rd, 36th, 40th, 44th, 46th, 49th and 52nd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on centre edge.

YOKE

It is worked widthwise. Cast on 21 stitches and proceed as follows: 1st Row: Knit plain the first 14 stitches, leaving the remaining 7 unknit on the needle. 2nd Row: Knit plain the 14 stitches that were knit in the preceding row. 3rd Row: Knit plain the entire 21 stitches. 4th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat from the 1st needle until the yoke fits the neck opening.

BACK OF BLOUSE

Work in the same manner as the front.

SLEEVE

Cast on 72 stitches which should measure 9½ inches, and work 80 rows in 1 row knit, 1 row purl. 81st, 82nd and 83rd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 85th, 86th, 87th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 101st, 102nd and 103rd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side. 105th, 106th, 107th, 109th, 110th and 111th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. In the 112th row cast off.

CUFF

Cast on 48 stitches, which should measure 6½ inches, and purl 6 rows.

TO MAKE UP AND EMBROIDER

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry thus: Sew up seams. Gather the lower part of the sleeve so that it fits the cuff, which is then sewed on. As shown in the illustration, the dress is fastened on the shoulders by small buttons and loops. Follow the accompanying stitch chart for embroidering the motifs, which are done in a stitch to simulate knitting.

Youthfully Smart

Continued from Page 22

147th, 148th, 150th, 151st, 153rd, 154th and 155th Rows: Cast off 1 st. for the neck. 157th, 159th, 161st, 163rd and 165th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side of the shoulder.

BACK

Cast on 90 stitches, which should measure 14½ inches, and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 until it measures 2½ inches. Commence pattern. 46th, 52nd, 58th, 64th, 70th, 76th, 82nd, 88th, 92nd and 95th Rows: Widen by 1 st. on each side.

At the end of the 95th row there are 110 stitches on the needle and the work measures 10½ inches. Shape armholes.

96th, 97th, 98th, 99th and 100th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. Work in the same width as far as the 151st row.

151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th and 158th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side for the shoulder.

In the 159th row the neckline begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. 159th Row: Cast off 3 stitches on the armhole side and 7 on the neck side. 160th Row: Cast off 3 stitches on the armhole side and 8 on the neck side.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 60 stitches and work the cuff

in k. 2, p. 2, until it measures 1½ inches. Work in ground pattern.

5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th, 35th, 40th, 45th and 52nd Rows: Widen by 1 st. on each side.

At the end of the 52nd row there are 80 stitches on the needle and the work measures 7½ inches. Shape bow at top.

53rd, 54th, 55th and 56th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side. 57th, 58th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 67th, 70th, 73rd, 76th, 77th, 78th, 81st, 84th, 86th, 88th and 89th Rows: Cast off 1 st. on each side. 90th, 91st, 92nd, 94th, 95th and 96th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the next row cast off the remaining stitches.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

COLLAR

Cast on 90 stitches and purl until it measures 1½ inches.

BOW TIE

It is also purl. Cast on 35 stitches and work until it measures 1½ inches.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams.

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FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LAVENDER and OLD LACE

By MYRTLE REED



RICKETY carriage was slowly ascending the hill, and from the place of honor on the back seat, the single passenger surveyed the country with interest and admiration. The driver of that ancient chariot was an awkward young fellow, possibly twenty-five years of age, with sharp knees, large, red hands, high cheek-bones, and abundant hair of a shade verging upon orange. He was not unpleasant to look upon, however, for he had a certain evident honesty, and he was disposed to be friendly to everyone.

"Be you comfortable, Miss?" he asked, with apparent solicitude.

"Very comfortable, thank you," was the quiet response.

He urged his venerable steeds to a gait of about two miles an hour, then turned sideways.

"Be you goin' to stay long, Miss?"

"All Summer, I think."

"Do tell!"

The young woman smiled in listless amusement, but Joe took it for conversational encouragement. "City folks is dretful bashful when they's away from home," he said to himself. He clucked again to his unheeding horses, shifted his gait, and was casting about for a new topic when a light broke in upon him.

"I guess, now, that you're Miss Hathaway's niece, what's come to stay in her house while she goes gallivantin' and travellin' in furrin parts, ben't you?"

"I am Miss Hathaway's niece, and I haven't been here before. Where does she live?"

"Up yander."

He flourished the discarded fish-pole which served as a whip, and pointed out a small white house on the brow of the hill. Reflection brought him the conviction that his remark concerning Miss Hathaway was a social mistake, since his passenger sat very straight, and asked no more questions.

The road wound upward in its own lazy fashion, and there were trees at the left, though only one or two shaded the hill itself. As they approached the summit, a girl in a blue gingham dress and a neat white apron came out to meet them.

"Come right in, Miss Thorne," she said, "and I'll explain it to you."

Ruth descended, inwardly vowing that she would ride no more in Joe's carriage, and after giving some directions about her trunk, followed her guide indoors.

The storm-beaten house was certainly entitled to the respect accorded to age. It was substantial, but unpretentious in outline, and had not been painted for a long time. The faded green shutters blended harmoniously with the greyish white background, and the piazza, which was evidently an unhappy after-thought of the architect, had two or three new shingles on its roof.

"You see it's this way, Miss Thorne," the maid began volubly. "Miss Hathaway, she went earlier than she laid out to, on account of the folks decidin' to take a

steamer that sailed beforehand—before the other one, I mean. She went in such a hurry that she didn't have time to send you word and get an answer, but she's left a letter here for you, for she trusted to your comin'."

The maid returned presently with a letter which Miss Hathaway had sealed with half an ounce of red wax, presumably in a laudable effort to remove temptation from the path of the red-checked, wholesome, farmer's daughter who stood near by with her hands on her hips.

"Miss Ruth Thorne," the letter began, "Dear Ruth:

"I am writing this in a hurry, as we are going a week before we expected to. I think you will find everything all right. Hepsey will attend to the housekeeping, for I don't suppose you know much about it, coming from the city. She's a good-hearted girl, but she's set in her ways, and you'll have to kinder give in to her, but any time when you can't, just speak to her sharp and she'll do as you tell her."

"I have left money enough for the expenses until I come back, in a little box on the top of the shelf of the closet in the front room, under a pile of blankets and comfortables. The key that unlocks it is hung on a nail driven into the back of the old bureau in the attic. I believe Hepsey is honest and reliable, but I don't believe in tempting folks."

"When I get anywhere where I can, I will write and send you my address, and then you can tell me how things are going at home."

"Hoping that this will find you enjoying the great blessing of good health. I remain,

"Your Affectionate Aunt,

Jane Hathaway."

"P.S.—You have to keep a lamp burning every night in the east window of the attic. Be careful that nothing catches fire."

THE maid was waiting in fear and trembling, for she did not know what directions her eccentric mistress might have left. "Everything is all right, Hepsey," said Miss Thorne, pleasantly, "and I think you and I will get along nicely. Did Miss Hathaway tell you what room I was to have?"

"No'm. She told me you was to make yourself at home. She said you could sleep where you pleased."

"Very well, I will go up and see for myself. I would like my tea at six o'clock."

As Ruth climbed the narrow stairway, the quiet, old-fashioned house brought balm to her tired soul. It was exquisitely clean, redolent of sweet herbs, and in its atmosphere was a subtle, Puritan restraint.

As she wandered through the tiny, spotless rooms on the second floor of Miss Hathaway's house, Ruth had a sense of security and peace which she had never known before. There were two front rooms, of equal size, looking to the west, and she chose the one on the

left, because of its two south windows. There was but one other room, aside from the small one at the end of the hall, which, as she supposed, was Hepsey's.

One of the closets was empty, but on a shelf in the other was a great pile of bedding. She dragged a chair inside, burrowed under the blankets, and found a small wooden box, the contents clinking softly as she drew it towards her.

Holding it under her arm, she ascended the narrow, spiral stairs which led to the attic. At one end, under the eaves, stood an old mahogany dressing-table. The casters were gone and she moved it with difficulty, but the slanting sunbeams of late afternoon revealed the key, which hung, as her aunt had written, on a nail driven into the back of it.

She knew, without trying, that it would fit the box, but idly turned the lock. As she opened it, a bit of paper fluttered out, and, picking it up, she read in her aunt's cramped but distinct hand: "Hepsey gets a dollar and a half every week. Don't you pay her no more."

As the house was set some distance back, the east window in the attic was the only one which commanded a view of the sea. A small table, with its legs sawed off, came exactly to the sill, and here stood a lamp, which was a lamp simply, without adornment, and held about a pint of oil.

She read the letter again, and, having mastered its contents, tore it into small pieces, with that urban caution which does not come amiss in the rural districts. She understood that every night of her stay she was to light this lamp with her own hands, but why? The varnish on the table, which had once been glaring, was scratched with innumerable rings, where the rough glass had left its mark. Ruth wondered if she were face to face with a mystery.

The seaward side of the hill was a rocky cliff, and between the vegetable garden at the back of the house and the edge of the Precipice were a few stumps, well-nigh covered with moss.

Ruth opened the window and drew a long breath. Her senses had been dulled by the years in the city, but childhood, hidden though not forgotten, came back as if by magic, with that first scent of sea and spring.

As yet, she had not fully realised how grateful she was for this little time away from her desk and typewriter. The managing editor had promised her the same position, whenever she chose to go back, and there was a little hoard in the savings-bank, which she would not need to touch, owing to the kindness of this eccentric aunt, whom she had never seen.

The large room was a typical attic, with its spinning-wheel and discarded furniture—colonial mahogany that would make many a city matron envious, and for which its owner cared little or nothing. There were chests of drawers, two or three battered trunks, a cedar chest, and countless boxes of various sizes.

The first grey of twilight had come

upon the world before she thought of going downstairs. A match-safe hung upon the window casing, newly-filled, and, mindful of her trust, she lighted the lamp and closed the window. Then a sudden scream from the floor below startled her.

"Miss Thorne! Miss Thorne!" cried a shrill voice. "Come here! Quick!"

White as a sheet, Ruth flew downstairs and met Hepsey in the hall. "What on earth is the matter?" she gasped.

"Joe's come with your trunk," responded that volcanic young woman, amiably; "where'd you want it put?"

"In the south front room," she answered, still frightened, but glad nothing more serious had happened. "You mustn't scream like that."

"Supper's ready," resumed Hepsey, nonchalantly, and Ruth followed her down to the little dining-room.

As she ate, she pilled the maid with questions. "Does Miss Hathaway light that lamp in the attic every night?"

"Yes'm. She cleans it and fills it herself, and she puts it out every morning. She don't never let me touch it."

"Why does she keep it there?"

"D'know. She d'know, neither."

"Why, Hepsey, what do you mean? Why does she do it if she doesn't know why she does it?"

"D'know. 'Cause she wants to, I reckon."

"She's been gone a week, hasn't she?"

"No'm. Only six days. It'll be a week to-morrow."

Hepsey's remarks were short and jerky as a rule, and had a certain explosive force.

"Hasn't the lamp been lighted since she went away?"

"Yes'm. I was to do it till you come, and after you got here I was to ask you every night if you'd forgot it."

Ruth smiled because Aunt Jane's old-fashioned exactness lingered in her wake. "Now see here, Hepsey," she began kindly, "I don't know and you don't know, but I'd like to have you tell me what you think about it."

"I d'know, as you say, mum, but I think—" here she lowered her voice—"I think it has something to do with Miss Ainslie."

"Who is Miss Ainslie?"

"She's a peculiar woman, Miss Ainslie is," the girl explained, smoothing her apron, "and she lives down the road a piece, in the valley as you may say. She don't never go nowhere, Miss Ainslie don't, but folks goes to see her. She's got a funny house—I've been inside of it sometimes when I've been down on errands for Miss Hathaway. She ain't got no figured wallpaper, nor no lace curtains, and she ain't got no rag carpets neither. Her floors is all kinder funny, and she's got heathen things spread down onto 'em. Her house is full of heathen things, and sometimes she wears 'em."

"Wears what, Hepsey? The 'heathen things' in the house?"

"No'm. Other heathen things she's got put away somewheres. She's got money, I guess, but she's got furniture in her parlor that's just like what Miss Hathaway's got set away in the attic. We wouldn't use them kind of things, nohow," she added complacently.

"Does she live all alone?"

"Yes'm. Joe, he does her errands and other folks stops in sometimes, but Miss

Ainslie ain't left her front yard for I d'know how long."

"What makes you think Miss Ainslie has anything to do with the light?" Ruth inquired after a while.

"'Cause there wasn't no light in that window when I first come—leastways, not as I know of—and after I'd been here a week or so, Miss Hathaway, she come back from there one day looking kinder strange. She didn't say much; but the next mornin' she goes down to town and buys that lamp, and she saws off them table legs herself. Every night since, that light's been a-goin', and she puts it out herself every mornin' before she comes downstairs."

"PERHAPS she and Miss Ainslie had been talking of shipwreck, and she thought she would have a little lighthouse of her own," Miss Thorne suggested, when the silence became oppressive.

"Praps so," rejoined Hepsey. She had become stolid again.

Ruth pushed her chair back and stood at the dining-room window a moment, looking out into the yard. The valley was in shadow, but the last light still lingered on the hill. "What's that, Hepsey?" she asked.

"What's what?"

"That—where the evergreen is coming up out of the ground, in the shape of a square."

"That's the cat's grave, mum. She died jest afore Miss Hathaway went away, and she planted the evergreen."

"I thought something was lacking," said Ruth, half to herself.

She sat for a time in the old-fashioned parlor, where the shabby haircloth furniture was ornamented with "tidies" to the last degree. There was a marble-topped centre table in the room, and a basket of wax flowers under a glass case. Mrs. Heman's poems, another book, called "The Lady's Garland," and the family Bible were carefully arranged upon it.

A hair wreath, also sheltered by glass, hung on the wall near another collection of wax flowers suitably framed. There were various portraits of people whom Miss Thorne did not know, though she was a near relative of their owner, and two tall, white china vases, decorated with gilt, flanked the mantel-shelf.

Hepsey came in to light the lamp that hung by chains over the table, but Miss Thorne rose, saying: "You needn't mind, Hepsey, as I am going upstairs."

"Want me to help you unpack?" she asked, doubtless wishing for a view of "city clothes."

"No, thank you."

She still lingered, irresolute, shifting from one foot to the other. "Miss Thorne," she began hesitatingly.

"Yes?"

"Be you—be you a lady detective?"

Ruth's clear laughter rang out on the evening air. "Why, no, you foolish girl; I'm a newspaper woman, and I've earned a rest—that's all. You mustn't read books with yellow covers."

Hepsey withdrew, muttering vague apologies, and Ruth found her at the head of the stairs when she went up to her room. "How long have you been with Miss Hathaway?" she asked.

"Five years come next June."

"Good-night, Hepsey."

"Good-night, Miss Thorne."

From sheer force of habit, Ruth locked her door. Her trunk was not a large

one, and it did not take her long to put her simple wardrobe into the capacious closet and the dresser drawers. As she moved the empty trunk into the closet, she remembered the box of money that she had left in the attic, and went up to get it. When she returned she heard Hepsey's door close softly.

"Silly child," she said to herself. "I might just as well ask her if she isn't a 'lady detective.' They'll laugh about that in the office when I go back."

She blessed the legacy which had fallen into Jane Hathaway's lap and led her, at fifty-five, to join a "personally conducted" party to the Old World. Ruth had always had a dim yearning for foreign travel, but just now she felt no latent injustice, such as had often rankled in her soul when her friends went and she remained at home.

Thinking she heard Hepsey in the hall, and not caring to arouse further suspicion, she put out her light and sat by the window, with the shutters wide open.

Far down the hill, where the road became level again, and on the left as she looked towards the village, was the white house, surrounded by a garden and a hedge, which she supposed was Miss Ainslie's. A timid chirp came from the grass, and the faint, sweet smell of growing things floated in through the open window at the other end of the room.

A train from the city sounded a warning whistle as it approached the station, and then a light shone on the grass in front of Miss Ainslie's house. It was a little gleam, evidently from a candle.

"So she's keeping a lighthouse, too," thought Ruth. The train pulled out of the station and half an hour afterwards the light disappeared.

She meditated upon the general subject of illumination while she got ready for bed, but as soon as her head touched the pillow she lost consciousness and knew no more until the morning light crept into her room.

The maid sat in the kitchen, wondering why Miss Thorne did not come down. It was almost seven o'clock, and Miss Hathaway's breakfast hour was half-past six. Hepsey did not frame the thought, but she had a vague impression that the guest was lazy.

Yet she was grateful for the new interest which had come into her monotonous life.

It was very strange, Hepsey thought, for Miss Hathaway to call before her niece came, if, indeed, Miss Thorne was her niece. There was a mystery in the house on the hill top, which she had tried in vain to fathom. Foreign letters came frequently, no two of them from the same person, and the lamp in the attic window had burned steadily every night for five years. Otherwise, everything was explainable and sane.

Still, Miss Thorne did not seem even remotely related to her aunt, and Hepsey had her doubts.

It was half-past seven, but no sound came from upstairs. She replenished the fire and resumed meditation. Whatever Miss Thorne might prove to be, she was decidedly interesting. It was pleasant to watch her, to feel the subtle refinement of all her belongings, and to wonder what was going to happen next. Perhaps Miss Thorne would take her back to the city, as her maid, when

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

Miss Hathaway came home, for, in the books, such things frequently happened. Would she go? Hepsey was trying to decide, when there was a light, rapid step on the stairs, a moment's hesitation in the hall, and Miss Thorne came into the dining-room.

"Good-morning, Hepsey," she said, cheerily: "am I late?"

"Yes'm. It's going on eight, and Miss Hathaway allers has breakfast at half-past six."

"How ghastly," Ruth thought. "I should have told you," she said, "I will have mine at eight."

"Yes'm," replied Hepsey, apparently unmoved. "What time do you want dinner?"

"At six o'clock—luncheon at half-past one."

Ruth had several other reforms in mind, but deemed it best to wait. After breakfast, she remembered the lamp in the window and went up to put it out.

It was still burning when she reached it, though the oil was almost gone, and, placing it by the stairway, that she might not forget to have it filled, she determined to explore the attic to her heart's content.

The sunlight streamed through the east window and searched the farthest corners of the room. The floor was bare and worn, but carefully swept, and the things that were stored there were huddled together far back under the eaves, as if to make room for others.

The bunches of dried herbs, hanging from the rafters and swaying back and forth in ghostly fashion, gave out a wholesome fragrance, and when she opened trunks whose lids creaked on their rusty hinges, dried rosemary, lavender, and sweet clover filled the room with that long-stored sweetness which is the gracious handmaiden of Memory.

Miss Hathaway was a thrifty soul, but she never stored discarded clothing that might be of use to anyone, and so Ruth found no moth-eaten garments of bygone pattern, but only things which seemed to be kept for the sake of their tender associations.

There were letters, on whose yellowed pages the words had long since faded, a dog-eared primer, and several well-worn schoolbooks, each having on its fly-leaf: "Jane Hathaway, Her Book"; scraps of lace, brocade and rustling taffeta, quilt patterns, needlebooks, and all of the eloquent treasures that a well-stored attic can yield.

As she replaced them, singing softly to herself, a folded newspaper slipped to the floor. It was yellow and worn, like the letters, and she unfolded it carefully. It was over thirty years old, and around a paragraph on the last page a faint line still lingered. It was an announcement of the marriage of Charles G. Winfield, captain of the schooner Mary, to Miss Abigail Weatherby.

"Abigail Weatherby," she said aloud. The name had a sweet, old-fashioned sound. "They must have been Aunt Jane's friends." She closed the trunk and pushed it back to its place, under the eaves.

In a distant corner was the old cedar chest, heavily carved. She pulled it out into the light, her cheeks glowing with quiet happiness, and sat down on the floor beside it. It was evidently Miss Hathaway's treasure box, put away in the attic when spinsterhood was confirmed by the fleeting years.

On top, folded carefully in a sheet,

was a gown of white brocade, short-waisted and quaint, trimmed with pearl passementerie. The neck was square, cut modestly low, and filled in with lace of a delicate, frosty pattern—Point d'Alencon. Underneath the gown lay piles of lingerie, all of the finest linen, daintily made by hand. Some of it was trimmed with real lace, some with crocheted edging, and the rest with hemstitched ruffles and feather-stitching.

There was another gown, much worn, of soft blue cashmere, some sea-shells, a necklace of uncut turquoises, the color changed to green, a prayer-book, a little hymnal, and a bundle of letters, tied with a faded blue ribbon, which she didn't touch. There was but one picture—an ambrotype, in an ornate case, of a handsome young man, with that dashing, daredevil look in his eyes which has ever been attractive to women.

Ruth smiled as she put the treasures away, thinking that, had Fate thrown the dice another way, the young man might have been her esteemed and respected uncle. Then, all at once, it came to her that she had unthinkingly stumbled upon her aunt's romance.

She was not a woman to pry into others' secrets, and felt guilty as she fled from the attic, taking the lamp with her. Afterwards, as she sat on the narrow piazza, basking in the warm spring sunshine, she pieced out the love affair of Jane Hathaway's early girlhood after her own fashion.

PROBABLY the letters would have disclosed the mystery, and the newspaper instinct, on the trail of a "story" was struggling with her sense of honor, but not for the world, now that she knew, would Ruth have read the yellowed pages, which doubtless held faded roses pressed between them.

The sun was hidden by gathering clouds and the air was damp before Ruth missed the bright warmth on the piazza, and began to walk back and forth by way of keeping warm. A gravelled path led to the gate and on either side was a row of lilac bushes, the bare stalks tipped with green. A white picket fence surrounded the yard, except at the back, where the edge of the precipice made it useless. The place was small and well kept, but there were no flower-beds except at the front of the house, and there were only two or three trees.

She walked around the vegetable garden at the back of the house, where a portion of her summer sustenance was planted, and discovered an unused gate at the side, which swung back and forth idly, without latching. She was looking over the fence and down the steep hillside, when a sharp voice at her elbow made her jump.

"Sech as wants dinner can come in and get it," announced Hepsey, sourly. "I've yelled and yelled till I've most bust my throat and I ain't a-goin' to yell no more."

She returned to the house, a picture of offended dignity, but carefully left the door ajar for Ruth, who discovered, upon this rude awakening from her reverie, that she was very hungry.

In the afternoon, the chill fog made it impossible to go out, for the wind had risen from the sea and driven the salt mist inland. Miss Hathaway's library was meagre and uninteresting. Hepsey was busy in the kitchen, and Ruth was frankly bored. Reduced at last to the desperate

strait of putting all her belongings in irreproachable order, she found herself, at four o'clock, without occupation. The temptation in the attic wrestled strongly with her, but she would not go.

It seemed an age until six o'clock. "This won't do," she said to herself.

"It's goin' to rain, Miss Thorne," said Hepsey, at the door. "Is all the winders shut?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered.

"Supper's ready any time you want it."

"Very well, I will come now."

When she sat down in the parlor, after doing scant justice to Hepsey's cooking, it was with a grim resignation, of the Puritan sort which, supposedly, went with the house. There was but one place in all the world where she would like to be, and she was afraid to trust herself in the attic.

By an elaborate mental process, she convinced herself that the cedar chest and the old trunks did not concern her in the least, and tried to develop a feminine fear of mice, which was not natural to her. She had just placed herself loftily above all mundane things, when Hepsey marched into the room and placed the attic lamp, newly filled, upon the marble table.

Here was a manifest duty confronting a very superior person and, as she went upstairs, she determined to come back immediately, but when she had put the light in the seaward window she lingered under the spell of the room.

The room seemed peopled by the previous generation, that had slept in the massive mahogany bed, rocked in the chairs, with sewing or gossip, and stood before the old dressing-table on tiptoe, peering eagerly into the mirror which probably had hung above it. It was as if Memory sat at the spinning-wheel, idly twisting the thread, and bringing visions of the years gone by.

When she turned to go downstairs, a folded newspaper on the floor attracted her attention. It was near one of the trunks which she had opened and must have fallen out. She picked it up, to replace it, but it proved to be another paper dated a year later than the first one. There was no marked paragraph, but she soon discovered the death notice of "Abigail Winfield, nee Weatherby, aged twenty-two."

She put it into the trunk out of which she knew it must have fallen, and stood there, thinking. Those faded letters, hidden under Aunt Jane's wedding gown, were tempting her with their mute secret as never before. She hesitated, took three steps towards the cedar chest, then fled ingloriously from the field.

Whoever Charles Winfield was he was free to love and marry again. Perhaps there had been an estrangement and it was he for whom Aunt Jane was waiting since sometimes, out of bitterness, the years distil forgiveness.

Somewhere in Aunt Jane's fifty-five years there was a romance, but, after all, it was not her niece's business. "I'm an imaginative goose," Ruth said to herself. "I'm asked to keep a light in the window, presumably as an incipient lighthouse, and I've found some old clothes and two old papers in the attic—that's all—and I've constructed a tragedy."

She resolutely put the whole matter aside, as she sat in her room, rocking pensively. Her own lamp had not been filled and was burning dimly, so she put

It out and sat in the darkness, listening to the rain.

She had not closed the shutters and did not care to lean out in the storm, and so it was that, when the whistle of the ten o'clock train sounded hoarsely, she saw the little glimmer of light from Miss Ainslie's window, making a faint circle in the darkness. Half an hour later, as before, it was taken away.

RUTH began to feel a lively interest in her Aunt Jane, and to regret that she had not arrived in time to make her acquaintance. She knew that Miss Hathaway was three or four years younger than Mrs. Thorne would have been, had she lived, and that a legacy had recently come to her from an old friend, but that was all, aside from the discoveries in the attic.

She contemplated the crayon portraits in the parlor and hoped she was not related to any of them. In the family album she found no woman whom she would have liked for an aunt, but was determined to know the worst.

"Is Miss Hathaway's picture here, Hepsey?" she asked.

"No'm. Miss Hathaway, she wouldn't have her plecter in the parlor, nohow. Some folks does, but Miss Hathaway says 'taint modest."

"I think she's right, Hepsey," laughed Ruth, "though I never thought of it in just that way. I'll have to wait until she comes home."

In the afternoon she donned the short skirt and heavy shoes of her "office rig," and started down hill to explore the village.

The hill rose sheer from the highlands, which sloped to the river on the left, as she went down, and on the right to the forest. A side path into the woods made her hesitate for a moment, but she went straight on.

It was the usual small town, which nestles at the foot of a hill and eventually climbs over it, through the enterprise of its wealthier residents, but, save for Miss Hathaway's house, the enterprise had not, as yet, become evident.

At the foot of the hill, on the left, was Miss Ainslie's house and garden, and directly opposite, with the width of the hill between them, was a brown house, with a lawn, but no garden except that devoted to vegetables.

As she walked through the village, stopping to look at the display of merchandise in the window of the single shop, which was also post-office and grocery, she attracted a great deal of respectful attention, for, in this community, strangers were an event. Ruth reflected that the shop had only to grow to about fifty times its present size in order to become a full-fledged department store and bring upon the town the rank and dignity of a metropolis.

When she turned her face homeward, she had reached the foot of the hill before she realised that the first long walk over country roads was hard for one accustomed to city pavements. A broad, flat stone offered an inviting resting-place, and she sat down, in the shadow of Miss Ainslie's hedge, hoping Joe would pass in time to take her to the top of the hill. The hedge was high and except for the gate the garden was secluded.

"I'll get an alpenstock," she said to herself, as she rose, wearily, and tried to summon courage to start. Then the gate

clicked softly and the sweetest voice in the world said: "My dear, you are tired—won't you come in?"

Turning, she saw Miss Ainslie, smiling graciously. In a moment she had explained that she was Miss Hathaway's niece and that she would be very glad to come in for a few moments.

"Yes," said the sweet voice again, "I know who you are. Your aunt told me all about you and I trust we shall be friends."

Ruth followed her up the gravelled path to the house, and into the parlor, where a wood fire blazed cheerily upon the hearth. It is so damp this time of year," she went on, "that I like to keep my fire burning."

While they were talking, Ruth's eyes rested with pleasure upon her hostess. She herself was tall, but Miss Ainslie towered above her. She was a woman of poise and magnificent bearing, and she had the composure which comes to some as a right and to others with long social training.

Her abundant hair was like spun silver—it was not merely white, but it shone. Her skin was as fresh and fair as a girl's, and when she smiled, one saw that her teeth were white and even; but the great charm of her face was her eyes. They were violet, so deep in color as to seem almost black in certain lights, and behind them lay an indescribable something which made Ruth love her instinctively. She might have been forty, or seventy, but she was beautiful, with the beauty that never fades.

At intervals, not wishing to stare, Ruth glanced around the room. Having once seen the woman, one could not fail to recognise her house, for it suited her. The floors were hardwood, highly polished, and partly covered with rare Oriental rugs. The furniture was colonial mahogany, unspoiled by varnish, and rubbed until it shone.

"You have a beautiful home," said Ruth, during a pause.

"Yes," she replied, "I like it."

"You have a great many beautiful things."

"Yes," she answered softly, "they were given to me by a—a friend."

"She must have had a great many," observed Ruth, admiring one of the rugs.

A delicate pink suffused Miss Ainslie's face. "My friend," she said, with quiet dignity, "is a seafaring gentleman."

That explained the rugs, Ruth thought, and the vase, of finest Clousonne, which stood upon the mantel-shelf.

For some little time they talked of Miss Hathaway and her travels. "I told her she was too old to go," said Miss Ainslie, smiling, "but she assured me that she could take care of herself, and I think she can. Even if she couldn't, she is perfectly safe. These personally conducted parties are by far the best, if one goes alone, for the first time."

Ruth knew that, but she was surprised, nevertheless. "Won't you tell me about my aunt, Miss Ainslie?" she asked. "You know I've never seen her."

"Why, yes, of course I will. Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning," answered Ruth, with a little laugh.

"The beginning is very far away, dear," said Miss Ainslie, and Ruth fancied she heard a sigh. "She came here long before I did, and we were girls together. She lived in the old house at

the top of the hill, with her father and mother, and I lived here with mine. We were very intimate for a long time, and then we had a quarrel, about something that was so silly and foolish that I cannot even remember what it was. For five years—no, for almost six, we passed each other like strangers, because each was too proud and stubborn to yield. But death, and trouble, brought us together again."

"Who spoke first," asked Ruth, much interested, "you or Aunt Jane?"

"It was I, of course. I don't believe she would have done it. She was always stronger than I, and though I can't remember the cause of the quarrel, I can feel the hurt to my pride even at this day."

Miss Ainslie leaned forward to put another maple log on the fire. "Tell me more about Aunt Jane," Ruth suggested. "I'm getting to be somebody's relative, instead of an orphan, stranded on the shore of the world."

"She's hard to analyse," began the older woman. "I have never been able to reconcile her firmness with her softness. She's as hard as New England granite, but I think she wears it like a mask. Some times one sees through it. She scolds me very often, about anything that occurs to her, but I never pay any attention to it. She says I shouldn't live here all alone, and that I deserve to have something dreadful happen to me, but she had all the trees cut down that stood on the hill between her window and mine, and had a key made to my lower door, and made me promise that if I was ill at any time I would put a signal in my window—a red shawl in the daytime and a light at night. I hadn't any red shawl and she gave me hers."

"One night—I shall never forget it—I had a terrible attack of neuralgia, during the worst storm I have ever known. I didn't even know that I put the light in the window—I was so beside myself with pain—but she came, at two o'clock in the morning, and stayed with me until I was all right again. She was so gentle and so tender—I shall always love her for that."

The sweet voice vibrated with feeling, and Ruth's thoughts flew to the light in the attic window, but, no—it could not be seen from Miss Ainslie's. "What does Aunt Jane look like?" she asked, after a pause.

"I HAVEN'T a picture, except one that was taken a long time ago, but I'll get that." She went upstairs and returned, presently, putting an old-fashioned ambrotype into Ruth's hands.

The velvet-lined case enshrined Aunt Jane in the bloom of her youth. It was a young woman of twenty or twenty-five seated in a straight-backed chair, with her hands encased in black lace mitts and folded in the lap of her striped silk gown. The forehead was high, protruding slightly, the eyes rather small, and very dark, the nose straight, and the little chin exceedingly firm and determined. There was an expression of maidenly wistfulness somewhere, which Ruth could not definitely locate, but there was no hint of it in the chin.

"Poor little Aunt Jane," said Ruth. "Life never would be easy for her."

"No," returned Miss Ainslie, "but she would not let anyone know."

Ruth strolled over to the window,

thinking that she must be going, and Miss Ainslie still held the picture in her hand. "How had a lover, didn't she?" asked Ruth idly.

"I—I think so," answered the other, unwillingly. "You remember we quarrelled."

A young man stopped in the middle of the road, looked at Miss Ainslie's house, and then at the brown one across the hill. From her position in the window, Ruth saw him plainly. He hesitated a moment, then went towards the brown house. She noted that he was a stranger—there was no such topcoat in the village.

"Was his name Winfield?" she asked suddenly, then instantly hated herself for the question.

The ambrotype fell to the floor. Miss Ainslie stooped to pick it up and Ruth did not see her face. "Perhaps," she said, in a strange tone, "but I never have asked a lady the name of her friend."

Gentle as it was, Ruth felt the rebuke keenly. An apology was on her lips, but only her flushed cheeks betrayed any emotion. Miss Ainslie's face was pale, and there was unmistakable resentment in her eyes.

"I must go," Ruth said, after an awkward silence, and in an instant Miss Ainslie was herself again.

"No—you mustn't go, dear. You haven't seen my garden yet. I have planted all the seeds and some of them are coming up. Isn't it beautiful to see things grow?"

"It is, indeed," Ruth assented, forgetting the momentary awkwardness, "and I have lived for a long time where I have seen nothing grow but car tracks and high buildings. May I come again and see your garden?"

"I shall be so glad to have you," replied Miss Ainslie, with a quaint stolidity. "I have enjoyed your visit so much and I hope you will come again very soon."

"Thank you—I will."

Her hostess had opened the door for her, but Ruth stood in the hall, waiting, in obedience to some strange impulse. Then she stepped outside, but something held her back—something that lay unspoken between them. Those unfathomable eyes were fixed upon her, questioning, pleading, and searching her inmost soul.

Ruth looked at her, wondering, and striving to answer the mute appeal. Then Miss Ainslie laid her hand upon her arm. "My dear," she asked, earnestly, "do you light the lamp in the attic window every night?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Ainslie," she answered, quickly.

The older woman caught her breath, as if in relief, and then the deep crimson flooded her face.

"Hepsey told me and Aunt Jane left a letter about it," Ruth continued, hastily, "and I am very glad to do it. It would be dreadful to have a ship wrecked, almost at our door."

"Yes," sighed Miss Ainslie, her color receding. "I have often thought of those who go down to the sea in ships. It is so terrible, and sometimes, when I hear the surf beating against the cliff, I—I am afraid."

Ruth climbed the hill, happy, yet deeply disturbed. Miss Ainslie's beautiful, changing face seemed to follow her and the exquisite scent of the lavender, which had filled the rooms, clung to her senses like a benediction.

She ate her dinner with the zest of hunger, while Hepsey noiselessly served her. "I have been to Miss Ainslie's, Hepsey," she said at length, not wishing to appear unsociable.

The maid's clouded visage cleared for an instant. "Did you find out about the lamp?" she inquired eagerly.

"No, I didn't, Hepsey; but I'll tell you what I think. Miss Ainslie has read a great deal, and has lived alone so much that she has become very much afraid of shipwreck. You know all of us have some one fear. For instance, I am terribly afraid of green worms, though a green worm has never harmed me. I think she asked Miss Hathaway to put the lamp in the window, and possibly told her of something she had read which made her feel that she should have done it before."

Hepsey's face took on its old, impenetrable calm.

"Don't you think so?" asked Miss Thorne, after a long pause.

"Yes'm."

"It's all very reasonable, isn't it?"

"Yes'm."

In spite of the seeming assent, she knew that Hepsey was not convinced, and afterwards, when she came into the room with the attic lamp and a box of matches, the mystery returned to trouble Ruth again.

As the days went by Ruth had the inevitable reaction. At first the country brought balm to her tired nerves, and she rested luxuriously, but she had not been at Miss Hathaway's a fortnight before she bitterly regretted the step she had taken.

Still there was no going back, for she had given her word, and must stay there until October. The months before her stretched out into a dreary waste. She thought of Miss Ainslie gratefully, as a redeeming feature, but she knew that it was impossible to spend all of her time in the house at the foot of the hill.

She sat in her room one afternoon, frankly miserable, when Hepsey stalked in unannounced, and gave her a card.

"Mr. Carl Winfield!" Ruth repeated aloud. "Some one to see me, Hepsey?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Yes'm. He's a-waitin' on the piazzet."

"Didn't you ask him to come in?"

"No'm. Miss Hathaway, she don't want no strangers in her house."

"Go down immediately," commanded Ruth, sternly, "ask him into the parlor, and say that Miss Thorne will be down in a few moments."

"Yes'm."

Hepsey shuffled downstairs with comfortable leisure, opened the door with aggravating slowness, then said, in a harsh tone that reached the upper rooms distinctly: "Miss Thorne, she says that you can come in and sit in the parlor till she comes down."

"Thank you," responded a masculine voice, in quiet amusement; "Miss Thorne is kind—and generous."

Though she loathed Mr. Carl Winfield and his errand, whatever it might prove to be, Ruth stopped before her mirror long enough to give a pat or two to her rebellious hair. On the way down she determined to be dignified, icy, and crushing.

A tall young fellow with a pleasant face rose to greet her as she entered the room. "Miss Thorne?" he inquired.

"Yes—please sit down. I am very sorry that my maid should have been so inhospitable." It was not what she had meant to say.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied, easily.

"I quite enjoyed it. I must ask your pardon for coming to you in this abrupt way, but Carlton gave me a letter to you, and I've lost it." Carlton was the managing editor, and vague expectations of a summons to the office came into Ruth's mind.

"I'm on 'The Herald,'" he went on. "That is, I was until my eyes gave out, and then they didn't want me any more. Newspapers can't use anybody out of repair," he added grimly.

"I know," Ruth answered, nodding.

"Of course the office isn't a sanatorium though they need that kind of an annex. Nor yet a literary kindergarten, which I've known it to be taken for, but—well, I won't tell you my troubles. The oculist said I must go to the country for six months, stay outdoors, and neither read nor write. I went to see Carlton, and he promised me a berth in the Fall—they're going to have a morning edition, too, you know."

Miss Thorne did not know, but she was much interested.

"Carlton advised me to come up here," resumed Winfield. "He said you were here, and that you were going back in the Fall. I'm sorry I've lost his letter."

"What was in it?" inquired Ruth, with a touch of sarcasm. "You read it, didn't you?"

"Of course I read it—that is, I tried to. The thing looked like a prescription, but, as nearly as I could make it out, it was principally a description of the desolation in the office since you left it. At the end there was a line or two commending me to your tender mercies, and here I am."

She had already recognised him as the young man she saw standing in the road the day she went to Miss Ainslie's, and mentally asked his pardon for thinking he was a book-agent. He might become a pleasant acquaintance, for he was tall, clean shaven, and well built. His hands were white and shapely and he was well groomed, though not in the least foppish. The troublesome eyes were dark brown, sheltered by a pair of tinted glasses. His face was very expressive, responding readily to every change of mood.

They talked "shop" for a time, discovering many mutual friends, and Ruth liked him. He spoke easily, though hurriedly, and appeared to be somewhat cynical, but she rightly attributed it to restlessness like her own.

"What are you going to do on 'The Tribune'?" she asked.

"Anything," he answered, with an indefinable shrug. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die. What are you going to do?"

"The same," replied Ruth. "'Society,' 'Mother's Corner,' 'Under the Evening Lamp,' and 'In the Kitchen with Aunt Jenny.'"

He laughed infectiously. "I wish Carlton could hear you say that."

"I don't," returned Ruth, coloring faintly.

"Why are you afraid of him?"

"Certainly I am. If he speaks to me, I'm instantly stiff with terror."

"Oh, he isn't so bad," said Winfield, reassuringly. "He's naturally abrupt, that's all; and I'll venture he doesn't suspect that he has any influence over you. I'd never fancy that you were afraid of anybody or anything on earth."

"I'm not afraid of anything else," she answered, "except burglars and green worms."

"Carlton would enjoy the classification—really, Miss Thorne, somebody should tell him, don't you think? So much to—"

nocent pleasure doesn't often come into the day of a busy man."

For a moment Ruth was angry, and then, all at once, she knew Winfield as if he had always been her friend. Conventionality, years, and the veneer of society were lightly laid upon one who would always be a boy. Some men are old at twenty, but Winfield would be young at seventy.

"You can tell him if you want to," Ruth rejoined calmly. "He'll be so pleased that he'll double your salary on the spot."

"And you?" he asked, his eyes twinkling with fun.

"I'll be pensioned off of course."

"You're all right," he returned, "but I guess I won't tell him. Riches lead to temptation, and if I'm going to be on 'The Tribune' I'd hate to have you pensioned."

Hepsey appeared to have a great deal of employment in the dining-room, and was very quiet about it, with long pauses between her leisurely movements. Winfield did not seem to notice it, but it jarred upon Ruth, and she was relieved when he said he must go.

"You'll come again, won't you?" she asked.

"I will, indeed."

She stood at the window, unconsciously watching him as he went down the hill with a long, free stride. She liked the strength in his broad shoulders, his well modulated voice, and his clear, honest eyes; but after all he was nothing but a boy.

Ruth was meditating, with an aggravated restlessness. The momentary glimpse of the outer world had stung her into a sense of her isolation, which she realised even more keenly than before. It was because of this, she told herself, that she hoped Winfield liked her, for it was not her wont to care about such trifles. He thought of her, idly, as a nice girl, who was rather pretty when she was interested in anything.

She wanted him to like her, to stay in that miserable village as long as she did, and keep her mind from stagnation—her thought went no farther than that. In October, when they went back, she would thank Carlton, prettily, for sending her a friend—provided they did not quarrel. She could see long days of intimate companionship, of that exalted kind which is possible only when man and woman meet on a high plane. "We're both too old for nonsense," she thought; and then a sudden fear struck her—that Winfield might be several years younger than she was.

Immediately she despised herself. "I don't care if he is," she thought, with her cheeks crimson; "it's nothing to me. He's a nice boy, and I want to be amused."

She went to her dressing-table, took out the large top drawer, and dumped its contents on the bed. It was a desperate measure, for Ruth hated to put things in order. The newspaper which had lain in the bottom of it had fallen out also, and she shook it so violently that she tore it.

She picked up a scrap of paper which lay on a glove, and caught a glimpse of unfamiliar penmanship.

It was apparently the end of a letter, and the rest of it was gone. "At Gibraltar for some time," she read, "keeping a shop, but will probably be found now in some small town on the coast of Italy. Very truly yours." The signature had been torn off.

"Why, that isn't mine," she thought.

"It must be something of Aunt Jane's." Another bit of paper lay near it, and, unthinkingly, she read a letter which was not meant for her.

"I thank you from my heart," it began, "for understanding me. I could not put it into words, but I believe you know. Perhaps you think it is useless—that it is too late; but if it was, I would know. You have been very kind, and I thank you."

There was neither date, address, nor signature.

Ruth put it back, under the paper, with the scrap of the other letter, and closed the drawer with a bang. "I hope," she said to herself, "that while I stay here I'll be mercifully preserved from finding things that are none of my business." Then, as in a lightning flash, for an instant she saw clearly.

Fate plays us many tricks and assumes strange forms, but Ruth knew that some day, on that New England hill, she would come face to face with a destiny that had been ordained from the beginning. Something waited for her there—some great change. She trembled at the thought, but was not afraid.

"MISS THORNE," said Hepsey, from the doorway of Ruth's room, "that feller's here again."

There was an unconscious emphasis on the last word, and Ruth herself was somewhat surprised, for she had not expected another call so soon.

"He's a-settin' in the parlor," continued Hepsey, "when he ain't a-walkin' around it and wearin' out the carpet. I didn't come up when he first came, on account of my pie crust bein' all ready to put in the oven."

"How long has he been here?" asked Ruth, dabbing a bit of powder on her nose.

"Oh, p'raps half an hour."

"That isn't right, Hepsey; when anyone comes you must tell me immediately. Never mind the pie crust next time." Ruth endeavored to speak kindly, but she was irritated at the necessity of making another apology.

When she went down, Winfield dismissed her excuses with a comprehensive wave of the hand. "I always have to wait when I go to call on a girl," he said; "it's one of the most charming vagaries of the ever-feminine. I used to think that perhaps I wasn't popular, but every fellow I know has the same experience."

"I'm an exception," explained Ruth; "I never keep anyone waiting. Of my own volition, that is," she added hastily, feeling his unspoken comment.

"I came up this afternoon to ask a favor of you," he began. "Won't you go for a walk with me? It's wrong to stay indoors on a day like this."

"Wait till I get my hat," said Ruth, rising.

"Fifteen minutes is the limit," he called to her, as she went upstairs.

She was back again almost immediately, and Hepsey watched them in wide-mouthed astonishment as they went down hill together, for it was not in her code of manners that "walking out" should begin so soon. When they approached Miss Ainslie's he pointed out the brown house across from it, on the other side of the hill.

"Yonder palatial mansion is my present lodging," he volunteered, "and I am

a helpless fly in the web of the 'Widder' Pendleton."

"Pendleton," repeated Ruth; "why, that's Joe's name."

"It is," returned Winfield, concisely. "He sits opposite me at the table, and wonders at my use of a fork. It is considered merely a spear for bread and meat at the 'Widder's.' I am observed closely at all times, and in some respects Joe admires me enough to attempt imitation, which, as you know, is the highest form of flattery. For instance, this morning he wore not only a collar and tie, but a scarf-pin. It was a string tie, and I've never before seen a pin worn in one, but it's interesting."

"It must be."

"He has a sweetheart," Winfield went on, "and I expect she'll be dazzled."

"My Hepsey is his lady love," Ruth explained.

"What? The haughty damsel who wouldn't let me in? Do tell!"

"You're imitating now," laughed Ruth, "but I shouldn't call it flattery."

"No? It all depends on the way you look at it. The point of view is everything in this world. Yours is naturally lofty because you live on a hill."

As they passed Miss Ainslie's house, Ruth had a glimpse of a lavender gown, flitting among the flower-beds, then, in a moment, the hedge screened her.

"I've heard all the village gossip," he said. "The secluded person across the way is half crazy."

"She is not," retorted Ruth, indignantly. "She's the dearest, sweetest woman in the whole world."

Winfield liked her spirit and her loyalty, but he merely said: "Why vilify the phonograph? I am but the humble instrument of repetition."

"You shouldn't repeat such things!" "Excuse me—I'll never do it again. I forgot, for the moment, that you were 'a lady detective!'"

The color flamed in her cheeks. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Pray calm yourself, Miss Thorne—there is really no immediate danger. There is plenty of time to launch the lifeboat before the ship turns over."

His teasing manner made her realise that she was making herself ridiculous. "I won't be cross," she said, pleasantly. "Tell me all the village gossip."

"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

"Because of a scarcity," she commented, as they turned into a path which led to the woods.

"Is it possible that a dweller on the heights should care for the rumors of the valley?"

"Not only possible, but probable."

"Very well, Miss Thorne. You are said to be a peculiar woman and I cannot deny the report. I have no authority to deny it," he added, as Ruth flashed a meaning glance at him. "You have burned oil until after ten o'clock at night, have gone spooking around the house at all hours, and have once spent a whole day in the attic."

Ruth was looking straight ahead, with her chin held high and a faint flush on her face. Winfield looked at her pure, proud profile, and wondered if he dared. The poise of her head was distinctly discouraging, but he was naturally fond of adventure, so he cleared his throat and took a deep plunge.

"You have large feet and wear men's shoes."

For a moment there was a chilly silence.

Ruth did not look at him, but she bit her lip and then laughed, unwillingly. "It's all true," she said. "I plead guilty."

"You see, I know all about you," he went on. "You knit your brows in deep thought, do not hear when you are spoken to, even in a loud voice, and your mail consists almost entirely of bulky envelopes of a legal nature, such as came to the 'Widder' Pendleton from the insurance people."

"Returned manuscripts," she interjected.

"Possibly, far be it from me to say they're not. Why, I've had 'em myself."

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed, ironically.

"You seek out, as if by instinct, the only crazy person in the village, and come home greatly perturbed. You ask queer questions of your humble serving-maid, assume a skirt which is shorter than the approved model, speaking from the village standpoint, and unhesitatingly appear on the public streets. You go to the attic at night and search the inmost recesses of many old trunks."

"Yes," sighed Ruth, "I've done all that."

"At breakfast you refuse pie, and complain because the coffee is boiled. Did anybody ever hear of coffee that wasn't boiled? Is it eaten raw in the city? You call supper 'dinner,' and have been known to seek nourishment at nine o'clock at night, when all respectable people are sound asleep. In your trunk, you have vainly attempted to conceal a large metal object, the use of which is unknown."

"Oh, my hapless chafing dish!" groaned Ruth.

"Chafing-dish?" repeated Winfield, brightening visibly. "And I eating sole leather and fried potatoes? From this hour I am your slave—you can't lose me now!"

"Go on," she commanded.

"I can't—the flow of my eloquence is stopped by rapturous anticipation. Suffice it to say that the people of this enterprising city are well up in the ways of the wicked world, for the storekeeper takes 'The New York Weekly' and the 'Widder' Pendleton subscribes for 'The Fireside Companion.' The back numbers which are not worn out, are the circulating library of the village. It's no use, Miss Thorne—you might stand on your hilltop and proclaim your innocence until you were hoarse, and it would be utterly without effect. Your status is definitely settled."

"How about Aunt Jane?" she inquired.

"Does my relationship count for naught?"

"Now you are rapidly approaching the centre of things," replied the young man. "Miss Hathaway is one woman in a thousand, though somewhat eccentric. She is the venerated pillar of the community and a constant attendant at church, which it seems you are not. Also, if you are really her niece, where is the family resemblance? Why has she never spoken of you? Why have you never been here before? Why are her letters to you sealed with red wax, bought especially for the purpose? Why does she go away before you come? Lady Gwendolen Hetherington," he demanded, with melodramatic fervor, "answer me these things if you can!"

"I'm tired," she complained.

"Delicate compliment," observed Winfield, apparently to himself. "Here's a log across our path, Miss Thorne; let's sit down."

The budding maples arched over the narrow path and a wild canary, singing

in the sun, hopped from bough to bough. A robin's cheery chirp came from another tree, and the clear notes of a thrush, with a mottled breast, were answered by another in the gold-green aisles beyond.

"Oh," he said under his breath, "isn't this great!"

The exquisite peace of the forest was like that of another sphere. "Yes," she answered, softly, "it is beautiful."

There was a long silence, and Winfield began to draw designs on the bare earth with a twig.

"Tell me about the lady who is considered crazy," he suggested.

Ruth briefly described Miss Ainslie, dwelling lovingly upon her beauty and charm. He listened indifferently at first, but when she told him of the rug, the real lace which edged the curtains, and the Cloisonne vase, he became much interested.

"Take me to see her some day, won't you?" he asked, carelessly.

Ruth's eyes met his squarely. "Tisn't a story," she said resentfully, forgetting her own temptation.

The dull color flooded his face. "You forget, Miss Thorne, that I am forbidden to read or write."

"For six months only," answered Ruth, sternly, "and there's always a place for a good Sunday special."

He changed the subject, but there were frequently awkward pauses and the spontaneity was gone. She rose, and announced that it was time for her to go home.

On their way up the hill she tried to be gracious enough to atone for her rudeness, but, though he was politeness itself there was a difference, and she felt as if she had lost something. Distance lay between them—a cold, immeasurable distance, yet she knew that she had done right.

He opened the gate for her, then turned to go. "Won't you come in?" she asked, conventionally.

"No, thank you—some other time, if I may. I've had a charming afternoon."

He smiled pleasantly and was off down the hill. When she remembered that it was a Winfield who had married Abigail Weatherby, she dismissed the matter as mere coincidence, and determined, at all costs, to shield Miss Ainslie.

MISS THORNE wrote an apology to Winfield, and then tore it up, thereby gaining comparative peace of mind, for, with some natures, expression is the main thing, and direction is but secondary. She was not surprised because he did not come; on the contrary, she had rather expected to be left to her own devices for a time, but one afternoon she dressed with unusual care and sat in state in the parlor, vaguely expectant.

Hepsey, passing through the hall, noted the crisp white ribbon at her throat and the bow in her hair. "Are you expectin' company, Miss Thorne?" she asked.

"I am expecting no one," answered Ruth. "I am going out."

Feeling obliged to make her word good, she took the path which led to Miss Ainslie's. As she entered the gate she had a glimpse of Winfield, sitting by the front window of Mrs. Pendleton's brown house, in such a dejected attitude that she pitied him. She considered the virtuous emotion very praiseworthy, even though it was not deep enough for her to bestow a cheery nod upon the gloomy person across the way.

Miss Ainslie was unaffectedly glad to see her, and Ruth sank into an easy chair with something like content. The

atmosphere of the place was insensibly soothing and she instantly felt a subtle change. Miss Ainslie, as always, wore a lavender gown, with real lace at the throat and wrists. Her white hair was waved softly and on the third finger of her left hand was a ring of Roman gold, set with an amethyst and two large pearls.

There was a beautiful serenity about her evident in every line of her face and figure. Time had dealt gently with her, and except on her queenly head had left no trace of his passing. The delicate scent of the lavender floated from her gown and her laces almost as if it were a part of her, and brought visions of an old-time garden, whose gentle mistress was ever tranquil and content. As she sat there, smiling, she might have been Peace grown old.

"Miss Ainslie," said Ruth, suddenly, "have you ever had any trouble?"

A shadow crossed her face, and then she answered, patiently, "Why, yes—I've had my share."

"I don't mean to be personal," Ruth explained, "I was just thinking."

"I understand," said the other, gently. Then, after a little, she spoke again:

"We all have trouble, dear—it's part of life; but I believe that we all share equally in the joy of the world. Allowing for temperament, I mean. Sorrows that would crush some are lightly borne by others, and some have the gift of finding great happiness in little things."

"Then, too, we never have any more than we can bear—nothing that has not been borne before, and bravely at that. There isn't a new sorrow in the world—they're all old ones—but we can all find new happiness if we look in the right way."

The voice had a full music, instinct with tenderness, and gradually Ruth's troubled spirit was eased. "I don't know what is the matter with me," she said, meditatively, "for I'm not morbid, and I don't have the blues very often, but almost ever since I've been at Aunt Jane's I've been restless and disturbed. I know there's no reason for it, but I can't help it."

"Don't you think that it's because you have nothing to do? You've always been so busy, and you aren't used to idleness."

"Perhaps so. I miss my work, but at the same time, I haven't sense enough to do it."

"Poor child, you're tired—too tired to rest."

"Yes, I am tired," answered Ruth, the tears of nervous weakness coming into her eyes.

Every moment, the house and its owner took on new beauty and charm. Miss Ainslie spread a napkin of finest damask upon the little mahogany tea table, then brought in a silver teapot of quaint design, and two cups of Japanese china, daintily to the point of fragility.

"Why, Miss Ainslie," exclaimed Ruth, in surprise, "where did you get Royal Kaga?"

Miss Ainslie was bending over the table, and the white hand that held the teapot trembled a little. "They were a present from—a friend," she answered, in a low voice.

"They're beautiful," said Ruth, hurriedly.

She had been to many an elaborate affair, which was down on the social calendar as a "tea," sometimes as reporter and often as guest, but she had found no hostess like Miss Ainslie, no china so exquisitely fine, nor any tea like the clear, fragrant amber which was poured into her cup.

"It came from China," said Miss Ainslie.

feeling the unspoken question. "I had a whole chest of it, but it's almost all gone." Ruth was turning her cup and consulting the oracle. "Here's two people, a man and a woman, from a great distance, and, yes, here's money, too. What is there in yours?"

"Nothing, dear, and besides, it doesn't come true."

When Ruth finally aroused herself to go home, the old restlessness, for the moment, was gone. "There's a charm about you," she said, "for I feel as if I could sleep a whole week and never wake at all."

"It's the tea," smiled Miss Ainslie, "for I'm a very commonplace body."

"You, commonplace?" repeated Ruth, "why, there's nobody like you!"

They stood at the door a few moments, talking aimlessly, but Ruth was watching Miss Ainslie's face, as the sunset light lay caressingly upon it. "I've had a lovely time," she said, taking another step toward the gate.

"So have I—you'll come again, won't you?" The sweet voice was pleading now, and Ruth answered it in her inmost soul. Impulsively, she came back, threw her arms around Miss Ainslie's neck and kissed her.

The quick tears filled Miss Ainslie's eyes and she smiled through the mist. "Thank you, dear," she whispered, "it's a long time since anyone kissed me—a long time!"

Ruth turned back at the gate, to wave her hand, and even at that distance, saw that Miss Ainslie was very pale.

Winfield was waiting for her, just outside the hedge, but his presence jarred upon her strangely, and her salutation was not cordial.

"Is the lady a friend of yours?" he inquired, indifferently.

"She is," returned Ruth; "I don't go to see my enemies—do you?"

"I don't know whether I do or not," he said, looking at her significantly.

Her color rose, but she replied sharply: "For the sake of peace, let us assume that you do not."

"Miss Thorne," he began, as they climbed the hill, "I don't see why you don't apply something cooling to your feverish temper. You have to live with yourself all the time, you know, and, occasionally, it must be very difficult. A rag, now, wet in cold water, and tied around your neck—have you ever tried that? It's said to be very good."

"I have one on now," she answered, with apparent seriousness. "It's getting dry and I think I'd better hurry home to wet it again, don't you?"

Winfield laughed joyously. "You'll do," he said. Before they were half up the hill, they were on good terms again. "I don't want to go home, do you?" he asked.

"Home? I have no home—I'm only a poor working girl."

"Oh, what would this be with music! I can see it now! Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will endeavor to give you a little song of my own composition, entitled: 'Why Has the Working Girl No Home!'"

"You haven't any permission, and you're a wretch."

"I am," he admitted, cheerfully, "moreover, I'm a worm in the dust."

"I don't like worms."

"Then you'll have to learn."

Ruth resented his calm assumption of

mastery. "You're dreadfully young," she said; "do you think you'll ever grow up?"

"Huh!" returned Winfield, boyishly, "I'm most thirty."

"Really? I shouldn't have thought you were of age."

"Here's a side path, Miss Thorne," he said, abruptly, "that seems to go down into the woods. Shall we explore? It won't be dark for an hour yet."

They descended with some difficulty, since the way was not clear, and came into the woods at a point not far from the log across the path. "We mustn't sit there any more," he observed, "or we'll fight. That's where we were the other day, when you attempted to assassinate me."

"I didn't!" exclaimed Ruth indignantly.

"That rag does seem to be pretty dry," he said, apparently to himself. "Perhaps, when we get to the sea, we can wet it, and so insure comparative calm."

She laughed, reluctantly. The path led around the hill and down from the highlands to a narrow ledge of beach that lay under the cliff. "Do you want to drown me?" she asked. "It looks very much as if you intended to, for this ledge is covered at high tide."

"You wrong me, Miss Thorne; I have never drowned anything."

His answer was lost upon her, for she stood on the beach, under the cliff, looking at the water. The shimmering turquoise blue was slowly changing to grey, and a single seagull circled overhead.

"It's time to go," she said, "inasmuch as we have to go back the way we came."

They crossed to the other side and went back through the woods. It was dusk, and they walked rapidly until they came to the log across the path.

"So your friend isn't crazy," he said tentatively, as he tried to assist her over it.

"That depends," she replied, drawing away from him; "you're indefinite."

"Forget to wet the rag, didn't we?" he asked. "I will gladly assume the implication, however, if I may be your friend."

"Kind, I'm sure," she answered, with distant politeness.

The path widened, and he walked by her side. "Have you noticed, Miss Thorne, that we have trouble every time we approach that seemingly innocent barrier? I think it would be better to keep away from it, don't you?"

"Perhaps."

"What initials are those on the boulder?"

"J.H. and —"

"J.B."

"I thought so. 'J.B.' must have had a lot of spare time at his disposal, for his initials are cut into the 'Widder' Pendleton's gatepost on the inner side, and into an apple tree in the back yard."

"How interesting!"

"Did you know Joe and Hepsey were going out to-night?"

"No, I didn't—they're not my intimate friends."

"I don't see how Joe expects to marry on the income derived from the village chariot."

"Have they got that far?"

"I don't know," replied Winfield, with the air of one imparting a confidence. "You see, though I have been in this peaceful village for some little time, I have not yet arrived at the fine distinction between 'walking out,' 'settin' up,' and 'stiddy comp'ny.' I should infer that 'walking out' came first, 'settin' up' must

have come next, and 'stiddy comp'ny' last, with my vast intellect, cannot at present understand 'stiddy comp'ny'."

They paused at the gate. "Thank you for a pleasant afternoon," said Winfield. "I don't have many of them."

"You're welcome," returned Ruth, conveying the impression of great distance.

Winfield sighed, then made a last desperate attempt. "Miss Thorne," he said, pleadingly, "please don't be unkind to me. You have my reason in your hands. I can see myself now, sitting on the floor, at one end of the dangerous ward. They'll smear my fingers with molasses and give me half a dozen feathers to play with. You'll come to visit the asylum, some time, when you're looking for a special, and at first you won't recognise me. Then I'll say: 'Woman, behold your work,' and you'll be miserable all the rest of your life."

She laughed heartily at the distressing picture, and the plaintive tone of his voice pierced her armor. "What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"I don't know—I suppose it's my eyes. I'm horribly restless and discontented, and it isn't my way."

Then Ruth remembered her own restless weeks, which seemed so long ago, and her heart stirred with sympathy. "I know," she said, in a different tone, "I've felt the same way myself almost ever since I've been here, until this very afternoon. You're tired and nervous, and you haven't anything to do, but you'll get over it."

"I hope you're right. I've been getting Joe to read the papers to me, at a quarter a sitting, but his pronunciation is so unfamiliar that it's hard to get the drift, and the whole thing exasperated me so that I had to give it up."

"Let me read the papers to you," she said, impulsively, "I haven't seen one for a month."

There was a long silence. "I don't want to impose upon you," he answered—"no, you mustn't do it."

Ruth saw a stubborn pride that shrank from the slightest dependence, a self-reliance that would not falter, but would steadfastly hold aloof, and she knew that in one thing at least, they were kindred.

"Let me," she cried eagerly, "I'll give you my eyes for a little while!"

Winfield caught her hand and held it for a moment, fully understanding. Ruth's eyes looked up into his—deep, dark, dangerously appealing, and alight with generous desire.

His fingers unclasped slowly. "Yes, I will," he said, strangely moved.

"IT ISN'T fair," said Winfield to himself, miserably, "no, sir, isn't fair!"

He sat on the narrow piazza which belonged to Mrs. Pendleton's brown house and took stern account of his inner self. The morning paper lay beside him, unopened, though his fingers itched to tear the wrapper, and his hat was pulled far down over his eyes to shade them from the sun.

"If I go up there I'm going to fall in love with her, and I know it!"

He knew himself for a sentimentalist where women were concerned, but until they stood at the gate together he had thought himself safe. Like many another man, on the sunny side of thirty, he had his ideal woman safely enshrined in his inner consciousness.

In almost every possible way Miss Thorne was different. She was dark, and

nearly as tall as he was: dignified, self-possessed, and calm, except for flashes of temper and that one impulsive moment. He had liked her, found her interesting in a tantalising sort of way, and looked upon her as an oasis in a social desert, but that was all.

Of course, he might leave the village, but he made a wry face upon discovering, through labored analysis, that he didn't want to go away. It was really a charming spot—hunting and fishing to be had for the asking, fine accommodations at Mrs. Pendleton's, beautiful scenery, bracing air—in every way it was just what he needed. Should he let himself be frightened out of it by a newspaper woman who lived at the top of the hill? Hardly!

"I wish there was some other girl here for me to talk to, but I'll be lucky if I can get along peaceably with the one already here. I'll have to discover all her pet prejudices and be careful not to walk on any of 'em. There's that crazy woman, for instance—I mustn't allude to her, even respectfully, if I'm to have any softening feminine influence about me before I go back to town. She didn't seem to believe I had any letter from Carlton—that's what comes of being careless.

"I shouldn't have told her that people said she had large feet and wore men's shoes. She's got a pretty foot; I noticed it particularly before I spoke. I suppose she didn't like that—most girls wouldn't, I guess, but she took it as a hunter takes a fence. Even after that she said she'd help me be patient, and last night, when she said she'd read the papers to me—she was awfully sweet to me then.

"Perhaps she likes me a little bit—I hope so. She'd never care very much for anybody, though—she's too independent.

"Carlton said she'd take the conceit out of me, if I had any. I'm glad he didn't put that in the letter—still it doesn't matter, since I've lost it. I wish I hadn't, for what he said about me was really very nice. Carlton is a good fellow.

At this juncture, Joe came out on the porch, hat in hand. "Mornin', Mr. Winfield."

"Good morning, Joe. How are your troubles this morning?"

"They're all right, I guess," he replied, pleased with the air of comradeship. "Want me to read the paper to yer?"

"No, thank you, Joe, not this mornin'."

THE tone was a dismissal, but Joe lingered, shifting from one foot to the other. "Ain't I done it to suit yer?"

"Quite so," returned Winfield, serenely. "I don't mind doin' it," Joe continued, after a long silence. "I won't charge yer nothin'."

"You're very kind, Joe, but I don't care about it to-day," Winfield rose and walked to the other end of the porch. The apple trees were in bloom, and every wandering wind was laden with sweetness. Even the gnarled old tree in Miss Hathaway's yard that had been out of bearing for many a year, had put forth a bough of radiating blossoms.

He lingered upon the vision till Joe spoke again. "Be you goin' up to Miss Hathaway's this mornin'?"

"Why, I don't know," Winfield answered somewhat resentfully, "why?"

"Cause I wouldn't go—not if I was in your place."

"Why?" he demanded, facing him.

"Miss Hathaway's niece, she's sick."

"Sick!" repeated Winfield, in sudden fear, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, it ain't nothin' serious, I reckon, cause she's up and around. I've just come from there and Hepsey said that all night Miss Thorne was a-cryin', and that this mornin' she wouldn't eat no breakfast. She don't never eat much, but this mornin' she wouldn't eat nothin', and she wouldn't say what was wrong with her."

Winfield's face plainly showed his concern.

"She wouldn't eat nothin' last night, neither," Joe went on. "Hepsey told me this mornin' that she thought p'raps you and her had fit. She's your girl, ain't she?"

"No," replied Winfield, "she isn't my girl and we haven't fit. I'm sorry she isn't well."

He paced back and forth moodily while Joe watched him in silence. "Well," he said at length, "I reckon I'll be movin' along. I just thought I'd tell yer."

There was no answer, and Joe slammed the gate in disgust. "I wonder what's the matter," thought Winfield. "Tisn't a letter, for to-day's mail hasn't come and she was all right last night. Perhaps she isn't ill—she said she cried when she was angry. Great Heavens! I hope she isn't angry with me!

"She was awfully sweet to me just before I left her," he continued, mentally, "so I'm not to blame. I wonder if she's angry at herself because she offered to read the papers to me?"

All unknowingly he had arrived at the cause of Miss Thorne's unhappiness. During a wakeful, miserable night she had wished a thousand times that she might take back those few impulsive words.

"That must be it," he thought, and then his face grew tender. "Bless her sweet heart," he muttered, apropos of nothing, "I'm not going to make her unhappy. It's only her generous impulse, and I won't let her think it's any more."

The little maiden of his dreams was but a faint image just then, as he sat down to plan a course of action which would assuage Miss Thorne's tears. A grey squirrel appeared on the gate post, and sat there, calmly, cracking a nut.

He watched the little creature, absently, and then strolled toward the gate. The squirrel seemed tame and did not move until he was almost near enough to touch it, and then it scampered only a little way.

"I'll catch it," Winfield said to himself, "and take it up to Miss Thorne. Perhaps she'll be pleased."

It was simple enough apparently for the desired gift was always close at hand. He followed it across the hill and bent a score of times to pick it up, but it was a guileful squirrel and escaped with great regularity.

Suddenly, with a flaunt of its bushy tail and a daring, backward glance, it scampered under the gate into Miss Ainslie's garden, and Winfield laughed aloud. He had not known he was so near the other house and was about to retreat when something stopped him.

Miss Ainslie stood in the path just behind the gate, with her face ghastly white and her eyes wide with terror, trembling like a leaf. There was a troubled silence, then she said, thickly, "Go!"

"I beg your pardon," he answered, hurriedly, "I did not mean to frighten you."

"Go!" she said again, her lips scarcely moving, "Go!"

"Now what in the mischief have I done," he thought, as he crept away, feeling like a thief. "I understood that this was a quiet place and yet the strenuous life seems to have struck the village in good earnest."

"What am I, that I should scare the aged and make the young weep? I've always been considered harmless till now. That must be Miss Thorne's friend, whom I met so unfortunately just now. She's crazy, surely, or she wouldn't have been afraid of me. Poor thing, perhaps I startled her."

He remembered that she had carried a basket and worn a pair of gardening gloves. Even though her face was so changed, for an instant he had seen its beauty—the deep violet eyes, fair skin, and regular features, surmounted by that wonderful crown of silvered hair.

Conflicting emotions swayed him as he wended his way to the top of the hill, with the morning paper in his pocket as an excuse, if he should need one. When he approached the gate he was seized by a swift and unexplainable fear, and would have turned back, but Miss Hathaway's door was opened.

As Ruth came down the path between the white and purple plumes of lilac, with a smile of welcome upon her lips, he knew that in all the world there was nothing half so fair.

THE rumble of voices which came from the kitchen was not disturbing, but when the rural lovers began to sit on the piazza, directly under Ruth's window she felt called upon to remonstrate.

"Hepsey," she asked, one morning, "why don't you and Joe sit under the trees at the side of the house? You can take your chairs out there."

"Miss Hathaway allers let us set on the piazza," returned Hepsey, unmoved.

There was an interval of silence, then Hepsey spoke again, of her own accord. "If Joe and me was to set anywhere but in front he might see the light."

"Well, what of it?"

"Miss Hathaway, she don't want it talked of, and men folks never can keep secrets," Hepsey suggested.

"You wouldn't have to tell him, would you?"

"Yes'm. Men folks has got terrible curious minds. They're all right if they don't know there's nothin', but if they does, why they're keen."

"Perhaps you're right, Hepsey," she replied, biting her lips. "Sit anywhere you please."

Winfield had easily acquired the habit of bringing her his morning papers, and after the first embarrassment Ruth settled down to it in a businesslike way. Usually she sat in Miss Hathaway's sewing chair, under a tree a little way from the house, that she might at the same time have a general supervision of her domain, while Winfield stretched himself upon the grass at her feet. When the sun was bright, he wore his dark glasses, thereby gaining an unfair advantage.

After breakfast, which was a movable feast at the "Widder's," he went after his mail and brought hers also. When he reached the top of the hill she was always waiting for him.

"This devotion is very pleasing," he remarked, one morning.

"Some people are easily pleased," she retorted. "I dislike to spoil your pleasure, but my stern regard for facts compels me

to say that it is not Mr. Winfield I wait for, but the postman."

"Then I'll always be your postman, for I 'do admire' to be waited for, as they have it at the 'Widder's.' Of course, it's more or less of an expense—this morning, for instance, I had to dig up two cents to get one of your valuable manuscripts out of the clutches of an interested government."

"That's nothing," she assured him, "for I save you a quarter every day, by taking Joe's place as reader to Your Highness, not to mention the high tariff on the Sunday papers."

At first, he had had an insatiable thirst for everything in the paper, except the advertisements. The market reports were sacrificed inside of a week, and the obituary notices, weather indications, and foreign despatches soon followed. Later, the literary features were eliminated, but the financial and local news died hard. By the end of June, however, he was satisfied with the headlines.

"No, thank you, I don't want to hear about the murder," he said, in answer to Ruth's ironical question, "nor yet the summer styles in sleeves. All that slop on the woman's page, about making home happy, is not suited to such as I, and I'll pass."

"My dear Mr. Winfield," returned Ruth, pleasantly, "you're not only tactful, but modest. I never met a man whose temperament so nearly approached the unassuming violet. I'm afraid you'll never be appreciated in this world—you're too good for it. You must learn to put yourself forward. I expect it will be a shock to your sensitive nature, but it's got to be done."

"Thank you," he laughed. "I wish we were in town now, and I'd begin to put myself forward by asking you out to dinner and afterwards to the theatre."

"Why don't you take me out to dinner here?" she asked.

"I wouldn't insult you by offering you the 'Widder's' cooking. I mean a real dinner, with striped ice-cream at the end of it."

"I'll go," she replied. "I can't resist the blandishments of striped ice cream."

"Thank you again; that gives me courage to speak of something that has lain very near my heart for a long time."

"Yes?" said Ruth, conventionally. For the moment she was frightened.

"I've been thinking fondly of your chafing dish, though I haven't been allowed to see it yet, and I suppose there's nothing in the settlement to cook in it, is there?"

"Nothing much, surely."

"We might have some stuff sent out from the city, don't you think so?"

"Canned things?"

"Yes—anything that would keep."

Aided and abetted by Winfield, she made out a list of articles which were unknown to the simple-minded inhabitants of the village. "I'll attend to the financial part of it," he said, pocketing the list, "and then, my life will be in your hands."

After he went away, Ruth wished she knew more about the gentle art of cooking, which, after all, is closely allied to the other one—of making enemies. She decided to dispense with Hepsey's services, when Winfield came up to dinner, and to do everything herself.

She found an old cook book of Aunt Jane's and turned over its pages with

new interest. It was in manuscript form, and seemed to represent the culinary knowledge of the entire neighborhood. Each recipe was duly accredited to its original author, and there were many newspaper clippings, from the despised "Woman's Page" in various journals.

"Pantry's come," announced Winfield, a few days later; "I didn't open it, but I think everything is there. Joe's going to bring it up."

"Then you can come to dinner Sunday," answered Ruth, smiling.

"I'll be here," returned Winfield, promptly. "What time do we dine?"

"I don't know exactly. It's better to wait, I think, until Hepsey goes out. She always regards me with more or less suspicion, and it makes me uncomfortable."

Sunday afternoon, the faithful Joe drove up to the gate, and Hepsey emerged from her small back room, like a butterfly from a chrysalis.

With Joe's assistance, she entered the vehicle and took her place proudly on the back seat, even while he pleaded for her to sit beside him.

"You know yourself that I can't drive nothin' from the back seat," he complained.

"Nobody's askin' you to drive nothin' from nowhere," returned Hepsey, scornfully. "If you can't take me out like a lady, I ain't a-goin'."

Ruth was dazzled by the magnificence of the spectacle and was unable to take her eyes away from it, even after Joe had turned around and started down hill. She thought Winfield would see them pass his door and time his arrival accordingly, so she was startled when he came up behind her and said cheerfully:

"They look like a policeman's, don't they?"

"What—who?"

"Hepsey's hands—did you think I meant yours?"

He brought out her favorite chair, placing it under the maple tree, then sat down near her.

"How long will the coast be clear?"

"Until nine o'clock, I think. They go to church in the evening."

"It's half past three now," he observed, glancing at his watch. "I had fried salt pork, fried eggs, and fried potatoes for breakfast. I've renounced coffee, for I can't seem to get used to theirs. For dinner, we had round steak, fried, more fried potatoes, and boiled onions. Dried apple pie for dessert—I think I'd rather have had the mince I refused this morning."

"I'll feed you at five o'clock," she said, smiling.

"That seems like a long time," he complained.

"I won't, after you begin to entertain me."

It was after five before either realised it. "Come on," she said, "you can sit in the kitchen and watch me."

He professed great admiration while she put on one of Hepsey's white aprons, and when she appeared with the chafing-dish, his emotion was beyond speech. He was allowed to open the box and to cut up some button mushrooms, while she shredded cold chicken. "I'm getting hungry every minute," he said, "and if there is undue postponement, I fear I shall assimilate all the raw material in sight—including the cook."

Ruth laughed happily. She was mak-

ing a sauce with real cream, seasoned delicately with paprika and celery salt. "Now I'll put in the chicken and mushroom," she said, "and you can stir it while I make toast."

They were seated at the table in the dining-room and the fun was at its height when they became aware of a presence. Hepsey stood in the door, apparently transfixed with surprise, and with disapproval evident in every line of her face. Before either could speak, she was gone.

Though Ruth was very much annoyed, the incident seemingly served to accentuate Winfield's enjoyment. The sound of wheels on the gravel outside told them that she was continuing her excursion.

"I'm going to discharge her to-morrow," Ruth said.

"You can't—she is in Miss Hathaway's service, not yours. Besides, what has she done? She came back, probably, after something she had forgotten. You have no reasonable ground for discharging her, and I think you'd be more uncomfortable if she went than if she stayed."

"Perhaps you're right," she admitted. "I know how you feel about it," he went on, "but I hope you won't let her distress you. It doesn't make a bit of difference to me; she's only amusing. Please don't bother about it."

"I won't," said Ruth, "that is, I'll try not to."

They piled the dishes in the sink, "as a pleasant surprise for Hepsey," he said, and the hours passed as if on wings. It was almost ten o'clock before it occurred to Winfield that his permanent abode was not Miss Hathaway's parlor.

As they stood at the door, talking, the last train came in. "Do you know," said Winfield, "that every night, just as that train comes in, your friend down there puts a candle in her front window?"

"Well," rejoined Ruth, sharply, "what of it? It's a free country, isn't it?"

"Very. Untrammelled Press and highly independent women. Good night, Miss Thorne. I'll be up the first thing in the morning."

She was about to speak, but slammed the door instead, and was displeased when she heard a smothered laugh from outside.

As lightly as a rose petal upon the shimmering surface of a stream, summer was drifting away, but whither, no one seemed to care. The odor of printer's ink upon the morning paper no longer aroused vain longings in Winfield, and Ruth had all but forgotten her former connection with the newspaper world.

By degrees, Winfield had arranged a routine which seemed admirable. Until luncheon time he was with Ruth and, usually, out of doors, according to prescription. In the afternoon he went up again, sometimes staying to dinner, and, always, he spent his evenings there.

"Why don't you ask me to have my trunk sent up here?" he asked Ruth one day.

"I hadn't thought of it," she laughed. "I suppose it hasn't seemed necessary."

"Miss Hathaway would be pleased, wouldn't she, if she knew she had two guests instead of one?"

"Undoubtedly; how could she help it?"

"When do you expect her to return?"

"I don't know—I haven't heard a word"

from her. Sometimes I feel a little anxious about her." Ruth would have been much concerned for her relative's safety, had she known that the eccentric lady had severed herself from the excursion and gone boldly into Italy, unattended, and with no knowledge of the language.

The pitiless, unsympathetic calendar recorded the fact that July was near its end, and Ruth sighed—then hated herself for it. She had grown accustomed to idleness, and under the circumstances liked it far too well.

One morning, when she went down to breakfast, Hepsey was evidently perplexed about something, but Ruth took no outward note of it, knowing that it would be revealed ere long.

"Miss Thorne," she said, tentatively, as Ruth rose from the table.

"Yes?"

"Of course, Miss Thorne, I reckon likely 'tain't none of my business, but is Mr. Winfield another detective, and have you found anything out yet?"

Ruth, inwardly raging, forced herself to let the speech pass unnoticed, and sailed majestically out of the room. She was surprised to discover that she could be made so furiously angry by so small a thing.

Winfield was coming up the hill with the mail, and she tried to cool her hot cheeks with her hands. "Let's go down on the side of the hill," she said, as he gave her some letters and the paper; "it's very warm in the sun, and I'd like the sea breeze."

They found a comparatively level place, with two trees to lean against, and, though they were not far from the house, they were effectually screened by the rising ground. Ruth felt that she could not bear the sight of Hepsey just then.

After glancing at her letters she began to read aloud, with a troubled haste which did not escape him. "Here's a man who had a little piece of bone taken out of the inside of his skull," she said. "Shall I read about that? He seems, literally, to have had something on his mind."

"You're brilliant this morning," answered Winfield, gravely, and she laughed hysterically.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You don't seem like yourself."

"It isn't nice of you to say that," she retorted, "considering your previous remark."

Ruth looked at him for a moment, then turned her eyes away. He felt vaguely uncomfortable, and was about to offer an explanation when Joe's deep bass voice called out: "Hello!"

"Hello yourself!" came in Hepsey's highest tones, from the garden.

"I should think they'd break their vocal cords," said Winfield.

"I wish they would," rejoined Ruth, quickly.

"Come here!" yelled Joe. "I want to talk to yer."

"Talk from there," screamed Hepsey.

"Where's yer folks?"

"D'know."

"Say, be they courtin'?"

Hepsey left her work in the garden and came towards the front of the house. "They walk out some," she said, when she was half-way to the gate, "and they set up a good deal, and Miss Thorne told me she didn't know as she'd do better, but you can't rightly say they're courtin' 'cause city ways ain't like our'n."

The deep color dyed Ruth's face and her hands twitched nervously. Winfield very much desired to talk, but could think of nothing to say. The situation was tense.

Joe clucked to his horses. "So long," he said. "See yer later."

Winfield assumed a feverish interest in the market reports, but his thoughts were wandering. Certainly, nothing could have been worse. He felt as if a bud, which he had been long and eagerly watching, was suddenly torn open by a vandal hand.

Ruth's cheeks were flushed, the lids of her downcast eyes were pink, and her voice had lost its crisp, incisive tones, but she read rapidly, without comment or pause, until the supply of news gave out. Then she began on the advertisements, dreading the end of her task and vainly wishing for more papers, though in her heart there was something sweet, which, even to herself, she dared not name.

"That'll do," he said, abruptly. "I'm not interested in the 'midsummer glove clearing.' I meant to tell you something when I first came—I've got to go away."

Ruth's heart throbbed painfully, as if some cold hand held it fast. "Yes," she said, politely, not recognising her own voice.

"It's only for a week—I've got to go to the oculist and see about some other things. I'll be back before long."

"I shall miss you," she said, conventionally. Then she saw that he was going away to relieve her from the embarrassment of his presence, and blessed him accordingly.

"When are you going?" she asked.

"This afternoon. I don't want to go, but it's just as well to have it over with."

"No, thank you. My wants are few and, at present, well supplied."

After a little they were back on the old footing, yet everything was different, for there was an obtruding self-consciousness on either side. "What time do you go?" she asked, with assumed indifference.

"Three-fifteen, I think, and it's after one now."

He walked back to the house with her, and, for the second time that day, Hepsey came out to sweep the piazza.

"Good-bye, Miss Thorne," he said.

"Good-bye, Mr. Winfield."

That was all, but Ruth looked up with an unspoken question and his eyes met hers clearly, with no turning aside. She knew he would come back very soon and she understood his answer—that he had the right.

As she entered the house Hepsey said, pleasantly: "Has he gone away, Miss Thorne?"

"Yes," she answered, without emotion. She was about to say that she did not care for luncheon, then decided that she must seem to care.

Still, it was impossible to escape that keen-eyed observer. "You ain't eatin' much," she suggested.

"I'm not very hungry."

"Be you sick, Miss Thorne?"

"No—not exactly. I've been out in the sun and my head aches," she replied, clutching at the straw. "I'll go up to my room for a little while, I think. Please don't disturb me."

She locked her door, shutting out all the world from the nameless joy that surged in her heart. The mirror disclosed flushed, feverish cheeks and dark eyes that shone like stars.

It was almost sunset when she was aroused by voices under her window.

"That feller's gone home," said Joe.

"Do tell!" exclaimed Hepsey. "Did he pay his board?"

"Yep, every cent. He's a-comin' back."

"When?"

"D'know. Don't she know?" The emphasis indicated Miss Thorne.

"I guess not," answered Hepsey. "They said good-bye right in front of me, and there wa'n't nothin' said about it."

"They ain't courtin', then," said Joe, after a few moments of painful thought, and Ruth, in her chamber above, laughed happily to herself.

"Mebbe not," rejoined Hepsey. "It ain't fer sech as me to say when there's courtin' and when there ain't, after havin' gone well nigh onto five year with a country loafer what ain't never said nothin'." She stalked into the house, closed the door, and noisily bolted it. Joe stood there for a moment, as one struck dumb, then gave a long, low whistle of astonishment and walked slowly down the hill.

"A week!" Ruth said to herself the next morning. "Seven long days! No letter, because he musn't write, no telegram, because there's no office within ten miles—nothing to do but wait!"

When she went down to breakfast, Hepsey did not seem to hear her cheery greeting, but was twisting her apron and walking about restlessly. "Miss Thorne," she said, at length, "did you ever get a love letter?"

"Why, yes, of course," laughed Ruth. "Every girl gets love letters."

Hepsey brightened visibly, then inquired, with great seriousness: "Can you read writin', Miss Thorne?"

"That depends on the writing."

"Yes'm, it does so. I can read some writin'—I can read Miss Hathaway's writin', and some of the furrin letters she's had, but I got some this mornin' I can't make out, nohow."

Finally, Hepsey took the plunge. "Would you mind tryin' to make out some writin' I've got, Miss Thorne?"

"Of course not—let me see it."

Hepsey extracted a letter from the inmost recesses of her attire and stood expectantly, with her hands on her hips.

"Why, it's a love letter!" Ruth exclaimed.

"Yes'm. When you get through readin' it to yourself, will you read it out loud?"

THE letter, which was written on ruled notepaper, bore every evidence of care and thought. "Hepsey," it began, and, on the line below, with a great flourish under it, "Respected Miss" stood in large capitals. "Although it is now but a short interval," Ruth read, "since my delighted eyes first rested on your beautiful form—"

"Five year!" interjected Hepsey.

"—yet I dare to hope that you will receive graciously what I am about to say, as I am assured you will, if you reciprocate the sentiments which you have aroused in my bosom."

"In this short time, dear Miss, brief though it is, yet it has proved amply sufficient for my heart to go out to you in a yearning love which I have never before felt for one of your sex. Day by day and night by night your glorious image has followed me."

"That's a lie," interrupted Hepsey, "he knows I never chased him nowhere, not even when he took that red-headed Smith

girl to the Sunday-school picnic over to the Ridge, a year ago come August."

"In short, Dear Miss, I consider you the most surpassingly lovely of your kind, and it is with pride swelling in my manly bosom that I dare to ask so peerless a jewel for her heart and hand."

"My parentage, birth, and breeding are probably known to you, but should any points remain doubtful, I will be pleased to present references as to my character and standing in the community."

"I await with impatience, Madam, your favorable answer to my plea. Rest assured that if you should so honor me as to accept my proposal, I will endeavor to stand always between you and the hard, cruel world, as your faithful shield. I will also endeavor constantly to give you a happiness as great as that which will immediately flood my being upon receipt of your blushing acceptance."

"I remain, Dear Miss, your devoted lover and humble servant, JOSEPH FENDLETON, ESQ."

"My! My!" ejaculated Hepsey. "Ain't that fine writin'!"

"It certainly is," responded Miss Thorne, keeping her face straight with difficulty.

"Would you mind readin' it again?"

She found the second recital much easier, since she was partially accustomed to the heavy punctuation marks and shaded flourishes. At first, she had connected Winfield with the effusion, but second thought placed the blame where it belonged—at the door of a "Complete Letter Writer."

"Miss Thorne," said Hepsey, hesitatingly.

"Yes?"

"Of course, I'd like my answer to be as good writin' as his'n."

"Naturally."

"Where d'you s'pose he got all that lovely grammar?"

"Grammar is a rare gift, Hepsey."

"Yes'm, it is so. Miss Thorne, do you guess you could write as good as that?"

"I'd be willing to try," returned Ruth, with due humility.

RUTH sat down to compose an answer which should cast a shadow over the "Complete Letter Writer." Her pencil flew over the rough copy paper with lightning speed, while Hepsey stood by in amazement.

"Listen," she said, at length, "how do you like this?"

"Mr. Joseph Pendleton—"

"Respected Sir,—Although your communication of recent date was a great surprise to me, candor compels me to confess that it was not entirely disagreeable. I have observed, though with true feminine delicacy, that your affections were inclined to settle in my direction, and have not repelled your advances."

"Still, I do not feel that as yet we are sufficiently acquainted to render immediate matrimony either wise or desirable, and since the suddenness of your proposal has in a measure taken my breath away, I must beg that you will allow me a proper interval in which to consider the matter, and in the meantime, think of me simply as your dearest friend."

"I may add, in conclusion, that your character and standing in the community are entirely satisfactory to me. Thanking you for the honor you have conferred upon me, believe me, dear sir,

"Your sincere friend,
"Hepsey."

"My!" exclaimed Hepsey, with overmastering pride. "Ain't that beautiful! It's better than his'n, ain't it?"

"I wouldn't say that," Ruth replied, with proper modesty. "But I think it will do."

Late in the evening when Hepsey came to Ruth, worn with the unaccustomed labors of correspondence, and proudly displayed the nondescript epistle, she was compelled to admit that unless Joe had superhuman qualities he would indeed "be surprised."

The next afternoon Ruth went down to Miss Ainslie's. "You've been neglecting me, dear," said that gentle soul, as she opened the door.

"I haven't meant to," returned Ruth, conscience-stricken, as she remembered how long it had been since the gate of the old-fashioned garden had swung on its hinges for her.

A quiet happiness had settled down upon Ruth and the old perturbed spirit was gone, but Miss Ainslie was subtly different. "I feel as if something was going to happen," she said.

"Something nice?"

"I—don't know." The sweet face was troubled and there were fine lines about the mouth, such as Ruth had never seen there before.

"You're nervous, Miss Ainslie—it's my turn to scold now."

"I never scolded you, did I, dear?"

"You couldn't scold anybody—you're too sweet. You're not unhappy, are you, Miss Ainslie?"

"I? Why, no! Why should I be unhappy?" Her deep eyes were fixed upon Ruth.

"I—I don't know," Ruth answered, in confusion.

"Miss Ainslie," said Ruth, after a pause, "did you know my mother?"

"No, I didn't, dear—I'm sorry. I saw her once or twice, but she went away soon after we came here."

"Never mind," Ruth said, hurriedly, for Mrs. Thorne's family had never forgiven her runaway marriage.

"Come into the garden," Miss Ainslie suggested, and Ruth followed her, willingly, into the cloistered spot where golden lilies tinkled, thrushes sang, and every leaf breathed peace.

Miss Ainslie gathered a bit of rosemary, crumpling it between her white fingers. "See," she said, "some of us are like that—it takes a blow to find the sweetness in our souls. Some of us need dry, hard places, like the poppies"—pointing to a mass of brilliant bloom—"and some of us are always thorny, like the cactus, with only once in a while a rose-star."

"Miss Thorne," called Joe, from the gate, "here's a package for yer. It come on the train."

He waited until Ruth went to him and seemed disappointed when she turned back into the garden. "Say," he shouted, "is Hepsey to home?"

Ruth was busy with the string and did not hear. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed, "what roses!"

"They're beautiful, dearie. I do not think I have ever seen such large ones. Do you know what they are?"

"American Beauties—they're from Mr. Winfield. He knows I love them."

Miss Ainslie started violently. "From whom, dear?" she asked, in a strange tone.

"Mr. Winfield—he's going to be on the same paper with me in the autumn. He's here for the summer, on account of his eyes."

Miss Ainslie was bending over the

lavender. "It is a very common name, is it not?" she asked.

"Yes, quite common," answered Ruth, absently, taking the roses out of the box.

"You must bring him to see me some time, dear; I should like to know him."

"Thank you, Miss Ainslie, I will."

They stood at the gate together, and Ruth put a half-blown rose into her hand. "I wouldn't give it to anybody but you," she said, half playfully, and then Miss Ainslie knew her secret. She put her hand on Ruth's arm and looked down into her face as if there was something she must say.

"I don't forget the light, Miss Ainslie."

"I know," she breathed, in answer. She looked long and searchingly into Ruth's eyes, then whispered brokenly, "God bless you, dear. Good-bye!"

HE didn't forget me! He didn't forget me! Ruth's heart sang in time with her step as she went home. Late afternoon flooded all the earth with gold, and from the other side of the hill came the gentle music of the sea.

The doors were open, but there was no trace of Hepsey. She put the roses in her water pitcher, and locked her door upon them as one hides a sacred joy.

"I must go down," she murmured.

Like a tawny ribbon trailed upon the green, the road wound down the hill. She followed it until she reached the side path on the right, and went down into the woods. The great boughs arched over her head like the nave of a cathedral, and the Little People of the Forest, in feathers and fur, scattered as she approached. Bright eyes peeped at her from behind tree trunks, or the safe shelter of branches, and rippling bird-music ended in a frightened chirp.

"Oh," she said aloud, "don't be afraid!"

Was this love, she wondered, that lay upon her eyes like the dew of a spring morning, that made the air vocal with rapturous song, and wrought white magic in her soul? It had all the mystery and freshness of the world's beginning; it was the rush of waters where sea and river meet, the perfume of a flower, and the far light trembling from a star. It was sunrise where there had been no day, the ecstasy of a thousand dawns; a new sun gleaming upon noon. All the joy of the world surged and beat in her pulses, till it seemed that her heart had wings.

Sunset came upon the water, the color on the horizon reflecting soft iridescence upon the blue. Slow sapphire surges broke at her feet, tossing great pearls of spray against the cliff. Suddenly, as if by instinct, she turned—and faced Winfield.

"Thank you for the roses," she cried, with her face aglow.

He gathered her into his arms. "Oh, my Rose of All the World," he murmured, "have I found you at last?"

It was almost dusk when they turned to go home, with their arms around each other, as if they were the First Two, wandering through the shaded groves of Paradise, before sin came into the world.

"Did you think it would be like this?" she asked, shyly.

"No, I didn't, darling. I thought it would be very prim and proper. I never dreamed you'd let me kiss you—yes, I did, too, but I thought it was too good to be true."

"I had to—to let you," she explained, crimsoning, "but nobody ever did before. I always thought—" Then Ruth hid her

face against his shoulder, in maidenly shame.

When they came to the log across the path they sat down, very close together. "You said we'd fight if we came here," Ruth whispered.

"We're not going to, though. I want to tell you something, dear, and I haven't had the words for it till now."

"What is it?" she asked, in alarm.

"It's only that I love you, Ruth," he said, holding her closer, "and when I've said that I've said all. It isn't an idle word; it's all my life that I give you, to do with as you will. It isn't anything that's apart from you, or ever could be; it's as much yours as your hands or eyes are. I didn't know it for a little while—that's because I was blind. To think that I should go up to see you, even that first day, without knowing you for my sweet-heart—my wife!"

"No, don't draw away from me. You little wild bird, are you afraid of Love? It's the sweetest thing God ever let a man dream of, Ruth—there's nothing like it in all the world. Look up, Sweet Eyes, and say you love me!"

Ruth's head drooped, and he put his hand under her chin, turning her face towards him, but her eyes were downcast still. "Say it, darling," he pleaded.

"I—I can't," she stammered.

"Why, dear?"

"Because—because—you know."

"I want you to say it, sweetheart. Won't you?"

"Some time, perhaps."

"When?"

"When—when it's dark."

"It's dark now."

"No, it isn't. How did you know?"

"How did I know what, dear?"

"That I—that I—care."

"I knew the day you cried. I didn't know myself until then, but it all came in a minute."

"I was afraid you were going to stay away a whole week."

"I couldn't, darling—I just had to come."

"Did you see everybody you wanted to see?"

"I couldn't see anything but your face, Ruth, with the tears on it. I've got to go back to-morrow and have another try at the oculist."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in acute disappointment.

"It's the last time, sweetheart: we'll never be separated again."

"Never in all the world—nor afterwards."

"I expect you think I'm silly," she said, wiping her eyes, as they rose to go home.

"But I don't want you to go away."

"I don't want to go, dearest. If you're going to cry, you'll have me a raving maniac. I can't stand it, now."

"I'm not going to," she answered, smiling through her tears, "but it's a blessed privilege to have a nice stiff collar and a new tie to cry on."

"They're at your service, dear, for anything but that. I suppose we're engaged now, aren't we?"

"I don't know," said Ruth, in a low tone; "you haven't asked me to marry you."

"Do you want me to?"

"It's time, isn't it?"

Winfield bent over and whispered to her.

"I must think about it," said Ruth, very gravely, "it's so sudden."

"Oh, you sweet girl," he laughed, "aren't

you going to give me any encouragement?"

"You've had some."

"I want another," he answered, purposely misunderstanding her, "and, besides, it's dark now."

The sweet-scented twilight still lingered on the hillside, and a star or two gleamed through the open spaces above. A moment later Ruth, in her turn, whispered to him. It was only a word or two, but the bright-eyed robins who were peeping at them from the maple branches must have observed that it was highly satisfactory.

THOUGH Winfield had sternly determined to go back to town the following day, he did not achieve departure until later. Ruth went to the station with him, and desolation came upon her when the train pulled out, in spite of the new happiness in her heart.

She had little time to miss him, however, for at the end of the week, and in accordance with immemorial custom, the Unexpected happened.

She was sitting at her window one morning, trying to sew, when the village chariot stopped at the gate and a lady descended. Joe stirred lazily on the front seat, but she said, in a clear, high-pitched voice: "You needn't trouble yourself, Joe. He'll carry the things."

She came towards the house, fanning herself with a certain stateliness, and carrying her handkerchief primly, by the exact centre of it. In her wake was a little old gentleman, with a huge bundle, surrounded by a shawl-strap, a large valise, much the worse for wear, a telescope basket which was expanded to its full height, and two small parcels. A cane was tucked under one arm and an umbrella under the other. He could scarcely be seen behind the mountain of baggage.

Hepsey was already at the door. "Why, Miss Hathaway!" she cried, in astonishment.

"Tain't Miss Hathaway," rejoined the visitor, with some asperity. "It's Mrs. Ball, and this is my husband. Niece Ruth, I presume," she added, as Miss Thorne appeared. "Ruth, let me introduce you to your Uncle James."

The bride was of medium height and rather angular. Her eyes were small, dark, and so piercingly brilliant that they suggested jet beads. Her skin was dark and her lips had been habitually compressed into a straight line.

Mr. Ball was two or three inches shorter than his wife, and had a white beard, irregularly streaked with brown. He was bald-headed in front, had scant, reddish hair in the back, and his faded blue eyes were tearful. He had very small feet and the unmistakable gait of a sailor. Though there was no immediate resemblance, Ruth was sure that he was the man whose picture was in Aunt Jane's treasure chest in the attic. The daredevil look was gone, however, and he was merely a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman, for whom life had been none too easy.

"Welcome to your new home, James," said his wife, in a crisp, businesslike tone, which but partially concealed a patent tenderness. He smiled, but made no reply.

Hepsey still stood in the parlor, in wide-mouthed astonishment, and it was Ruth's good fortune to see the glance which Mrs. Ball cast upon her offending

maid. There was no change of expression except in the eyes, but Hepsey instantly understood that she was out of her place, and retreated to the kitchen with a flush upon her cheeks, which was altogether foreign to Ruth's experience.

"You can set here, James," resumed Mrs. Ball, "until I have taken off my things."

The cherries on her black straw bonnet were shaking on their stems in a way which fascinated Ruth. "I'll take my things out of the south room, Auntie," she hastened to say.

"You won't, neither," was the unexpected answer: "that's the spare room, and, while you stay, you'll stay there."

Ruth was wondering what to say to her new uncle and sat in awkward silence as Aunt Jane ascended the stairs. Her step sounded lightly overhead and Mr. Ball twirled his thumbs absently.

"You—you've come a long way, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes'm, a long way." Then, seemingly for the first time, he looked at her, and a benevolent expression came upon his face. "You've got awful pretty hair, Niece Ruth," he observed, admiringly; "now Miss Ball, she wears a false front."

The lady of the house returned at this juncture, with the false front a little askew. "I was just a-sayin'," Mr. Ball continued, "that our niece is a real pleasant lookin' woman."

"She's your niece by marriage," his wife replied, "but she ain't no real relative."

"Niece by marriage is relative enough," said Mr. Ball, "and I say she's a pleasant lookin' woman, ain't she, now?"

"She'll do, I reckon. She resembles her Ma." Aunt Jane looked at Ruth, as if pitying the sister who had blindly followed the leadings of her heart and had died unforgiven.

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming, Aunt Jane?" asked Ruth. "I've been looking for a letter every day and I understood you weren't coming back until October."

"I trust I am not unwelcome in my own house," was the somewhat frigid response.

"No, indeed, Auntie—I hope you've had a pleasant time."

"We've had a beautiful time, ain't we, James? We've been on our honeymoon."

"Yes'm, we hev been on our honeymoon, travellin' over strange lands an' furrin wastes of waters. Miss Ball was terrible sea sick comin' here."

"In a way," said Aunt Jane, "we ain't completely married. We was married by a heathen priest in a heathen country and it ain't rightfully bindin', but we thought it would do until we could get back here and be married by a minister of the gospel, didn't we, James?"

"It has held," he said, without emotion, "but I reckon we will hev to be married proper."

"Likewise I have my weddin' dress," Aunt Jane went on, "what ain't never been worn. It's a beautiful dress—trimmed with pearl trimmin'—here Ruth felt the pangs of a guilty conscience—and I lay out to be married in it, quite private, with you and Hepsey for witnesses."

"Why it's quite a romance, isn't it, Auntie?"

"Tis in a way," interjected Mr. Ball, "and in another way, tain't."

"Yes, Ruth," Aunt Jane continued,

ignoring the interruption, "It's a romance—a real romance," she repeated, with all the hard lines in her face softened. "We was engaged over thirty-year. James went to sea to make a fortune, so he could give me every luxury. It's all writ out in a letter I've got upstairs. They's beautiful letters, Ruth, and it's come to me, as I've been settin' here, that you might make a book out'n these letters of James's. You write, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Aunt, I write for the papers, but I've never done a book."

"Well, you'll never write a book no earlier, and here's all the material, as you may say jest a-waitin' for you to copy it. I guess there's over a hundred letters."

"But, Aunt," objected Ruth, struggling with inward emotion, "I couldn't sign my name to it, you know, unless I had written the letters."

"Why not?"

"BECAUSE it wouldn't be honest," she answered, clutching at the straw, "the person who wrote the letters would be entitled to the credit—and the money," she added, hopefully.

"Why, yes, that's right. Do you hear, James? It'll have to be your book—The Love Letters of a Sailor," by James Ball, and dedicated in the front to my dearly beloved wife, Jane Ball, as was Jane Hathaway. It'll be beautiful, won't it, James?"

"Yes'm, I hev no doubt but what it will."

"Do you remember, James, how you borrowed a chisel from the tombstone man over to the Ridge, and cut our names into endurin' granite?"

"I'd forgot that—how come you to remember it?"

"On account of your havin' lost the chisel and the tombstone man a-worryin' me about it to this day. I'll take you to the place. There's a climbin' but it won't hurt us none, though we ain't as young as we might be. You says to me, you says: 'Jane, darling, as long as them letters stays cut into the everlastin' rock, just so long I'll love you,' you says, and they's there still."

"Well, I'm here, too, ain't I?" replied Mr. Ball, seeming to detect a covert reproach. "I was allers a great hand fer cuttin'."

"There'll have to be a piece writ in the end, Ruth, explainin' the happy endin' of the romance. If you can't do it Justice, James and me can help—James was allers a master hand at writin'. It'll have to tell how through the long years he has toiled, hopin' against hope, and for over thirty years not darin' to write a line to the object of his affections, not feelin' worthy, as you may say, and how after her waitin' faithfully at home and turnin' away dozens of lovers what pleaded violent-like, she finally went travellin' in furrin parts and come upon her old lover a-keepin' a store in a heathen land, a-strugglin' to retrieve disaster after disaster at sea, and constantly withstandin' the blandishments of heathen women as endeavored to wean him from his faith, and how, though very humble and scarcely darin' to speak, he learned that she was willin' and they come a sailin' home together and lived happily ever afterwards. Ain't that as it was, James?"

"Yes'm, except that there wa'n't no particular disaster at sea and them heathen women didn't exert no blandish-

ments. They was jest pleasant to an old feller, bless their little hearts."

By some subtle mental process, Mr. Ball became aware that he had made a mistake. "You ain't changed nothin' here, Jane," he continued, hurriedly, "there's the haircloth sofa that we used to set on Sunday evenin's after meetin', and the hair wreath with the red rose in it made out of my hair and the white rose made out of your grandmother's hair on your father's side, and the yellow lily made out of the hair of your Uncle Jed's youngest boy. I disremember the rest, but time was when I could say'm all. I never see your beat for makin' hair wreaths, Jane. There ain't nothin' gone but the melodeon that used to set by the mantel. What's come of the melodeon?"

"The melodeon is set away in the attic. The mice et out the inside."

"Didn't you hev no cat?"

"There ain't no cat, James, that could get into a melodeon through a mouse hole, more especially the big malkese you gave me. I kept that cat, James, as you may say, all these weary years. When there was kittens, I kept the one that looked most like old Maltie, but of late years, the cats has all been different, and the one I buried jest after I sailed away was yellor and white with black and brown spots—a kinder tortoise shell—that didn't look nothin' like Maltie. You'd never have knowed they belonged to the same family, but I was sorry when she died, on account of her bein' the last cat."

Hepsey put her head into the room. "Dinner's ready," she shouted, hurriedly shutting the door.

"Give me your arm, James," said Mrs. Ball, and Ruth followed them into the dining-room.

The retired sailor ate heartily, casting occasional admiring glances at Ruth and Hepsey. It was the innocent approval which age bestows upon youth. "These be the finest biscuit," he said, "that I've had for many a day. I reckon you made 'em, didn't you, young woman?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hepsey, twisting her apron.

The bride was touched in a vulnerable spot.

"Hepsey," she said, decisively, "when your week is up, you will no longer be in my service. I am a-goin' to make a change."

Mr. Ball's knife dropped with a sharp clatter. "Why, Mrs. Ball," he said, reproachfully, "who air you goin' to hev to do your work?"

"Don't let that trouble you, James," she answered serenely, "the washin' can be put out to the Widder Pendleton, her as was Elmyr Peavey, and the rest ain't no particular trouble."

"Aunt," said Ruth, "now that you've come home and everything is going on nicely, I think I'd better go back to the city. You see if I stay here I'll be interruptin' the honeymoon."

"No, no, Niece Ruth!" exclaimed Mr. Ball, "you ain't interruptin' no honeymoon. It's a great pleasure to your aunt and me to hev you here—we likes pretty young things around us, and as long as we hev a home you're welcome to stay in it; ain't she, Jane?"

"She has sense enough to see, James, that she is interruptin' the honeymoon," replied Aunt Jane, somewhat harshly.

"On account of her mother havin' been a Hathaway, before marriage, she knows

things. Not but what you can come some other time, Ruth," she added, with belated hospitality.

"Thank you, Aunt, I will. I'll stay just a day or two longer, if you don't mind—just until Mr. Winfield comes back. I don't know just where to write to him."

"Mr.—who?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking at her narrowly.

"Mr. Carl Winfield," said Ruth, crimsoning—"the man I am going to marry." The piercing eyes were still fixed upon her.

"Now about the letters, Aunt," she went on, in confusion, "you could help Uncle James with the book much better than I could. Of course it would have to be done under your supervision."

Mrs. Ball scrutinised her niece long and carefully. "You appear to be tellin' the truth," she said. "Who would best print it?"

"I think it would be better for you to handle it yourself, Aunt, and then you and Uncle James would have all the profits. If you let someone else publish it and sell it you'd have only ten per cent., and even then you might have to pay part of the expenses."

"How much does it cost to print a book?"

"That depends on the book. Of course it costs more to print a large one than a small one."

"That needn't make no difference," said Aunt Jane after a long deliberation. "James has two hundred dollars sewed up on the inside of the belt he insists on wearin'. Instead of Christian suspenders, ain't you, James?"

"Yes'm, two hundred and four dollars in my belt and seventy-six cents in my pocket."

"It's from his store," Mrs. Ball explained.

"It was worth more'n three hundred," he said regretfully.

"Now, James, you know a small store like that ain't worth no three hundred dollars. I wouldn't have let you took three hundred, 'cause it wouldn't be honest."

THE arrival of a small and battered trunk created a welcome diversion. "Where's your trunk, Uncle James?" asked Ruth.

"I ain't a needin' of no trunk," he answered, "what clothes I've got is on me, and that there valise has more of my things in it. When my clothes wears out, I put on new ones and leave the others for some pore creeter what may need 'm worse'n me."

Aunt Jane followed Joe upstairs, issuing caution and direction at every step. "You can set outside now, Joe Pendleton," she said, "and see that them hosses don't run away, and as soon as I get some of my things hung up so's they won't wrinkle no more, I'll come out and pay you."

Joe obeyed, casting longing eyes at a bit of blue gingham that was fluttering among the currant bushes in the garden. Mr. Ball, longing for conversation with his kind, went out to the gate and stood looking up at him, blinking in the bright sunlight.

"Young feller," he said, "I reckon that starboard hoss is my old mare. Where'd you get it?"

"Over to the Ridge," answered Joe, "of a feller named Johnson."

"Jest so—I reckon 'twas his father I give Nellie to when I went away. She

was a frisky filly then—she don't look nothin' like that now."

"Mamie" turned, as if her former master's voice had stirred some old memory. "She's got the evil eye," Mr. Ball continued. "You want her to be keeful."

"She's all right, I guess," Joe replied. "Young feller," said Mr. Ball earnestly, "do you chaw terbacker?"

"Yep, but I ain't got no more. I'm on the last hunk."

Mr. Ball stroked his stained beard. "I useter," he said, reminiscently, "afore I was merried."

Joe whistled idly, still watching for Hepsey.

"Young feller," said Mr. Ball, again, "there's a great deal of merryin' and givin' in marriage in this here settlement, ain't there?"

"Not so much as there might be."

"Say, was your mother's name Elmira Peavey?"

"Yes, sir," Joe answered, much surprised.

"Then you be keeful," cautioned Mr. Ball. "Your hons has got the evil eye and your father, as might hev been, allers had a weak eye fer women." Joe's face was a picture of blank astonishment.

"I was engaged to both of 'em," Mr. Ball explained, "each one a-keepin' of it secret, and she—here he pointed his thumb suggestively toward the house—"she's got me."

"I'm going to be married myself," volunteered Joe, proudly.

"Marriage is a fleetin' show—I wouldn't, if I was in your place. Marriage is a drag on a man's ambitions. I set out to own a schooner, but I can't never do it now, on account of bein' merried. I had a good start towards it—I had a little store all to myself, what was worth three or four hundred dollars, in a sunny country where the women folks had soft voices and pretty ankles and wasn't above passin' jokes with an old feller to cheer 'im on 'is lonely way."

Mrs. Ball appeared at the upper window. "James," she called, "you'd better come in and get your hat. Your bald spot will get all sunburned."

"I guess I won't wait no longer, Miss Hathaway," Joe shouted, and, suiting the action to the word, turned around and started down hill. Mr. Ball, half-way up the gravelled walk, turned back to smile at Joe with feeble jocularity.

Hearing the familiar voice, Hepsey hastened to the front of the house, and was about to retreat when Mr. Ball stopped her.

"Pore little darlin'," he said, kindly, noting her tear-stained face. "Don't go—wait a minute." He fumbled at his belt and at last extracted a crisp, new ten-dollar bill. "Here, take that and buy you a ribbon or sunthin' to remember your lovin' Uncle James by."

Hepsey's face brightened, and she hastily concealed the bill in her dress. "I ain't your niece," she said, hesitatingly, "it's Miss Thorne."

"That don't make no difference," rejoined Mr. Ball, generously, "I'm willin' you should be my niece, too. All pretty young things is my nieces and I loves 'em all. Won't you give your pore old uncle a kiss to remember you by?"

Ruth, who had heard the last words, came down to the gravelled walk. "Aunt Jane is coming," she announced, and Hepsey fled. When the lady of the house appeared, Uncle James was sitting at one end of the piazza and Ruth at the other, exchanging decorous common-places.

Hepsey had been gone an hour before Mrs. Ball realised that she had sent away one of the witnesses of her approaching wedding. "It don't matter," she said to Ruth, "I guess there's others to be had. I've got the dress and the man and one of 'em and I have faith that the other things will come."

Nevertheless, the problem assumed undue proportions. After long study, she decided upon the minister's wife.

Preparations for the ceremony went forward, with Aunt Jane's customary decision and briskness. She made a wedding cake, assisted by Mr. Ball, and gathered all the flowers in the garden. There was something pathetic about her pleasure; it was as though a wedding had been laid away in lavender, not to see the light for more than thirty years.

Ruth was to assist in dressing the bride and then go after the minister and his wife, who, by Aunt Jane's decree, were to have no previous warning. "I ain't necessary to tell 'em beforehand, not as I see," said Mrs. Ball. "You must ask fust if they're both to home, and if only one of 'em is there, you'll have to find somebody else. If the minister's to home and his wife ain't gaddin', he'll get them four dollars in James' belt, leavin' an even two hundred, or do you think two dollars would be enough for a plain marriage?"

"I'd leave that to Uncle James, Auntie."

"I reckon you're right, Ruth—you've got the Hathaway sense."

THE old wedding gown was brought down from the attic and taken out of its winding sheet. It had been carefully folded, but every crease showed plainly and parts of it had changed color.

Ruth helped her into the gown, and, as it slipped over her head, she inquired, from the depths of it: "Is the front door locked?"

"Yes, Auntie, and the back door too."

"Did you bring up the keys as I told you to?"

"Yes, Auntie, here they are. Why?"

There was a pause, then Mrs. Ball said solemnly: "I've read a great deal about bridegrooms havin' wanderin' fits immediately before weddin's. Does my dress hike up in the back, Ruth?"

It was a little shorter in the back than in the front and cleared the floor on all sides, since she had grown a little after it was made, but Ruth assured her that everything was all right. When they went downstairs, together, Mr. Ball was sitting in the parlor, plainly nervous.

"Now, Ruth," said Aunt Jane, "you can go after the minister. My first choice is Methodists, after that Baptists and then Presbyterians. I will entertain James durin' your absence."

Ruth was longing for fresh air and gladly undertook the delicate mission. Before she was half-way down the hill she met Winfield, who had come on the afternoon train.

"You're just in time to see a wedding," she said, when the first raptures had subsided.

"Whose wedding, sweetheart? Ours?"

"Far from it," answered Ruth, laughing. "Come with me and I'll explain."

She gave him a vivid description of the events that had transpired during his absence, and had invited him to the wedding before it occurred to her that Aunt Jane might not be pleased.

"I may be obliged to recall my invita-

tion," she said seriously. "I'll have to ask Auntie about it. She may not want you."

"That doesn't make any difference," announced Winfield, in high spirits, "I'm a-goin' to the wedding and I'm a-goin' to kiss the bride, if you'll let me."

Ruth smothered a laugh. "You may, if you want to, and I won't be jealous. Isn't that sweet of me?"

"You're always sweet, dear. Is this the abode of the parson?"

The Methodist minister was at home, but his wife was not, and Ruth determined to take Winfield in her place. The clergyman said that he would come immediately, and, as the lovers loitered up the hill, they arrived at the same time.

Winfield was presented to the bridal couple, but there was no time for conversation, since Aunt Jane was in a hurry. After the brief ceremony was over, Ruth said wickedly:

"Auntie, on the way to the minister's, Mr. Winfield told me he was going to kiss the bride. I hope you don't mind?"

Winfield looked unutterable things at Ruth, but nobly fulfilled the obligation. Uncle James beamed upon Ruth in a way which indicated that an attractive idea lay behind it, and Winfield created a diversion by tipping over a vase of flowers. "He shan't," he whispered to Ruth, "I'll be darned if he shall!"

"Ruth," said Aunt Jane, after a close scrutiny of Winfield, "if you're layin' out to marry that awkward creeter, what ain't accustomed to a parlor, you'd better do it now, while him and the minister are both here."

Winfield was willing, but Ruth said that one wedding at a time was enough in any family, and the minister, pledged to secrecy, took his departure. The bride cut the wedding cake and each solemnly ate a piece of it. It was a sacrament, rather than a festivity.

When the silence became oppressive, Ruth suggested a walk.

"You will set here, Niece Ruth," remarked Aunt Jane, "until I have changed my dress."

Uncle James sighed softly, as she went upstairs. "Well," he said, "I'm merried now, hard and fast, and there ain't no help for it, world without end."

"Cheer up, Uncle," said Winfield, consolingly, "it might be worse."

"It's come on me all of a sudden," he rejoined. "I ain't had no time to prepare for it, as you may say. Little did I think, three weeks ago, as I set in my little store, what was wuth four or five hundred dollars, that before the month was out I'd be merried. Me! Merried!" he exclaimed, "Me, as never thought of sech!"

When Mrs. Ball entered Ruth, overcome by deep emotion, led her lover into the open air. "It's bad for you to stay in there," she said gravely, "when you are destined to meet the same fate."

"I've had time to prepare for it," he answered, "in fact, I've had more time than I want."

They wandered down the hillside with aimless leisure, and Ruth stopped to pick up a large, grimy handkerchief, with "C.W." in the corner. "Here's where we were the other morning," she said.

"Blessed spot," he responded, "beautiful Hepsey and noble Joe! By what humble means are great destinies made evident! You haven't said you were glad to see me, dear."

"I'm always glad to see you, Mr. Winfield," she replied primly,

"Carl—dear—" said Ruth, with her face crimson.

"That's more like it. Now let's sit down—I've brought you something and you have three guesses."

"Returned manuscript?"

"No, you said they were all in."

"Another piece of Aunt Jane's wedding cake?"

"No, guess again."

"Chocolates?"

"Who'd think you were so stupid," he said, putting two fingers into his waistcoat pocket.

"Oh—hi!" gasped Ruth, in delight.

"You funny girl, didn't you expect an engagement ring? Let's see if it fits."

He slipped the gleaming diamond on her finger and it fitted exactly.

"How did you guess?" she asked after a little.

"It wasn't wholly guess work, dearest."

From another pocket, he drew a glove, of grey suede, that belonged to Ruth's left hand.

"Where did you get that?"

"By the log across the path, that first day when you were so cross to me."

"I wasn't cross!"

"Yes, you were—you were a little fiend."

"Will you forgive me?" she pleaded, lifting her face to his.

"Rather!" He forgave her half-a-dozen times before she got away from him.

"Now let's talk sense," she said.

"We can't—I never expect to talk sense again."

"Pretty compliment, isn't it?" she asked. "It's like your telling me I was brilliant and then saying I wasn't at all like myself."

"Won't you forgive me?" he inquired significantly.

"Some other time," she said, flushing. "Now what are we going to do?"

"I saw the oculist," Carl began, after a pause, "and he says that my eyes are almost well again, but that I mustn't use them for two weeks longer. Then, I can read or write for two hours every day, increasing gradually as long as they don't hurt. By the first of October, he thinks I'll be ready for work again. Carlton wants me to report on the morning of the fifth, and he offers me a better salary than I had on 'The Herald.'"

"That's good!"

"We'll have to have a flat in the city, or a little house in the country, near enough for me to get to the office."

"For us to get to the office," supplemented Ruth.

"What do you think you're going to do, Miss Thorne?"

"Why—I'm going to keep right on with the paper," she answered in surprise.

"No, you're not, darling," he said, putting his arm around her. "Do you suppose I'm going to have Carlton or any other man giving my wife an assignment? You can't anyway because I've resigned your position for you, and your place is already filled. Carlton sent his congratulations and said his loss was my gain, or something like that. He takes all the credit to himself."

"Why—why—you wretch!"

"I'm not a wretch—you said yourself I was nice. Look here, Ruth, he went on, in a different tone, "what do you think I am? Do you think for a minute that I'd marry you if I couldn't take care of you?"

"Isn't that," she replied, freeing herself from his encircling arm, "but I like my work and I don't want to give it up. Besides—besides—I thought you'd like to have me near you."

"I do want you near me, sweetheart, that isn't the point. You have the same right that I have to any work that is your natural expression, but, in spite of the advanced age in which we live, I can't help believing that home is the place for a woman. I may be old-fashioned, but I don't want my wife working down town—I've got too much pride for that. You have your typewriter, and you can turn out Sunday specials by the yard if you want to. Besides, there are all the returned manuscripts—if you have the time and aren't hurried, there's no reason why you shouldn't do work that they can't afford to refuse."

Ruth was silent, and he laid his hand upon hers. "You understand me, don't you, dear? I'm not asking you to let your soul rust out in idleness, and I wouldn't have you crave expression that was denied you, but I don't want you to have to work when you don't feel like it, nor be at anybody's beck and call. I know you did good work on the paper—Carlton spoke of it, too—but others can do it as well. I want you to do something that is so thoroughly you that no one else can do it. It's a hard life, Ruth, you know that as well as I do, and I—I love you."

HIS last argument was convincing. "I won't do anything you don't want me to do, dear," she said, with a new humility.

"I want you to be happy, dearest," he answered, quickly. "Just try my way for a year—that's all I ask. I know your independence is sweet for you, but the privilege of working for you with hand and brain, with your love in my heart, with you at home, to be proud of me when I succeed and to give me new courage when I fail, why, it's the sweetest thing I've ever known."

"I'll have to go back to town very soon, though," she said, a little later, "I am interrupting the honeymoon."

"We'll have one of our own very soon that you can't interrupt, and when you go back I'm going with you. We'll buy things for the house."

"We need lots of things, don't we?" she asked.

"I expect we do, darling, but I haven't the least idea what they are. You'll have to tell me."

"Oriental rugs, for one thing," she said, "and a mahogany piano, and an instrument to play it with, because I haven't any parlor tricks, and some good pictures, and a waffle iron and a porcelain rolling pin."

"What do you know about rolling pins and waffle irons?" he asked fondly.

"My dear boy," she replied, patronisingly, "you forget that in the days when I was a free and independent woman, I was on a newspaper. I know lots of things that are utterly strange to you, because, in all probability, you never ran a woman's department. If you want soup, you must boil meat slowly, and if you want meat, you must boil it rapidly, and if dough sticks to a broom straw when you jab it into a cake, it isn't done."

He laughed joyously. "How about the porcelain rolling pin?"

"It's germ proof," she rejoined, soberly.

"Are we going to keep house on the antiseptic plan?"

"We are—it's better than the installment plan, isn't it? Oh, Carl!" she exclaimed. "I've had the brightest idea!"

"Spring it," he demanded.

"Why, Aunt Jane's attic is full of old

furniture, and I believe she'll give it to us!"

His face fell. "How charming," he said, without emotion.

"Oh, you stupid," she laughed. "It's colonial mahogany, every stick of it! It only needs to be done over!"

"Ruth, you're a genius."

"Wait till I get it before you praise me. Just stay here a minute and I'll run up to see what frame of mind she's in."

When she entered the kitchen the bride was busily engaged in getting supper. Uncle James, with a blue gingham apron tied under his arms, was awkwardly peeling potatoes. "Oh, how good that smells!" exclaimed Ruth, as a spicy sheet of gingerbread was taken out of the oven.

Aunt Jane looked at her kindly, with gratified pride beaming from every feature. "I wish you'd teach me to cook, Aunty," she continued, following up her advantage, "you know I'm going to marry Mr. Winfield."

"Why, yes, I'll teach you—where is he?"

"He's outside—I just came in to speak to you a minute."

"You can ask him to supper if you want to."

"Thank you, Aunty, that's lovely of you. I know he'll like to stay."

"James," said Mrs. Ball, "you're peeling them pertaters with thick peelin's and you'll land in the poorhouse. I've never known it to fail."

"I wanted to ask you something, Aunty," Ruth went on quickly, though feeling that the moment was not auspicious, "you know all that old furniture up in the attic?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Why—why—you aren't using it, you know, and I thought perhaps you'd be willing to give it to us, so that we can go to house-keeping as soon as we're married."

"It was your grandmother's," Aunt Jane replied after long thought, "and, as you say, I ain't usin' it. I don't know but what you might as well have it as anybody else. I lay out to buy me a genos parlor suite with that two hundred dollars of James'—he give the minister the hull four dollars over and above that—and—yes, you can have it," she concluded.

Ruth kissed her, with real feeling.

"Thank you so much, Aunty. It will be lovely to have something that was my grandmother's."

When she went back to Winfield, he was absorbed in a calculation he was making on the back of an envelope.

"You're not to use your eyes," she said warningly, "and, oh, Carl! It was my grandmother's and she's given us every bit of it, and you're to stay to supper!"

"Must be in a fine humor," he observed. "I'm ever so glad. Come here, darling, you don't know how I've missed you."

There was a long silence, and then Ruth moved away from him. "Tell me about everything," she said. "Think of all the years I haven't known you!"

"There's nothing to tell, dear. Are you going to conduct an excavation into my past?"

"Indeed, I'm not! The present is enough for me, and I'll attend to your future myself."

A bell rang cheerily, and, when they went in, Aunt Jane welcomed him with apparent cordiality, though a close observer might have detected a tinge of suspicion. She liked the ring on Ruth's finger, which she noticed for the first

time. "It's real pretty, ain't it, James?" she asked.

"Yes'm, 'tis so."
"It's just come to my mind now that you never give me no ring except this here one we was married with. I guess we'd better take some of that two hundred dollars you've got sewed up in that unchristian belt you insist on wearin' and get me a ring like Ruth's, and use the rest for furniture, don't you think so?"

"Yes'm," he replied. "Ring and furniture—or anythin' you'd like."

"James is real indulgent," she said to Winfield, with a certain modest pride which was at once ludicrous and pathetic. "He should be, Mrs. Ball," returned the young man, gallantly.

She looked at him closely, as if to discover whether he was in earnest, but he did not flinch. "Young feller," she said, "you ain't layin' out to take no excursions on the water, be you?"

"Not that I know of," he answered, "why?"

"Sea-farin' is dangerous," she returned. "Mis' Ball was terrible seasick comin' here," remarked her husband. "She didn't seem to have no sea legs, as you may say."

"Ain't you tired of dwellin' on that?" asked Aunt Jane, sharply. "Tain't no disgrace to be seasick, and I wan't the only one."

Winfield came to the rescue with a question and the troubled waters were soon calm again. After supper, Ruth said: "Auntie, may I take Mr. Winfield up to the attic and show him my grandmother's things that you've just given me?"

"Run along, child. Me and James will wash the dishes."

"Poor James," said Winfield, in a low tone, as they ascended the stairs. "Do I have to wash dishes, Ruth?"

They dragged the furniture out into the middle of the room and looked it over critically. There was all that she had described, an unsuspected treasure lay in concealment behind it. "There's almost enough to furnish a flat!" she cried, in delight.

He was opening the drawers of a cabinet which stood far back under the eaves. "What's this, Ruth?"

"Oh, it's old blue china—willow pattern! How rich we are!"

"Is old blue willow-pattern china considered beautiful?"

"Of course it is, you goose! We'll have to have our dining-room done in old blue, now, with a shelf on the wall for these plates."

They lingered until it was so dark that they could scarcely see each other's faces. "We'll come up again to-morrow," she said. "Wait a minute."

She groped over to the east window, where there was still a faint glow, and lighted the lamp, which stood in its accustomed place, newly filled.

"You're not going to leave it burning, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, Aunt Jane has a light in this window every night."

"Why, what for?"

"I don't know, dearest. I think it's for a lighthouse, but I don't care. Come, let's go downstairs."

THE next day, while Ruth was busily gathering up her few belongings and packing her trunk, Winfield appeared with a suggestion regarding the advisability of outdoor exercise. Uncle James stood at the gate and watched them as they went down hill. He was a

pathetic old figure, predestined to loneliness under all circumstances.

"That's the way I'll look when we've been married a few years," said Carl.

"Worse than that," returned Ruth gravely. "I'm sorry for you, even now."

"You needn't be proud and haughty just because you've had a wedding at your house—we're going to have one at ours."

"At ours?"

"At the 'Widder's,' I mean, this very evening."

"That's nice," answered Ruth, refusing to ask the question.

"It's Joe and Hepsy," he continued, "and I thought perhaps you might stoop low enough to assist me in selecting an appropriate wedding gift in yonder seething mart. I feel greatly indebted to them."

"Why, of course I will; it's quite sudden, isn't it?"

"Far be it from me to say so. However, it's the most reversed wedding I ever heard of. A marriage at the home of the groom, to say the least, is unusual. Moreover, the 'Widder' Pendleton is to take the bridal tour and leave the happy couple at home. She's going to visit a relative who is distant in both position and relationship—all unknown to the relative, I fancy. She starts immediately after the ceremony and it seems to me that it would be a pious notion to throw rice and old shoes after her."

"Why, Carl! You don't want to maim her, do you?"

"I wouldn't mind. If it hadn't been for my ostrich-like digestion, I wouldn't have had anything to worry about by this time. However, if you insist, I will throw the rice and let you heave the shoes. If you have the precision of aim which distinguishes your sex, the 'Widder' will escape uninjured."

"Am I to be invited?"

"Certainly—haven't I already invited you?"

"They may not like it."

"That doesn't make any difference. Lots of people go to weddings who aren't wanted."

"I'll go, then," announced Ruth, "and once again, I give you my gracious permission to kiss the bride."

"Thank you, dear, but I'm not going to kiss any brides except my own. I've signed the pledge and sworn off."

They created a sensation in the village when they acquired the set of china which had been on exhibition over a year. During that time it had fallen at least a third in price, though its value was unchanged. Ruth bought a hideous red tablecloth, which she knew would please Hepsy, greatly to Winfield's disgust.

"Why do you do that?" he demanded.

"Don't you know that, in all probability, I'll have to eat off of it? I much prefer the old cloth, to which I am now accustomed."

"You'll have to get used to table linen, dear," she returned teasingly; "it's my ambition to have one just like this for state occasions."

Joe appeared with the chariot just in time to receive and transport the gift. "Here's your wedding present, Joe!" called Winfield, and the innocent villagers formed a circle about them as the groom-elect endeavored to express his appreciation. Winfield helped him pack the "101 places" on the back seat and under it, and when Ruth, feeling like a fairy godmother, presented the red tablecloth, his cup of joy was full.

He started off proudly, with a soup

turen and two platters on the seat beside him. The red tablecloth was slung over his arm, in treader fashion, and the normal creak of the conveyance was accentuated by an ominous rattle of crockery. Then he circled back, motioning them to wait.

"Here's sunthin' I most forgot," he said, giving Ruth a note. "I'd drive you back fer nothin', only I've got sech a load."

The note was from Miss Ainslie, inviting Miss Thorne and her friend to come at five o'clock and stay to tea. No answer was expected unless she could not come.

The quaint, old-fashioned script was in some way familiar. A flash of memory took Ruth back to the note she had found in the dressing-table drawer, beginning: "I thank you from my heart for understanding me." So it was Miss Ainslie who had sent the mysterious message to Aunt Jane.

AS they entered the gate, Uncle James approached stealthily by a roundabout way and beckoned to them. "Excuse me," he began, as they came within speaking distance, "but has Mis' Ball give you furniture?"

"Yes," replied Ruth, in astonishment, "why?"

"There's clouds to starboard and she's repentin'. She's been admirin' of it the hull mornin' in the attic. I was sot in the kitchen with pertaters," he explained, "but the work is wearin' and a feller needs fresh air."

"Thank you for the tip, Uncle," said Winfield, heartily.

The old man glowed with gratification. "We men understand each other," was plainly written on his expressive face, as he went noiselessly back to the kitchen.

"You'd better go home, dear," suggested Ruth.

"Delicate hint," replied Winfield. "It would take a social strategist to perceive your hidden meaning. Still, my finer sensibilities respond instantly to your touch and I will go. I flatter myself that I've never had to be put out yet, when I've been calling on a girl. Some subtle suggestion like yours has always been sufficient."

"Don't be cross, dear—let's see how soon you can get to the bottom of the hill. You can come back at four o'clock."

He laughed and turned back to wave his hand at her.

Aunt Jane was nowhere to be seen, so she went on into the kitchen to help Uncle James with the potatoes. He had peeled almost a peck and the thick parings lay in a heap on the floor. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "You'd better throw those out, Uncle, and I'll put the potatoes on to boil."

He hastened out, with his arms full of peelings. "You're a real kind woman, Niece Ruth," he said gratefully, when he came in. "You don't favor your aunt none—I think you're more like me."

Mrs. Ball entered the kitchen with a cloud upon her brow, and in one of those rare flashes of insight which are vouchsafed to plodding mortals, a plan of action presented itself to Ruth.

"Auntie," she said, before Mrs. Ball had time to speak, "you know I'm going back to the city to-morrow, and I'd like to send you and Uncle James a wedding present—you've been so good to me. What shall it be?"

"Well, now, I don't know," she answered, visibly softening, "but I'll think it over, and let you know."

"What would you like, Uncle James?"

"You needn't trouble him about it,"

explained his wife. "He'll like whatever I do, won't you, James?"

"Yes'm, just as you say."

After dinner, when Ruth broached the subject of furniture, she was gratified to find that Aunt Jane had no serious objections. "I kinder hate to part with it, Ruth," she said, "but in a way, as you may say, it's yours."

"I don't like giving it away, Auntie—it's all in the family, and, as you say, you're not using it."

"That's so, and then James and me are likely to come and make you a long visit, so I'll get the good of it, too."

Ruth was momentarily stunned, but rallied enough to express great pleasure at the prospect. As Aunt Jane began to clear up the dishes, Mr. Ball looked at his niece, with a certain quiet joy, and then, unmistakably, winked.

"When you decide about the wedding present, Auntie, let me know, won't you?" she asked, as Mrs. Ball came in after the rest of the dishes. "Mr. Winfield would like to send you a remembrance also." Then Ruth added, to her conscience, "I know he would."

"He seems like a pleasant-spoken feller," remarked Aunt Jane. "You can ask him to supper to-night, if you like."

"Thank you, Auntie, but we're going to Miss Ainslie's."

"Huht!" snorted Mrs. Ball. "Mary Ainslie ain't got no spirit!" With this enigmatical statement, she called majestically out of the room.

During the afternoon, Ruth finished her packing, leaving out a white shirt-waist to wear to Miss Ainslie's. When she went down to the parlor to wait for Winfield, Aunt Jane appeared, with her husband in her wake.

"Ruth," she announced, "me and James have decided on a weddin' present. I would like a fine linen table-cloth and a dozen napkins."

"All right, Auntie."

"And if Mr. Winfield is disposed to it, he can give me a lemonade set—one of them what has different colored tumblers belongin' to it."

"He'll be pleased to send it, Auntie; I know he will."

"I'm a-layin' out to take part of them two hundred dollars what's sewed up in James' belt, and buy me a new black silk," she went on. "I've got some real lace to trim it with, what James give me in the early years of our engagement. Don't you think a black silk is alters nice, Ruth?"

"Yes, it is, Auntie; and just now, it's very stylish."

"You appear to know about such things. I guess I'll let you get it for me in the city when you buy the weddin' present. I'll give you the money, and you can get me the linin's too, while you're about it."

"I'll send you some samples, Auntie, and then you can take your choice."

"And—" began Mrs. Ball.

"Did you know Mrs. Pendleton was going away, Auntie?" asked Ruth, hastily.

"Do tell! Elmyr Peavey goin' travelin'?"

"Yes, she's going somewhere for a visit—I don't know just where."

"I had laid out to take James and call on Elmyr," she said, stroking her apron thoughtfully, while a shadow crossed Mr. Ball's expressive face; "but I guess I'll wait now till I get my new black silk. I want her to know I've done well."

A warning hiss from the kitchen and the odor of burning sugar impelled Aunt Jane to a hasty exit just as Winfield

came. Uncle James followed them to the door.

"Niece Ruth," he said, hesitating and fumbling at his belt, "be you goin' to get married?"

"I hope so, Uncle," she replied kindly.

"Then—then—I wish you'd take this and buy you sunthin' to remember your pore old Uncle James by." He thrust a trembling hand towards her, and offered her a twenty dollar bill.

"Why, Uncle!" she exclaimed. "I musn't take this! Thank you ever so much, but it isn't right!"

"I'd be pleased," he said plaintively.

"Tain't as if I want accustomed to money. My store was wuth five or six hundred dollars, and you've been real pleasant to me, Niece Ruth."

"Thank you, Uncle!" she said; then, of her own accord, she stooped and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

A mist came into the old man's eyes, and he put his hand to his belt again, but she hurriedly led Winfield away.

"Ruth," he said, as they went down the hill, "you're a sweet girl. That was real womanly kindness to the poor devil."

"Shall I be equally kind to all 'poor devils'?"

"You needn't, darling. How did you succeed with your delicate mission?"

"I managed it," she said proudly. "I feel that I was originally destined for a diplomatic career." He laughed when she described the lemonade set which she had promised in his name.

"I'll see that the furniture is shipped to-morrow," he assured her; "and then I'll go on a still hunt for the gaudy glass-ware. I'm blessed if I don't give 'em a silver ice pitcher, too."

"I'm in for a table-cloth and a dozen napkins," laughed Ruth; "but I don't mind. We won't bury Uncle's wedding present, will we?"

"I should say not! Behold the effect of the card, long before it's printed."

"I know," said Ruth, seriously. "I'll get a silver spoon or something like that out of the twenty dollars, and then I'll spend the rest of it on something nice for Uncle James. The poor soul isn't getting any wedding present, and he'll never know."

"There's a moral question involved in that," replied Winfield. "Is it right to use his money in that way and assume the credit yourself?"

"We'll have to think it over," Ruth answered. "It isn't so very simple after all."

MISS AINSLIE was waiting for them in the garden and came to the gate to meet them.

"Welcome to my house," she said, smiling.

Winfield at once became her slave. She talked easily, with that exquisite cadence which makes each word seem like a gift, but there was a certain subtle excitement in her manner, which Ruth did not fail to perceive. When Winfield was not looking at Miss Ainslie, her eyes rested upon him with a wondering hunger, mingled with tenderness and fear.

Midsummer lay upon the garden and the faint odor of mignonette and lavender came with every wandering wind. White butterflies and thistle-down floated in the air, bees hummed drowsily, and the stately hollyhocks swayed slowly back and forth.

"Do you know why I asked you to come to-day?" She spoke to Ruth, but looked at Winfield.

"Why, Miss Ainslie?"

"Because it is my birthday—I am fifty-five years old."

Ruth's face mirrored her astonishment. "You don't look any older than I do," she said.

Except for the white hair, it was true. Her face was as fresh as a rose with the morning dew upon it, and even on her neck, where the folds of lace revealed a dazzling whiteness, there were no lines.

"Teach us how to live, Miss Ainslie," said Winfield, softly, "that the end of half a century may find us young."

A delicate pink suffused her cheeks and she turned her eyes to his. "I've just been happy, that's all," she answered.

"It needs the alchemist's touch," he said, "to change our sordid world to gold."

"We can all learn," she replied, "and even if we don't try, it comes to us once."

"What?" asked Ruth.

"Happiness—even if it isn't until the end. In every life there is a perfect moment, like a flash of sun. We can shape our days by that, if we will—before by faith and afterwards by memory."

The conversation drifted to less serious things. Ruth, remembering that Miss Ainslie did not hear the village gossip, described her aunt's home-coming, the dismissal of Hepsey, and told her of the wedding which was to take place that evening. Winfield was delighted, for he had never heard her talk so well, but Miss Ainslie listened with gentle dis-pleasure.

"I did not think Miss Hathaway would ever be married abroad," she said. "I think she should have waited until she came home. It would have been more delicate to let him follow her. To seem to pursue a gentleman, however innocent one may be, is—unladylike." Winfield choked, then coughed violently.

"Understand me, dear," Miss Ainslie went on, "I do not mean to criticise your aunt—she is one of my dearest friends. Perhaps I should not have spoken at all," she concluded in genuine distress.

"It's all right, Miss Ainslie," Ruth assured her. "I know just how you feel."

Winfield, having recovered his composure, asked a question about the garden, and Miss Ainslie led them in triumph around her domain.

At dusk they went into the house. Except for the hall, it was square, with two partitions dividing it. The two front rooms were separated by an arch, and the dining-room and kitchen were similarly situated at the back of the house, with a china closet and pantry between them.

Miss Ainslie's table, of solid mahogany, was covered only with fine linen d'oyers, after a modern fashion, and two quaint candlesticks, of solid silver, stood opposite each other. In the centre, in a silver vase of foreign pattern, there was a great bunch of asters—white and pink and blue.

The repast was simple—chicken fried to a golden brown, with creamed potatoes, a salad made of fresh vegetables from the garden, hot biscuits, deliciously light, and the fragrant Chinese tea, served in the Royal Kaga cups, followed by pound cake, and pears preserved in a heavy red syrup.

The hostess sat at the head of the

table, dispensing a graceful hospitality. She made no apology, such as prefaced almost every meal at Aunt Jane's. It was her best, and she was proud to give it—such was the impression.

Afterwards, when Ruth told her that she was going back to the city, Miss Ainslie's face grew sad.

"Why—why must you go?" she asked.

"I'm interrupting the honeymoon," Ruth answered, "and when I suggested departure, Auntie agreed to it immediately. I can't very well stay now, can I?"

"My dear," said Miss Ainslie, laying her hand upon Ruth's, "if you could, if you only would—won't you come and stay with me?"

"I'd love to," replied Ruth, impetuously, "but are you sure you want me?" "Believe me, my dear," said Miss Ainslie, simply, "it will give me great happiness."

So it was arranged that the next day Ruth's trunk should be taken to Miss Ainslie's, and that she would stay until the first of October. Winfield was delighted, since it brought Ruth nearer to him and involved no long separation.

When the whistle sounded for the ten o'clock train, Ruth said it was late, and they must go. Miss Ainslie went to the gate with them, her lavender-scented gown rustling softly as she walked.

Ruth, aglow with happiness, put her arms around Miss Ainslie's neck and kissed her tenderly.

"May I, too?" asked Winfield.

He drew her towards him, without waiting for an answer, and Miss Ainslie trembled from head to foot as she lifted her face to his.

Across the way the wedding was in full blast, but neither of them cared to go. Ruth turned back for a last glimpse of the garden and its gentle mistress, but she was gone, and the light from her candle streamed out until it rested upon a white hollyhock, nodding drowsily.

To Ruth, walking in the starlight with her lover, it seemed as if the world had been made new. The spell was upon Winfield for a long time, but at last he spoke.

"If I could have chosen my mother," he said, simply, "she would have been like Miss Ainslie."

RUTH easily became accustomed to the quiet life at Miss Ainslie's, and gradually lost all desire to go back to the city. "You're spoiling me," she said, one day. "I don't want to go back to town. I don't want to work, I don't want to do anything but sit still and look at you. I didn't know I was so lazy."

"You're not lazy, dear," answered Miss Ainslie, "you were tired, and you didn't know how tired you were."

Winfield practically lived there. In the morning, he sat in the garden, reading the paper, while Ruth helped about the house. She insisted upon learning to cook, and he ate many an unfamiliar dish, heroically proclaiming that it was good. "You must never doubt his love," Miss Ainslie said, "for those biscuits—well, dear, you know they were—were not just right."

The amateur cook laughed outright at the gentle criticism. "They were awful," she admitted, "but I'm going to keep at it until I learn how."

The upper part of the house was divided into four rooms, with windows on all

sides. One of the front rooms, with north and east windows, was Miss Ainslie's, while the one just back of it, with south and east windows, was a sitting-room.

"I keep my prettiest things up here, dear," she explained to Ruth, "for I don't want people to think I'm crazy." Ruth caught her breath as she entered the room, for rare tapestries hung on the walls and priceless rugs lay on the floor. The furniture, like that downstairs, was colonial mahogany, highly polished, with here and there a chair or table of foreign workmanship.

There was a cabinet, filled with rare china, a marquetry table, and a chair of teakwood, inlaid with mother of pearl. In one corner of the room was a large chest of sandal wood, inlaid with pearl and partly covered by a wonderful antique rug.

The world had seemingly given up its beauty to adorn Miss Ainslie's room. She had pottery from Mexico, China, and Japan; strange things from Egypt and the Nile, and all the Oriental splendors of India and Persia. Ruth wisely asked no questions, but once, as before, Miss Ainslie said hesitatingly: "They were given to me by a—a friend."

After much pleading on Ruth's part, Winfield was allowed to come to the sitting-room. "He'll think I'm silly, dear," she said, flushing; but, on the contrary, he shared Ruth's delight, and won Miss Ainslie's gratitude by his appreciation of her treasures.

Day by day, the singular attraction grew between them. She loved Ruth, but she took him unreservedly into her heart. Ruth observed, idly, that she never called him "Mr. Winfield."

At first she spoke of him as "your friend," and afterwards, when he had asked her to, she yielded, with an adorable shyness, and called him Carl.

He, too, had eaten of the lotus and lost the desire to go back to town. From the hilltop they could see the yellow fields and hear the soft melody of reaping from the valley around them. He and Ruth often walked together, but Miss Ainslie never would go with them. She stayed quietly at home, as she had done for many years.

Every night, when the last train came from the city, she put a lighted candle in her front window, using always the candlestick of solid silver, covered with fretwork in intricate design. If Winfield was there, she managed to have him and Ruth in another room. At half-past ten she took it away, sighing softly as she put out the light.

Ruth wondered, but said nothing, even to Winfield. The grain in the valley was bound in sheaves, and the first color came on the maples—sometimes in a delicate flush, or a flash of gold, and sometimes like a blood-red wound.

One morning, when Miss Ainslie came downstairs, Ruth was startled at the change in her. The quick, light step was slow and heavy, the broad, straight shoulders drooped a little, and the face, while still dimpled and fair, was subtly different.

Behind her deep, violet eyes lay an unspeakable sadness and the rosy tints were gone. Her face was as pure and cold as marble, with the peace of the dead laid upon it. She seemed to have grown old in a single night.

All day she said little or nothing and would not eat. She simply sat still, looking out of the east window. "No," she

said, gently, to Ruth, "nothing is the matter, deary. I'm just tired."

When Winfield came, she kept him away from Miss Ainslie without seeming to do so.

"Let's go for a walk," she said. She tried to speak lightly, but there was a lump in her throat and a tightening at her heart.

They climbed the hill and took the side path which led to the woods, following it down and through the aisles of trees, to the log across the path.

Ruth was troubled and sat there some little time without speaking; then suddenly, she knew that something was wrong with Carl.

Her heart was filled with strange foreboding and she vainly tried to swallow the persistent lump in her throat. She spoke to him, gently, once or twice, and he did not seem to hear.

"CARL!" she cried in agony. "Carl! What is it?"

He tried to shake off the spell which lay upon him. "Nothing, darling," he said unsteadily, with something of the old tenderness. "I'm weak—and foolish—that's all."

"Carl! Dearest!" she cried, and then broke down, sobbing bitterly.

Her tears aroused him and he tried to soothe her. "Ruth, my darling girl, don't cry. We have each other, sweet heart, and it doesn't matter—nothing matters in the whole wide world."

After a little she regained her self-control.

"Come out into the sun," he said, "it's ghostly here. You don't seem real to me, Ruth."

The mist filled her eyes again. "Don't, darling," he pleaded, "I'll try to tell you."

They sat down on the hillside, where the sun shone brightly, and where they could see Miss Ainslie's house plainly. She waited, frightened and suffering, for what seemed an eternity, before she spoke.

"Last night, Ruth," he began, "my father came to me in a dream. You know he died when I was about twelve years old, and last night I saw him as he would have been if he had lived until now—something over sixty. His hair and beard were matted and there was the most awful expression in his eyes—it makes me shudder yet. He was in his grave clothes, dead and yet not dead. He was suffering—there was something he was trying to say to me; something he wanted to explain. We were out here on the hill in the moonlight and I could see Miss Ainslie's house and hear the surf behind the cliff. All he could say to me was: 'Abby—Mary—Mary—Abby—she—Mary,' over and over again. Once he said 'mother.' Abby was my mother's name.

"It is terrible," he went on. "I can't understand it. There is something I must do, and I don't know what it is. A command is laid on me by the dead—there is some wrong for which I must atone. When I first awoke, I thought it was a dream, but it isn't, it's real. It seems as though that was the real world and this—all our love and happiness, and you, were just dreams. I can't bear it, Ruth!"

He shuddered, and she tried to comfort him, though she was cold as a marble statue and her lips moved with difficulty. "Don't, dear," she said, "I

was only a dream. I've had them sometimes, so vividly that they haunted me for days and, as you say, it seemed as if that was the real world and this the dream. I know how you feel—those things aren't pleasant, but there's nothing we can do. It makes one feel so helpless. The affairs of the day are largely under our control, but at night, when the body is asleep, the mind harks back to things that have been forgotten for years. It takes a fevered fancy as a fact, and builds upon it a whole series of disasters. It gives trivial things great significance and turns life upside down. Remembering this is the worst of all."

"There's something I can't get at, Ruth," he answered. "It's just out of my reach. I know it's reasonable to suppose it was a dream and that it can be explained by natural causes, but I don't dream very often."

"I dream every night," she said. "Sometimes they're just silly, foolish things and sometimes they're vivid and horrible realities that I can't forget for weeks. But, surely, dear, we're not foolish enough to believe in dreams?"

"No, I hope not," he replied, doubtfully.

"Let's go for a little walk," she said, and we'll forget it."

Then she told him how changed Miss Ainslie was and how she had left her, sitting aimlessly by the window. "I don't think I'd better stay away long," she concluded, "she may need me."

"I won't be selfish, Ruth; we'll go back now. I'm sorry Miss Ainslie isn't well."

"She said she was 'just tired' but it isn't like her to be tired. She doesn't seem to want anybody near her, but you can sit in the garden this afternoon, if you'd like to, and I'll sit in and out like an industrious butterfly. Some new books have just come, and I'll leave them in the arbor for you."

"All right, dear, and if there's anything I can do, I hope you'll tell me."

As they approached the house, a brisk little man hurried out of the gate and went towards the village.

"Who's that?" asked Winfield.

"I don't know—someone who has brought something, probably. I trust he's better."

Miss Ainslie seemed more like herself, as she moved about the house, dusting and putting the rooms in order, as was her wont. At noon she fried a bit of chicken for Ruth, but took nothing herself except a cup of tea.

"No, dear," she said, in answer to Ruth's anxious question, "I'm all right—don't fret about me."

"Have you any pain, Miss Ainslie?"

"No, of course I haven't, you foolish child!"

She tried to smile, but her white lips quivered pitifully.

In the afternoon, when she said she was cold, Ruth made a fire in the open fireplace, and wheeled Miss Ainslie's favorite chair in front of it.

"I'm so comfortable, now," she said crossly; "I think I'm going to sleep, dear."

Ruth sat by her, pretending to read, but in reality, watching her closely, until the deep, regular breathing assured her that she was asleep. She went out into the garden and found Winfield on the arbor.

"How's this patient?" she asked, kissing him lightly on the forehead.

"I'm all right, dearest," he answered,

drawing her down beside him, "and I'm ashamed of myself because I was so foolish."

During the afternoon Ruth made frequent trips to the house, each time finding Miss Ainslie sound asleep. It was after six o'clock when she woke and rubbed her eyes, wondering.

"How long have I been asleep, Ruth?"

"All the afternoon, Miss Ainslie—do you feel better now?"

"Yes, I think I do. I didn't sleep last night, but it's been years since I've taken a nap in the daytime."

Ruth invited Carl to supper, and made them both sit still while she prepared the simple meal, which, as he said, was "astonishingly good."

He was quite himself again, but Miss Ainslie, though trying to assume her old manner, had undergone a great change.

Carl helped Ruth with the dishes, saying he supposed he might as well become accustomed to it, and, feeling the need of sleep, went home very early.

"I'm all right," he said to Ruth, as he kissed her at the door, "and you're just the sweetest girl in the world. Good night, darling."

A chill mist came inland, and Ruth kept pine knots burning in the fireplace. They sat without other light, Miss Ainslie with her head resting upon her hand, and Ruth watching her narrowly. Now and then they spoke aimlessly, of commonplaces.

When the last train came in, Miss Ainslie raised her eyes to the silver candlestick that stood on the mantel and sighed.

"Shall I put the light in the window?" asked Ruth.

It was a long time before Miss Ainslie answered.

"No, dear," she said sadly, "never any more."

She was trying to hide her suffering, and Ruth's heart ached for her in vain. The sound of the train died away in the distance and the firelight faded.

"Ruth," she said, in a low voice, "I am going away."

"Away, Miss Ainslie? Where?"

"I don't know, dear—it's where we all go—the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Sometimes it's a long journey and sometimes a short one, but we all take it—alone—at the last."

Ruth's heart throbbed violently, then stood still.

"Don't!" she cried, sharply.

"I'm not afraid, dear, and I'm ready to go, even though you have made me so happy—you and he."

Miss Ainslie waited a moment, then continued, in a different tone:

"To-day the lawyer came and made my will. I haven't much—just this little house, a small income paid semi-annually, and my—my things. All my things are for you—the house and the income are for—for him."

Ruth was crying softly and Miss Ainslie went to her, laying her hand caressingly upon the bowed head.

"Don't, dear," she pleaded, "don't be unhappy. I'm not afraid. I'm just going to sleep, that's all, to wake in immortal dawn. I want you and him to have my things, because I love you—because I've always loved you, and because I will—even afterwards."

Ruth choked down her sobs, and Miss

Ainslie drew her chair closer, taking the girl's cold hand in hers. That touch, so strong and gentle, that had always brought balm to her troubled spirit, did not fail in its ministry now.

"He went away," said Miss Ainslie, after a long silence, as if in continuation of something she had said before, "and I was afraid. He had made many voyages in safety, each one more successful than the last, and he always brought me beautiful things, but, this time, I knew that it was not right for him to go."

When he came back, we were to be married." The firelight shone on the amethyst ring as Miss Ainslie moved it on her finger.

"He said that he would have no way of writing this time, but that, if anything happened, I would know. I was to wait—as women have waited since the world began."

"Oh, Ruth, do you know what waiting means? Mine has lasted through thirty-three interminable years. Each day, I have said: 'He will come to-morrow.' When the last train came in, I put the light in the window to lead him straight to me. Each day, I have made the house ready for an invited guest and I haven't gone away, even for an hour. I couldn't bear to have him come and find no welcome waiting, and I have always worn the color he loved. When people have come to see me, I've always been afraid they would stay until he came, except with you—and Carl. I was glad to have you come to stay with me, because, lately, I have thought that it would be more—more delicate than to have him find me alone. I loved you, too, dear," she added quickly.

"I—I asked your aunt to keep the light in the window. I never told her why, but I think she knew, and you must tell her, dear, the next time you see her, that I thank her, and that she need never do it again. I thought, if he should come in a storm, or, perhaps, sail by, on his way to me—"

There was another long silence, then, with an effort, she went on. "I have been happy, for he said he wanted me to be, though sometimes it was hard."

"As nearly as I could, I made my dream real. I have thought, for hours, of the things we would say to each other when the long years were over and we were together again. I have dressed for his eyes alone, and loved him—perhaps you know—"

"I know, Miss Ainslie," said Ruth, softly, her own love surging in her heart, "I know."

"He loved me, Ruth," she said, lingering upon the words, "as man never loved before. All day I have dreamed of our little home together, and at night, sometimes—of baby lips against mine. I could always see him plainly, but I never could see our—our child. I have missed that. I have had more happiness than comes to most women, but that has been denied me."

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Her lips were white and quivering, but there were no tears. At length she sat upright and fixed her eyes upon Ruth.

"Don't be afraid of anything," she said in a strange tone, "poverty or sickness or death, or any suffering God will let you bear together. That isn't love—to be afraid. There's only one thing—the years!"

Miss Ainslie caught her breath and

sounded like a sob, but she bravely kept it back. "I have been happy," she said, in pitiful triumph; "I promised him that I would be, and I have kept my word. Sometimes it was hard, but I had my dream. Lately, this last year, I have often been afraid that—that something had happened. Thirty-three years, and you know, dear," she added, with a quaint primness, "that I am a woman of the world."

"In the world, but not of it," was on Ruth's lips, but she did not say it.

"Still, I know it was wrong to doubt him—I couldn't, when I thought of our last hour together, out on the hill in the moonlight. He said it was conceivable that life might keep him from me, but death never could. He told me that if he died, I would know, that he would come and tell me, and that in a little while afterwards, we should be together."

The dying embers cast a glow upon her face. It was almost waxen in its purity; she seemed transfigured with the light of another world.

"Last night, he came to me—in a dream. He is dead—he has been dead for a long time. He was trying to explain something to me—I suppose he was trying to tell me why he had not come before. He was old—an old man, Ruth, and I have always thought of him as young. He could not say anything but my name—'Mary—Abby—Mary—Abby'—over and over again; and, once, 'mother.' I was christened 'Mary Abigail,' but I never liked the middle name, so I dropped it; and he used to tease me sometimes by calling me 'Abby.' And—from his saying 'mother,' I know that he, too, wherever he may be, has had that dream of—of our child."

Ruth was cold from head to foot, and her senses reeled. Every word that Winfield had said in the morning sounded again in her ears. What was it that went on around her, of which she had no ken?

Miss Ainslie felt her shuddering fear. "Don't be afraid, dear," she said again, "everything is right. I kept my promise, and he kept his. He is suffering—he is very lonely without me; but in a little while we shall be together."

The fire died out and left the room in darkness, broken only by the last flitting glow. Ruth could not speak, and Miss Ainslie sat quietly in her chair. "Come," she said at last, stretching out her hand, "let's go upstairs. I have kept you up, dear, and I know you must be very tired."

The house seemed filled with a shadowy presence—something intangible, but portentous, for both good and ill. Ruth took down the heavy mass of white hair and brushed it back, tying it at the neck with a ribbon, in girlish fashion, as Miss Ainslie always did. Her nightgown, of sheerest linen, was heavy with Valenciennes lace, and where it fell back from her throat, it revealed the flesh, exquisitely white.

The sweet, wholesome scent of the lavender flowers breathed from the folds of Miss Ainslie's gown, as she stood there in the candle light, smiling, with the uncertainty still upon her face.

"Good-night, dear," she said; "you'll kiss me, won't you?"

For a moment the girl's face was buried among Miss Ainslie's laces, then their lips met. Ruth was trembling and she hurried away, swallowing the lump in her throat and trying to keep back the tears.

The doors were open, and there was no

sound save Miss Ainslie's deep breathing, but Ruth kept a dreary vigil till almost dawn.

The summer waned and each day, as it slipped away, took a little of Miss Ainslie's strength with it. There was neither disease nor pain—it was simply a letting go. Carl sent to the city for a physician of wide repute, but he shook his head. "There's nothing the matter with her," he said, "but she doesn't want to live. Just keep her as happy as you can."

For a time she went about the house as usual, but, gradually, more and more of her duties fell to Ruth. Hepsey came in every day after breakfast, and again in the late afternoon.

Ruth tried to get her to go out for a drive, but she refused. "No, dear," she said, smiling, "I've never been away, and I'm too old to begin now." Neighbors, hearing of her illness, came to offer sympathy and help, but she could see none of them—not even Aunt Jane.

One night she sat at the head of the table as usual; for she would not surrender her place as hostess, even though she ate nothing, and afterwards a great weakness came upon her.

"I don't know how I'll ever get upstairs," she said, frightened; "it seems such a long way!"

Winfield took her in his arms and carried her up, as gently and easily as if she had been a child. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright when he put her down. "I never thought it would be so easy," she said, in answer to his question. "You'll stay with me, won't you, Carl? I don't want you to go away."

"I'll stay as long as you want me, Miss Ainslie, and Ruth will, too. We couldn't do too much for you."

That night, as they sat in front of the fire, while Miss Ainslie slept upstairs, Ruth told him what she had said about leaving him the house and the little income, and giving her the beautiful things in the house.

"Bless her sweet heart," he said tenderly, "we don't want her things—we'd rather have her."

"Indeed we would," she answered quickly.

Until the middle of September she went back and forth from her own room to the sitting-room with comparative ease. They took turns bringing dainties to tempt her appetite, but, though she ate a little of everything and praised it warmly, especially if Ruth had made it, she did it, evidently, only out of consideration for them.

SHE read a little, talked a little, and slept a great deal. One day she asked Carl to pull the heavy sandalwood chest over near her chair, and give her the key which hung behind a picture.

"Will you please go away now," she asked, with a winning smile, "for just a little while?"

He put the bell on a table within her reach and asked her to ring if she wanted anything. The hours went by and there was no sound. At last he went up, very quietly, and found her asleep. The chest was locked and the key was not to be found. He did not know whether she had opened it or not, but she let him put it in its place again, without a word.

Sometimes they read to her, and she listened patiently, occasionally asking a question, but more often falling asleep,

"I wish," she said one day, when she was alone with Carl, "that I could hear something you had written."

"Why, Miss Ainslie," he exclaimed, in astonishment, "you wouldn't be interested in the things I write—it's only newspaper stuff."

"Yes, I would," she answered softly; "yes I would."

Something in the way she said it brought the mist to his eyes.

She liked to have Ruth brush her hair, but her greatest delight was in hearing Winfield talk about her treasures.

"Won't you tell me about the rug, Carl, the one on the sandal wood chest?" she asked, for the twentieth time.

"It's hundreds of years old," he began, "and it came from Persia, far, far beyond the sea. The shepherds watched their flocks night and day, and saved the finest fleeces for the rug. They made color from flowers and sweet herbs; from strange things that grew on the mountain heights, where only the bravest dared to go. The sumac that flamed on the hills, the rind of the swaying pomegranates, lichens that grew on the rocks by the Eastern sea, berries, deep-sea treasures, vine leaves, the juice of the grape—they all made colors for the rug, and then ripened, like old wine."

"After a long time, when everything was ready, the Master Craftsman made the design, writing strange symbols into the margin, eloquent with hidden meanings, that only the wisest may understand."

"They all worked upon it, men and women and children. Deep voices sang love songs and the melody was woven into the rug. Soft eyes looked love in answer and the softness and beauty went in with the fibre."

"Baby fingers clutched at it and were laughingly untangled. At night, when the fires of the village were lighted, and the crimson glow was reflected upon it, strange tales of love and war were mingled with the thread."

"The nightingale sang into it, the roses from Persian gardens breathed upon it, the moonlight put witchery into it; the tinkle of the gold and silver on the women's dusky ankles, the scent of sandalwood and attar of rose—it all went into the rug."

"Poets repeated their verses to it, men knelt near it to say their prayers, and the soft wind, rising from the sea, made faintest music among the threads."

"Sometimes a workman made a mistake, and the Master Craftsman put him aside. Often the patient fingers stopped weaving forever, and they found someone else to go on with it. Sometimes the went from one place to another, but the frame holding the rug was not injured."

"From mountain to valley and back again, urged by some strange instinct, past flowing rivers and over the golden sands of the desert, even to the deep blue waters that broke on the shore—they took the rug."

"The hoof-beats of Arabian horses, with white-robed Bedouins flashing their swords; all the glitter and splendor of war were woven into it. Songs of victory, the rush of a cavalry charge, the faith of a dying warrior, even the slow marches of defeat—it all went into the rug."

"Perhaps the Master Craftsman died, but the design was left, and willing fingers toiled upon it, through the long years, each day putting new beauty into it and new dreams. Then, one day, the

final knot was tied by a Velled Lady, who sighed softly in the pauses of her song, and wondered at its surpassing loveliness."

"And—" said Miss Ainslie, gently. "Someone who loved you brought it to you."

"Yes," she repeated, smiling, "someone who loved me. Tell me about this," she pleaded, touching a vase of Cloisonne.

"It came from Japan," he said, "a strange world of people like those painted on a fan. The streets are narrow and there are quaint houses on either side. The little ladies flit about in gay attire, like so many butterflies—they wear queer shoes on their dainty feet. They're as sweet as their own cherry blossoms."

"The little man who made this vase wore a blue tunic and had no robes of state, because he was poor. He loved the daughter of a nobleman and she loved him, too, though neither dared to say so."

"So he sat in front of his house and worked on this vase. He made a model of clay, shaping it with his fingers until it was perfect. Then a silver vase was cast from it and over and over it he went, very carefully, making a design with flat silver wire."

"When he was satisfied with it, he filled it in with enamel in wonderful colors, making even the spots on the butterflies' wings like those he had seen in the fields. Outside the design, he covered the vase with dark enamel, so that bright colors would show."

"As he worked, the little lady he loved came and watched him sometimes for a moment or two, and then he put a tiny bit of gold into the vase. He put a flower into the design, like those she wore in her hair, and then another, like the one she dropped at his feet one day, when no one was looking."

"The artist put all his love into the vase, and he hoped that when it was done, he could obtain a Court position. He was very patient with the countless polishings, and one afternoon when the air was sweet with the odor of the cherry blossoms, the last touches were put upon it."

"It was so beautiful that he was commissioned to make some great vases for the throne room, and then, with joy in his heart, he sought the hand of the nobleman's daughter."

"The negotiations were conducted by another person, and she was forced to consent, though her heart ached for the artist in the blue tunic, whose name she did not know. When she learned that her husband was to be the man she had loved for so long, tears of happiness came into her dark eyes."

"The vase had disappeared, mysteriously, and he offered a large reward for its recovery. At last they were compelled to give up the hope of finding it, and he promised to make her another one, just like it, with the same flowers and butterflies and even the little glints of gold that marked the days she came. So she watched him, while he made the new one, and even more love went into it than into the first one."

"And—" began Miss Ainslie. "Someone who loved you brought it to you."

"Yes," she repeated, smiling, "someone who loved me."

Winfield fitted a story to every object in the room. Each rug had a different history and every bit of tapestry its own tale. He conjured up an Empress who

had once owned the teakwood chair, and a Marquise, with patches and powdered hair, who wrote love letters at the marquetry table.

He told stories of the sea shells, and of the mermaids who brought them to the shore, that someone who loved her might take them to her, and that the soft sound of the sea might always come to her ears, with visions of blue skies and tropic islands, where the sun forever shone.

The Empress and the Marquise became real people to Miss Ainslie, and the Japanese lovers seemed to smile at her from the vase. Sometimes, holding the rug on her lap, she would tell them how it was woven, and repeat the love story of a beautiful woman who had worked upon the tapestry. Often, in the twilight, she would sing softly to herself, snatches of forgotten melodies, and, once, a lullaby. Ruth and Carl sat by, watching for the slightest change, but she never spoke of the secret of her heart.

RUTH had the north room, across the hall, where there were two dressing-tables. One of them had been empty, until she put her things into it, and the other was locked. She found the key, one day, hanging behind it, when she needed some things for Miss Ainslie.

As she had half expected, the dresser was full of lingerie, of the finest lawn and linen. The dainty garments were edged with real lace—Brussels, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Point d'Alencon, and the fine Irish laces. Sometimes there was a cluster of tucks, daintily run by hand, but, usually, only the lace, unless there was a bit of insertion to match. The buttons were mother of pearl, and the buttonholes were exquisitely made. One or two of the garments were threaded with white ribbon, after a more modern fashion, but most of them were made according to the quaint old patterns. There was a dozen of everything.

The dried lavender flowers rustled faintly as Ruth reverently lifted the garments, giving out the long-stored sweetness of summers gone by. The white had changed to an ivory tint, growing deeper every day. There were eleven nightgowns, all made exactly alike, with high neck and long sleeves, trimmed with tucks and lace. Only one was in any way elaborate. The sleeves were short, evidently just above the elbow, and the neck was cut off the shoulders like a ball gown. A deep frill of Venetian point, with narrower lace at the sleeves, of the same pattern, was the only trimming, except a tiny bow of lavender ribbon at the fastening, pinned on with a little gold heart.

As Miss Ainslie became weaker, she clung to Carl, and was never satisfied when he was out of her sight. When she was settled in bed for the night, he went in to sit by her and hold her hand until she dropped asleep. If she woke during the night she would call Ruth and ask where he was.

"He'll come over in the morning, Miss Ainslie," Ruth always said; "you know it's night now."

"Is it?" she would ask, drowsily. "I must go to sleep, then, dear, so that I may be quite rested and refreshed when he comes."

Her room, in contrast to the rest of the house, was almost Puritan in its sim-

plicity. The bed and dressing-table were mahogany, plain, but highly polished, and she had a mahogany rocker with a cushion of old blue tapestry. There was a simple white cover on the bed and another on the dressing-table, but the walls were dead white, unrelieved by pictures or draperies. In the east window was a long, narrow footstool, and a prayer book and hymnal lay on the window sill, where this maiden of half a century, looked seaward, knelt to say her prayers.

One morning, when Ruth went in, she said: "I think I won't get up this morning, dear; I am so very tired. If Carl should come over, will you say that I should like to see him?"

She would see no one but Carl and Ruth, and Mrs. Ball was much offended because her friend did not want her to come upstairs. "Don't be harsh with her, Aunt Jane," pleaded Ruth, "you know people often have strange fancies when they are ill. She sent her love to you, and asked me to say that she thanked you, but you need not put the light in the attic window any more."

Mrs. Ball gazed at her niece long and earnestly. "Be you tellin' me the truth?" she asked.

"Why, of course, Auntie."

"Then Mary Ainslie has got sense from somewhere. There ain't never been no need for that lamp to set in the window; and when she gets more sense, I reckon she'll be willin' to see her friends." With evident relief upon her face, Mrs. Ball departed.

But Miss Ainslie seemed quite satisfied, and each day spoke more lovingly to Ruth and Carl. He showed no signs of impatience, but spent his days with her cheerfully. He read to her, held her hand, and told her about the rug, the Marquise, and the Japanese lovers. At the end she would always say, with a quiet tenderness: "and someone who loved me brought it to me!"

"Yes, Miss Ainslie; someone who loved you. Everybody loves you; don't you know that?"

"Do you?" she asked once, suddenly and yet shyly.

"Indeed I do, Miss Ainslie—I love you with all my heart."

She smiled happily and her eyes filled. "Ruth," she called softly, "he says he loves me!"

"Of course he does," said Ruth; "nobody in the wide world could help loving you."

She put out her left hand to touch Ruth, and the amethyst ring slipped off, for her fingers were thin. She did not seem to notice when Ruth slipped it on again, and, shortly afterwards, fell asleep.

That night Winfield stayed very late. "I don't want to leave you, dear," he said to Ruth. "I'm afraid something is going to happen."

"I'm not afraid—I think you'd better go."

"Will you put a light in your window if you want me, darling?"

"Yes, I will."

"I can see it from my room, and I'll be watching for it. If you want me, I'll come."

He awoke from an uneasy sleep with the feeling that Ruth needed him, and was not surprised to see the light from her candle streaming out into the darkness. He dressed hurriedly, glancing at his watch by the light of a match. It was just three o'clock.

Ruth was waiting for him at the lower door. "Is she—is she—"

"No, she seems to be just the same, but she wants you. She's been calling for you ever since you went away."

As they went upstairs Miss Ainslie's sweet voice came to them in pitiful pleading: "Carl, Carl, dear! Where are you? I want you!"

"I'm here, Miss Ainslie," he said, sitting down on the bed beside her and taking her hot hands in his. "What can I do for you?"

"Tell me about the rug."

With no hint of weariness in his deep, quiet voice, he told her the old story once more. When he had finished, she spoke again. "I can't seem to get it just right about the Japanese lovers. Were they married?"

"Yes, they were married and lived happily ever afterwards—like the people in the fairy tales."

"That was lovely," she said, with evident satisfaction. "Do you think they wanted me to have their vase?"

"I know they did. Someone who loved you brought it to you. Everybody loves you, Miss Ainslie."

"Did the Marquise find her lover?"

"Yes, or rather, he found her."

"Did they want me to have their marquetry table?"

"Of course they did. Didn't someone who loved you bring it to you?"

"Yes," she sighed, "someone who loved me."

Miss Ainslie slept for some time, then, all at once, she started as if in terror. "Letters," she said, very distinctly. "Go!"

He went to her and tried to soothe her, but failed. "No," she said again, "letters—Ruth—chest."

"She wants some letters that are in the sandalwood chest," he said to Ruth, and Miss Ainslie nodded. "Yes," she repeated, "letters."

Ruth went into the sitting-room, where a light was burning dimly, but the chest was locked. "Do you know where the key is, Carl?" she asked, coming back for a moment.

"No, I don't dear," he answered. Then he asked Miss Ainslie where the key was, but she only murmured: "letters."

"Shall I go and help Ruth find them?"

"Yes," she said, "help—letters."

Together, they broke open the lock of the chest, while Miss Ainslie was looking faintly: "Carl, Carl, dear! Where are you? I want you!"

"We'd better turn the whole thing out on the floor," he said, sulking the action to the word, then put it back against the wall, empty.

"We'll have to shake everything out, carefully," returned Ruth, "that's the only way to find them."

Wrapped carefully in a fine linen sheet, was Miss Ainslie's wedding gown, of heavy white satin, trimmed simply with priceless Venetian point. They shook it out hurriedly and put it back into the chest. There were yards upon yards of lavender taffeta, cut into dress lengths, which they folded up and put away. Three strings of amethysts and two of pearls slipped out of the silk as they lifted it, and there was another length of lustrous white taffeta, which had changed to an ivory tint.

Four shawls of Canton crepe, three of them lavender and one ivory white, were put back into the chest. There were several fans, of fine workmanship, a girle of oxidised silver, set with amethysts and pearls, and a large marquetry box, which contained tea.

"That's all the large things," he said; "now we can look these over."

Ruth was gathering up great quantities of lace—Brussels, Point d'Alencon, Cluny, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Duchesse and Venetian point. There was a bridal veil of the Venetian lace, evidently made to match that on the gown. Tiny dried petals rustled out of the meshes, for Miss Ainslie's laces were laid away in lavender, like her love.

"I don't see them," she said, "yes, here they are." She gave him a bundle of yellowed letters tied with lavender ribbon.

"I'll take them to her," he answered, picking up a small black case that lay on the floor, and opening it. "Why, Ruth!" he gasped. "It's my father's picture!"

Miss Ainslie's voice rose again in pitiful cadence. "Carl, Carl, dear! Where are you? I want you—oh, I want you!"

He hastened to her, leaving the picture in Ruth's hand. It was an ambrotype, set into a case lined with purple velvet. The face was that of a young man, not more than twenty-five or thirty, who looked strangely like Winfield. The eyes, forehead, and the poise of the head were the same.

THE earth trembled beneath Ruth's feet for a moment, then, all at once, she understood. The light in the attic window, the marked paragraph in the paper, and the death notices—why, yes, the Charles Winfield who had married Abigail Weatherby was Miss Ainslie's lover, and Carl was his son.

"He went away!" Miss Ainslie's voice came again to Ruth, when she told her story, with no hint of her lover's name. He went away, and soon afterward, married Abigail Weatherby, but why? Was it love at first sight, or did he believe that his sweetheart was dead? Then Carl was born and the mother died. Twelve years afterward, he followed her—broken-hearted. Carl had told her that his father could not bear the smell of lavender nor the sight of any shade of purple—and Miss Ainslie always wore lavender and lived in the scent of it—had he come to shrink from it through remorse?

Why was it, she wondered? Had he forgotten Miss Ainslie, or had he been suddenly swept off his feet by some blind whirlwind of passion? In either case, memory had returned to torture him a thousand fold—to make him ashamed to face her, with his boy in his arms.

And Aunt Jane knew of the marriage, at the time, probably, and said no word. Then she learned of Abigail Weatherby's death, and was still silent, hoping, perhaps, that the wanderer would come back, until she learned that Charles Winfield, too, was dead. And still she had not told Miss Ainslie, or, possibly, thought she knew it all till the day that Hespsey had spoken of, when she came home, looking "strange," to keep the light in the attic window every night for more than five years.

Was it kind? Ruth doubted for a moment, then her heart softened with love for Aunt Jane, who had hidden the knowledge that would be a death blow to Miss Ainslie, and let her live on, happy in her dream, while the stern Puritan conscience made her keep the light in the attic window in fulfilment of her promise.

Her lips quivered when she thought of Miss Ainslie's tenderness for Carl and the little whispered lullabies that she sang to herself, over and over again. "She does not know," thought Ruth.

She put the rest of the things into the chest and closed it, covering it, as be-

fore, with the rug Miss Ainslie loved. When she went into the other room, she was asleep again, with her cheek pillowed on the letters, while Carl sat beside her, holding her hand and pondering over the mystery he could not explain. Ruth's heart ached for those two, so strangely brought together, who had but this little hour to atone for a lifetime of loss.

The first faint lines of light came into the eastern sky. Ruth stood by the window, watching the color come on the grey above the hill, while two or three stars still shone dimly. The night lamp flickered, then went out. She set it in the hall and came back to the window.

As Miss Ainslie's rug had been woven, little by little, purple, crimson, and turquoise, gleaming with inward fires, shone upon the clouds. Carl came over to Ruth, putting his arm around her. They watched it together—that miracle which is as old as the world, and yet ever new.

"I don't see—" he began.

"Hush, dear," Ruth whispered, "I know, and I'll tell you some time, but I don't want her to know."

The sky brightened slowly, and the intense color came into the room with the light. Ruth drew the curtains aside, saying, in a low tone, "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

There was a sudden movement in the room and they turned, to see Miss Ainslie sitting up, her cheeks flushed, and the letters scattered around her. The ribbon had slipped away, and her heavy white hair fell over her shoulders. Ruth went to her, to tie it back again, but she put her away, very gently, without speaking.

Carl stood by the window, thinking, and Miss Ainslie's eyes rested upon him, with wonder and love. The sunrise stained her white face and her eyes shone brightly, as sapphires touched with dawn. The first ray of the sun came into the little room and lay upon her hair, changing its whiteness to gleaming silver. Then all at once her face illumined, as from a light within.

Carl moved away from the window, strangely drawn towards her, and her face became radiant with unspeakable joy. Then the passion of her denied motherhood swelled into a cry of longing—"My son!"

"Mother!" broke from his lips in answer. He went to her blindly, knowing only that they belonged to each other, and that, in some inscrutable way, they had been kept apart until it was too late. He took her into his arms, holding her close, and whispering, brokenly. Ruth turned away, sobbing, as if it was something too holy for her to see.

Miss Ainslie, transfigured with unearthly light, lifted her face to his. Her lips quivered for an instant, then grew cold beneath his own. She sank back among the pillows, with her eyes closed, but with yet another glory upon the marble whiteness of her face, as though at the end of her journey, and beyond the mists that divided them, her dream had become divinely true.

Then he, who should have been her son, bent down, the tears falling unheeded upon her face, and kissed her again.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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